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ROVING AND FIGHTING



MAJOR E.S. O'REILLY

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ROVING AND FIGHTING





MAJOR EDWARD S. O'REILLY

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ROVING AND FIGHTING

ADVENTURES UNDER
FOUR FLAGS



U. S. C.
O'R.

BY
MAJOR EDWARD S. O'REILLY

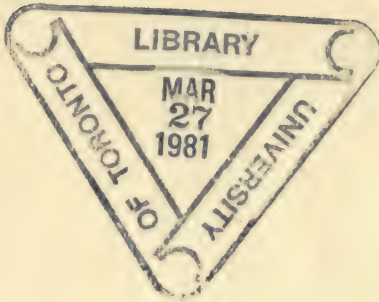
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TO
MY MOTHER



FOREWORD

The chief merit of a tale of personal adventures is in its truthfulness. In writing this story of twenty years of roving and fighting in many lands I have had no notes or diary to guide me. With only memory as my guide I have had to go back over the long trail searching for incidents which might prove of interest.

In shadowy retrospection the years have passed in review, leading me back through The Spanish War, the Philippine insurrection, as an officer in the Chinese, Venezuela and Mexican armies.

The man who stays at home will perhaps wonder why the wanderer chooses to follow an aimless road to the odd corners of the world. The wanderer himself, could not give the reason. He pays the price for his freedom in hardships and loneliness. As a reward he finds a few of life's great moments, a wealth of memories, and broad horizons.

In setting down this rambling story I have found that it is the trivial incidents which sometimes stand out the clearest, while events of world importance have faded into the mist of the past. I have fought with a coolie on the docks of China for a dry loaf of bread. The only reason I got the bread was that I wore shoes and he did not.

FOREWORD

That moment comes back with cameo detail, while long campaigns have faded into the background.

This is in no sense a book of travel, and makes no claim to historical value. It only lays claim to being the truthful tale of a vagabond soldier, as it might be told across the camp fire.

In closing I wish to express my gratitude to Seth Moyle, without whose friendship and encouragement this book would never have been written.

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ROVING AND FIGHTING

ROVING AND FIGHTING

CHAPTER I

WAR had been declared, and I felt that I must go. From coast to coast America was swept by the hysteria of war. Bands were playing in the streets, and newspapers were issuing hourly "extras," calling upon the young men of the nation to rush to the rescue of the persecuted Cubans.

For many months we had read shocking stories of the starving *reconcentrados* and the cruelty of the Spaniards. This tragedy, enacted at our very door, had aroused the American people to a fighting mood. President McKinley had tried in vain to still the popular clamor for action. Then came the sinking of the *Maine*, and a break was certain.

That night I went home and announced my intention of enlisting. There was a discouraging lack of enthusiasm in the family circle. My parents declared that a boy of seventeen was too young to endure the hardships of a soldier's life. Of course I disagreed with them. Was I not six feet tall, and had I not learned to ride and shoot on a Texas ranch?

"Why, when I grow up and get a family of my own," was one of my passionate arguments, "I should be ashamed to look my sons in the face and

tell them that their father refused to obey his country's call."

Strange to say, this plea did not seem to convince them. Then followed weeks of anxiety. The official investigating board was frittering away valuable time trying to place the blame for that disaster in Havana Harbor. Daily I haunted the recruiting offices, envying the new soldiers who were being sent away to fight the Spaniards. As they marched in squads to the depots, proudly aware of their blue uniforms, cheering crowds followed them through the streets.

"Remember the *Maine!*" was the cry heard so often that it became a litany of patriotism.

At last came the news that freed the tide. The investigating board in Havana reported that the *Maine* had been destroyed by a mine. President McKinley issued a call for volunteers, and Congress voted an appropriation for war.

That day I walked the streets of Chicago feverish with conflicting impulses. My duty to my parents called me home, and yet I had a wild desire to rush to the nearest recruiting office. Crowds surged along the sidewalks singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." A military band came swinging down the street playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," the marching-song of the Spanish War. A volunteer orator mounted a box on the corner and delivered an impassioned tirade against the Spaniards. Before he had finished his speech I had made my decision.

Half-running, I made my way along West Madi-

son Street and climbed the stairs to the recruiting office of the regular army. Many of my friends had joined the state militia, but I reasoned that the regular army would be the first to see active service.

My previous trips to the recruiting offices had taught me that a boy under twenty-one years of age would not be enlisted without the consent of his parents.

"What is your age?" barked a little gray-haired sergeant.

"Twenty-one," I replied.

"Date and year of your birth?" he demanded.

"August 15, 1876," I answered, confused by the knowledge of my patriotic falsehood.

"That makes you twenty-two," declared the sergeant, scowling. "Don't you know your own age?"

"Twenty-two it is; my mistake," I replied, in terror lest I should be rejected. What was a year or two as long as it was in a good cause? Enlistment records of the Spanish War show that the majority of recruits were just twenty-one years old.

After the preliminary questioning I was sent into an adjoining room, where a dozen candidates for uniforms were waiting. We were ordered to remove our clothing, and a doctor with whiskers and bad manners put us through the physical examination. Of the eighteen men who signed the roll that morning only six passed the examination. Much to my delight, I was one of the lucky ones.

We were ordered to dress. An hour later the officer in charge of the station hustled into the room.

"Fall in," he snapped.

Awkwardly we shuffled into line. With our right hands held high, we repeated the oath of enlistment, pledging ourselves to defend the United States against all her enemies for a period of three years, unless sooner discharged.

At last I was a real soldier! As I stood grinning in boyish pride, I little dreamed that this was the beginning of a long trail that would lead me around the world, or that I should stand on the firing-line under four different flags. The officer left the room, and I turned to speak to a tall youth named Herbert Mifflin, who had taken the oath by my side. It was fortunate that we could not look one short year into the future to the time when this same boy would die in my arms on a tropical battlefield eight thousand miles away.

The little gray sergeant took charge of the party and proceeded to lecture us on the duties of a soldier. We gathered from his remarks that an old soldier must be regarded as an exalted being, filled with all wisdom, and that a "rooky" must walk in humility before his superiors. We also learned that there was a mysterious and awful code known as "The Articles of War," which would deal us "death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct," unless we obeyed orders.

After we had been sufficiently humiliated, the sergeant dealt out our uniforms. Each man re-

ceived shoes, a pair of trousers, a blouse, a campaign hat, and a blanket. What matter if my blouse was built for a smaller man, or if my trousers were too short? At least they were army blue, and I was satisfied.

Of the six recruits sworn into the service that day, one was a blacksmith, one a city fireman, one an escaped convict who had enlisted under an assumed name, and three of us were youngsters from high school and university. The sergeant escorted us through the streets to the Northwestern Depot. As we marched, the crowds cheered us, imploring us again and again to "Remember the *Maine*."

At the depot the sergeant selected the ex-convict as the most trustworthy-looking man of the party and handed him our railroad tickets. An hour later we arrived in Fort Sheridan, Illinois. It was evening, and the garrison duties were over for the day. As we marched down the long stone barracks, groups of soldiers, lounging on the porches, greeted us with sarcastic humor.

"Hey, rooky, take that pump out of your back!" "Look at the Johnny-come-latelies!" "Get on to the guy with the high-water pants!"—these were a few of their remarks. Our precious new uniforms did not seem to inspire the proper respect. One wit followed us down the sidewalk, singing:

"Left, left; had a good home, but I left.
Right, right; left, but I had a good right."

We were learning the lesson that a rooky is by

tradition a humorous animal and is permitted to exist for the sole purpose of entertaining the old soldiers.

That night we slept in recruit quarters and the next morning mustered before the regimental adjutant for assignment to companies. I was ordered to report to First Sergeant Tommy Dolan, of B Company, Fourth United States Infantry. After my pedigree was entered on the company books I was marched to the mess-hall and turned over to the "spud" sergeant for cook's police.

Alas, for my dreams of the pomp and pageantry of military life! My first day in the army was passed in the root-cellar under the kitchen, peeling potatoes for hungry soldiers.

That night I was assigned a bunk in B Company's quarters. My left-hand neighbor was a young man from Chicago, named Pete Goorski. Although he was an old soldier, he was not unduly conceited about it and volunteered to initiate me into the mysteries of preparing for inspection. Under his guidance I learned how to make my bed, pack my clothes in the locker, and attend to the other details of a soldier's life in barracks. That day we became "bunkies."

There is no word in the civilian vocabulary which quite expresses the full meaning of the word "bunky." Chum or comrade is inadequate. A bunky is one who shares your blankets, your grub, and on the march carries half of your "pup" tent. He is your partner in all things. As time went on, Pete and I became attached by the closest

ties of intimate friendship. Our alliance of mutual affection ended only on the day that he was killed while leading a charge in the Philippine Islands. It was the same day that my friend, young Mifflin, died.

My introduction to the life of B Company was a pleasant one. I was made to feel that fate had been kind in directing me to the best outfit in the regiment. Our company commander was Captain Henry E. Robinson, known to the enlisted men as "Yankee Dan." He has always remained my ideal of an army officer. A strict disciplinarian, he always demanded from his men careful performance of all military duties. At the same time he was always working for the comfort and welfare of those under him.

"Yankee Dan does his soldiering with the company, and not at the club," was a common saying in the barracks.

Our "top" sergeant, old Tommy Dolan, was a veteran of the Indian wars, and had seen twenty years' service in the army. He was a hard taskmaster, but a general favorite. A good first sergeant is a gift of the gods. On his ability and sense of fair play depends the efficiency of the company.

Our first days in Fort Sheridan were crowded with action. At six o'clock in the morning we were routed from our bunks by reveille. Then came twenty minutes of strenuous setting-up exercises to limber our muscles for the day's work. After breakfast we scrubbed the barrack-room

floors and made our beds. Two hours of drill followed, and then, in order, inspection of quarters, dinner, and two hours more drill in the afternoon. Between times we recruits were kept busy on fatigue details, chopping wood, or doing duty as cook's police.

At last came the longed-for orders to entrain and proceed to Tampa, Florida, where the regular army was mobilizing for the Cuban campaign. Our baggage was packed and stored away in the barrack basements. As the order had been anticipated, we were in readiness to move at a few hours' notice.

On the day that we left Fort Sheridan the post was crowded with friends and relatives come to say farewell. When the special train that was to carry us south pulled into the side track, the regiment was drawn up in heavy marching order on the parade-ground. Colonel Robert Hall, the regimental commanding officer, stepped out of the headquarters' office and gave a command to the trumpeter.

"Right forward, fours right, march!" was the command. After long waiting, we were off to the front. With the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we marched down a lane of cheering civilians and boarded the train.

Our trip south will always live in my memory as a succession of patriotic young ladies handing pies and cakes through the car-windows. It was fortunate that the girls were prompted by this

kindly zeal in "feeding the animals," as our commissary department was a rank failure.

At one station in Tennessee a young lady stepped to the car-window that framed my hungry face and handed me a bundle containing a roast chicken and a sweet-potato pie. After I had thanked her, she said:

"I shorely never thought I 'd see myself feedin' a Yankee soldier."

"That 's all right, madam," I assured her. "I was born in Texas, myself."

"Well, I 'm glad you got the hen," she answered. "But I guess the Yankee soldiers are fightin' on the right side this time, anyhow."

After ruining that pie and "hen," Pete Goorski and I scornfully refused to accept our noon-time rations of soggy ham-sandwiches.

Upon our arrival at Tampa we realized that we were in the war-zone. The town was swarming with soldiers and newspaper correspondents in almost equal proportions. Our regiment de-trained and went into camp near the bay.

That night I was introduced to the "pup" tent. Every soldier carries half of his tent around his blanket roll. Unfortunately, I was longer than the tent, and a lengthy section of my legs protruded into the wide, wide world. The "pup" tent is designed for economy of space, and that is the only purpose it fulfils. When I tried to draw my feet inside, out of the moonlight, there would be a howl from Pete; if I let them hang out

the entrance, somebody always stepped on them.

After several nights' experience I solved the problem by placing a barrel in front of the tent at night and stowing my legs inside. As a result I was christened "Diogenes," and "as long as O'Reilly's legs" became a synonym for the longest distance between two points.

My memory of Tampa is a confused nightmare of exhausting drill, in heavy marching order, on the hot sands. With maddening monotony we marched back and forth under the blazing sun, varying the routine by an occasional charge on a little hill near the beach. By actual count we captured that hill one hundred and forty times while we were in Tampa.

Despite the blistering heat, we were still clothed in our heavy blue uniforms. In fact they were the same clothes we wore during the entire campaign in tropical Cuba. It was only when we were shipped back to the cold North that light khaki clothing was issued to us.

It was at this camp that we made the acquaintance of "embalmed beef." It was a slimy, ill-smelling mess, disgusting in appearance and fatal in effect. Several of the men in my regiment died after eating it, but the majority of us refused to taste it, even though we were hungry. The soldiers in the ranks could not understand why our country, which we had enlisted to defend, could not afford to feed us.

Although there were mountains of provisions piled up in the railroad yards, it was a constant



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AT HOME IN A "PUP" TENT ON THE SANDS OF TAMPA BAY

battle to get rations. The sacred old army "red tape" had to be unwound before we could get our beans. Everything had to be done according to iron-clad rules. Not a pound of bacon could we get until the requisition papers had passed through a dozen hands, been signed and countersigned, approved and entered, according to prescribed routine.

The rations were there in abundance. We could see them, but we could not eat them, because the clerical force of the quartermaster's department had broken down under the emergency.

After a week of drill we recruits were initiated into the mysteries of guard duty. We were impressed with the tremendous responsibilities resting upon a sentry and the absolute necessity of obeying orders.

Late one evening Private Trice, a lanky Georgian, fell into disgrace by taking his orders too seriously. As he was walking his post, trying to live up to the letter of the guard manual, a man in civilian clothes attempted to pass. Trice halted the stranger and ordered him to advance and be recognized.

"I am an officer of the camp," explained the visitor.

"Get out! What are you tryin' to give me?" responded Trice. "Officers don't wear them clothes. You might be a spy."

"I tell you I am an officer," retorted the stranger. "I am Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry."

“Colonel nothin’,” replied Trice. “You don’t look like no colonel to me. I’ll just call the corporal of the guard and let him size you up. And if you try to run away, I’ll bust you over the haid.”

So the corporal of the guard was called to identify the future President of the United States. Fortunately for the suspicious Trice, the future President accepted the situation with good humor.

Although we rookies of the regulars were made to feel that we were necessary nuisances, we were inclined to boast of our superiority to the state militia. They, in turn, sneered at us as professional soldiers who had joined the colors for mere money. Why any man should be tempted into military life by “thirteen dollars and a horse-blanket,” was never explained. This jealousy between the state troops and the regulars led to many private wars.

In our company we had an old soldier named Madden, who was always ready to defend the honor of the service at the slightest excuse. One evening he dragged himself into camp after a visit to town. Even the casual bystander could tell that he had been in a fight. His eyes were in mourning, his lip split, and his clothing torn and dusty.

“I want to announce right now,” he declared with mournful conviction, “milish or no mish, there ain’t no one man can whip that there Seventy-first New York Regiment. I know, because I done tried it.”

A soldiers' camp is always the breeding place for the wildest rumors. Daily we heard that Admiral Cervera had slipped past the American fleet and had bombarded New York or Boston. At last, on May 24, Cervera and his phantom squadron were discovered in Santiago Harbor, and the American war-ships under Admirals Sampson and Schley blockaded the port.

One morning an excited orderly came running through the company streets, shouting:

"We are off at last! Orders from Washington to move to Cuba."

This time it was true. That day our camp was a scene of busy confusion. We took down our dog-tents and packed our blanket-rolls, only to unpack them again and remain another week getting ready to start. Tampa Harbor was filled with transports, and we saw train-loads of rations and supplies being loaded.

After several false starts we were marched down to the docks, prepared to go aboard. To the eyes of a private in the ranks, that embarkation was a woefully mismanaged affair. Regiments were put aboard transports and then marched ashore again to make room for some other regiments. In some instances the property of a regiment was loaded on one ship and the men on another.

After waiting until late in the afternoon, the Fourth Infantry was assigned to the transport *Cleveland*, a converted tramp steamer. A battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, negro sol-



diers, was also embarked on the same transport.

That night the *Cleveland* was towed out into the bay and anchored. We crowded the decks, listening to the serenading bands and watching the swarm of lights dancing like fireflies about the docks. Little, whistling launches darted from ship to ship, and search-lights were constantly exploring the outer bay.

It was a fascinating scene for a landsman who had never before seen salt water. Many of us sat up until dawn, thinking that we were taking a last look at American soil until we should return from the war. We might have saved ourselves the trouble, as we lay in lower Tampa Bay until June 14, seven days later. Rumors of Spanish war-ships near Key West caused the delay.

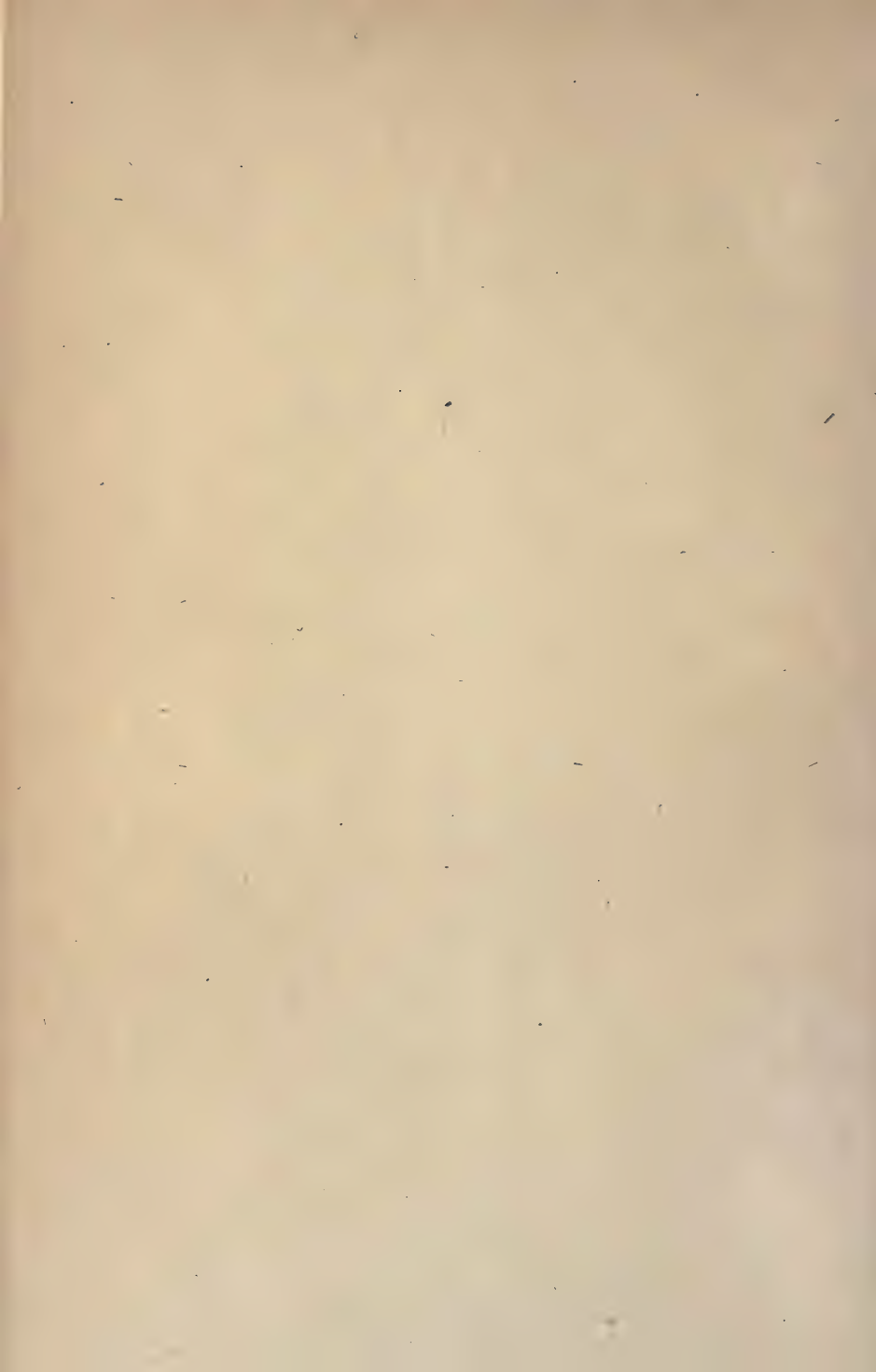
When the naval scout-vessels reported the coast clear, our fleet of twenty transports slipped out to sea. The ships steamed in three divisions, a gun-boat acting as convoy for each division. Off Key West we were met by several war-ships from Admiral Sampson's fleet. They remained with us until we arrived at Santiago, where the main fleet was guarding the harbor entrance. For two days the transports lay off shore, while the warships bombarded the Spanish fortifications on the hills and searched for a landing-place.

When the order came to move inshore and prepare the small boats for going away, we received the news with cheers. We had come a long distance to fight Spaniards and were anxious to get at the job.



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TRANSPORT *CLEVELAND* ON WHICH WE SAILED TO CUBA AFTER
LEAVING TAMPA



CHAPTER II

THE spot selected for our landing was at Daiquiri, where a wharf erected by a mining company gave access to the shore. Our division, commanded by General Lawton, was the first to take to the boats.

We expected to begin fighting at the surf-line and as the *Cleveland* pulled in we watched the hills back of the wharf for signs of the enemy. Groups of men could be seen moving among the trees. A gunboat steamed in close to the shore and opened fire with shrapnel on these men. We afterward learned that the soldiers we had seen were Cuban insurrectos, our allies, who had driven out the Spaniards before our arrival.

Back and forth from the ship to shore puffed the launches, towing lines of boats filled with soldiers. A heavy sea was running and the boats were overloaded, but the landing was made without the loss of a man. After our regiment was ashore we were marched a short distance inland and deployed.

It was during that afternoon that we had our first glimpse of the Cuban rebels we had come to aid. First cautiously by twos and threes, then eagerly in squads, they came through our ranks,

curiously examining our equipment and begging for rations. They were a ragged, emaciated lot.

At daybreak the next morning we marched to the village of Siboney, a short distance up the coast. It having been reported that the town was full of Spanish soldiers, we were expecting a fight. As we neared the place we could hear the sound of firing ahead. It was the Cubans driving the Spanish outposts from the blockhouses. When we arrived there was no work for us to do. Our regiment was deployed in open order in the outskirts of the town.

Reinforcements were landed from other transports on Siboney beach, and General Shafter, commanding the expedition, made his headquarters in the village.

A few hundred yards away from our station was a small blockhouse, half-hidden by the trees. A Spanish flag floated from the roof. When my friend Trice spied the red and yellow banner, he conceived a brilliant idea.

“Say, kid, that blockhouse is deserted,” he told me. “Them fool Spaniards was so scared they lit out and forgot their flag. Let’s you and I sneak around through the underbrush and get it.”

With elaborate caution we strolled back through the underbrush, circled around our line, and arrived at the blockhouse. Together Trice and I climbed to the roof and cut down the flag. Cautiously we sneaked back to the company, fearing that we would be court-martialed for leaving ranks against orders. Trice carried the flag

folded inside his shirt. As we stepped back into line an officer approached.

"Were you the man who took down that flag?" he asked, stopping in front of the long Georgian. Though in fear of a reprimand, Trice admitted that he was the guilty party. As I had not been detected, I kept quiet.

"Well, my man, it was a brave act," said the officer. "I will recommend you for promotion."

"Holy cat-fish!" exclaimed the amazed Trice, "I thought he was goin' to slam me in the mill for bein' a thief, and here I am a regular hero."

The officer, however, confiscated the flag. I have often wondered what yarn he told about it to the folks back home.

That afternoon we pushed on a short distance beyond Siboney and put out our outposts. I was one of the men detailed to guard duty. It was my first night ashore in the tropics. Everything seemed strange and weird. From the jungle came noises strange to ears accustomed to the rattle of city streets. Great beetles droned like spent bullets through the air. The calls of the birds were unlike any bird-voices I had ever heard. We had been told that the enemies' outposts were just ahead of us, under the dark canopy of palm-trees.

Suddenly I heard footsteps coming toward me. I flattened myself against a tree and slipped a cartridge into the chamber of my rifle. Whoever was approaching was making no effort to keep quiet. The sound first came from the front, then

from my right. A whole army of Spaniards was advancing.

The leaves of a dwarf palm rattled and swayed. I threw up my gun. Then a giant land-crab dropped out of the palm and fell sprawling on the sand. The bushes were full of them, popping their claws, scaring the wits out of greenhorn sentries. During the night occasional shots were fired along the line, but I believe that the majority were fired at these crabs.

The next day we continued our slow advance inland, forcing our way through tropical undergrowth. The heat was suffocating, and our thick woolen uniforms soon became soggy with perspiration. Our heavy blanket-rolls refused to ride our shoulders in comfort, and chafed raw welts on our skins.

A messenger came down the line that afternoon announcing that there had been a battle at Las Guasimas, on our left. General Young's cavalry brigade, consisting of two squadrons of the Rough Riders and one squadron each of the First and Tenth U. S. Cavalry, had jumped a strong force of Spanish soldiers. Sixteen American soldiers had been killed, including Captain Bucky O'Neil, Captain Allyn Capron, and Sergeant Hamilton Fish. It was the first real fight of the expeditionary force.

During the next few days we were constantly on the march. It seemed as if the commanding general had difficulty in making up his mind where to send us. Several times after a trying hike we

were forced to retrace our steps. Sharpshooters posted in the trees ahead sniped at our advance guards.

With every step we took into the interior our rations grew slimmer. Tons of provisions were aboard the transports or in Siboney, but the organizers of the expedition had forgotten to provide transportation to bring it to the line. Only one wagon-road was available from the beach, and although the few wagons and pack trains worked day and night, they were hopelessly inadequate for the job. I can truthfully say that I did not have a square meal in Cuba from the time we landed until we were back aboard the transports.

On the night of June 3 our division was ordered to the extreme right of the line, with orders to storm the fortifications at El Caney the next morning. All night long we climbed the muddy trails, slipping and falling in the darkness, but keeping our sense of direction from the curses and complaints of the men ahead.

At daylight the four guns of Captain Capron's battery opened up on the stone fort that crowned the heights above the village of El Caney. Trenches radiating out on either side concealed the Spanish infantry.

Although we had been marching all night, there was no time for rest. Back and forth we were switched, forming into line for the advance up the hill. General Chaffee's brigade was on the right and General Ludlow's on the left of the

line. Our own brigade, commanded by Colonel "Mollie" Miles, was placed in the center. Later in the day General Bates's brigade came to our support.

During these manœuvres we were under long-range fire from the trenches. Spent bullets came crashing through the trees, breaking branches as they fell. Wounded men were being carried past us to the field hospitals in the rear.

I have often been asked how it feels to be under fire for the first time. Confidentially, it is not a pleasant experience to be under fire the first, last, or any time. I started nervously at the sound of every crackling bullet, and had to exert all my will-power to keep from ducking my head like a manikin. We were assailed by an unseen enemy, and were denied the privilege of being able to shoot back at him.

Finally we began the advance. At a little clearing we were halted and ordered to pile our blanket-rolls by the roadside. Again we took up the advance, deploying in skirmish line. The bullets were coming faster now, whispering overhead or snapping with malignant sounds into the ground.

It was impossible to keep the line in proper formation. Sometimes we would be floundering through dense underbrush, struggling at every step. Again we would break into a clearing and rush in squads for the protection of the trees ahead. Once our company crossed a ploughed field and stopped to fire a few volleys. It was a great relief to be able to shoot.

Our throats were as dry as the soles of our shoes. Most of our canteens were empty, and we were suffering intensely from the heat and continued labor. At the crest of a knoll we halted and were given the command to fire at will. The Spaniards were firing high, their bullets going over our heads into C Company of the Fourth, which followed us. Several men of C Company were killed at that spot.

It was here that Lieutenant Bernard, our second in command, was shot down. He was dragged behind some bushes and stretched on the grass.

"Water here for a wounded man!" went up the cry, but there were no *Gunga Dins* at hand. All of our canteens were empty. My bunkie, Pete Goorski, saw a canteen lying in a cleared space ahead. He ran out and picked it up.

"It 's half full," he shouted, holding it up.

A half-crazed man from another company dashed out and tried to jerk it from his hand. Pete struck him with his fist. There on the top of that hill, under a hot fire from the Spaniards, the two men fought for possession of the precious canteen. Pete dropped his man, and running back handed the canteen to the hospital-corps man, who was bandaging the young officer. It was too late to save him. He died an hour later on the road back to the field hospital.

Captain "Yankee Dan" walked coolly up and down behind the line. He watched the Spanish position through his field-glasses, estimating the distance and correcting our sights. With hat held

to the side of his face, he estimated the windage.

Again came the bugle call to advance, and we took up the double time. Ahead the trenches and fort of El Caney were in plain view. There was no brush now to give us cover. We trotted up the hill like a mob of automatons. That fort seemed the only goal in life worth striving for. Behind me I heard the voice of old Sergeant Dolan say:

“Guide right. Keep your distance. Don’t bunch up.”

His voice was as calm as on the drill-ground. We had been working toward that hill for hours, but now we were nearing the crest and the enemy showed no sign of quitting. I was surprised to notice a negro soldier running by my side. There was little semblance to battle formation in the line now. We were a mixed mob surging up that interminable slope.

The Spaniards were firing in volleys, and at every crash men were slumping to the ground. Suddenly a long-accustomed sound left my ears. Our artillery had ceased firing. We were near the trenches and the gunners were afraid of hitting their own comrades.

That last climb up to the breastworks was agony. My lips were swollen and dry, my lungs heaving, my feet staggering. Gone was the sensation of fear I had felt earlier in the day. I was obsessed by one thought—to get to that trench and rest. I was too tired to yell.

A short distance to my right was the fort. Before us loomed the trenches, with broken strands



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HILL-AND-STONE FORT OF EL CANEY, CAPTURED BY LAWTON'S DIVISION



of barbed wire looping down the slope. Dimly, through a film of dust and smoke, I could see the nodding straw hats of the Spanish defenders.

One last scramble and we topped the trenches. I stumbled in my weakness and fell to my knees. Dazed, I knelt and looked down into the ditch. A Spaniard below me raised his rifle, pointed it at my breast, and drew back the breech-bolt. Casually, as if watching a scene which held no personal interest, I saw him snap the cartridge into place. Lifting my gun, I duplicated his actions, like a stupid recruit learning to drill.

Suddenly I was aware of a figure leaping past me. It was an American soldier with gun uplifted. The gun swung down and the butt smashed the Spaniard in the face. As he fell, the bullet intended for me smacked harmlessly into the sand.

With a great effort I dragged myself to my feet. Looking down the trench, I could see a few Spaniards holding up their hands, kneeling in appeal before the Americans who came sliding in on top of them.

Almost at my feet a Spanish boy about my own age was crouched with hands held high. I shall never forget the look of terror in his eyes. Then the thought came that this boy was afraid of me. I had come to Cuba to fight Spaniards, yet here was one I had no desire to kill. Panting from weariness, I dropped into the trench and sat down on the bank by his side.

The charge was over; the hill had been captured. I felt exhausted. My only wish was to rest and

gulp the air into my lungs. From the right came the sound of cheering. Looking up, I saw the Spanish flag come floating down from El Caney fort.

A non-commissioned officer came running along the trench above me.

"Take your prisoner over to the left," he directed, pointing.

I turned and looked curiously at the boy beside me. For the first time I realized that he was my prisoner.

"*Agua?*" I said, shaking my empty canteen.

Chattering excitedly, he handed me his water-bottle filled with real water. It was the finest drink I have ever had. Motioning the young soldier to walk in advance, I marched off in the wake of the non-com.

A few yards away a group of white-faced prisoners were huddled under guard. Turning my prisoner over to the sergeant in charge, I walked on, looking for B Company. In the excitement of the charge I had become separated from my companions, who had attacked the trench several hundred yards to the left.

From far on the left came the steady roar of firing. In the distance I could see the fight at San Juan Hill. Little groups of dark figures were crawling up the slope. It was a duplicate of our own fight. Finally the American flag went up over the San Juan blockhouse, and a cheer came rippling down the line.

As I walked up to my mates of B Company, I heard a tired voice complaining thus:

“Not a chance for any grub to-night. This ain’t such a hell of a trench after we ’ve took it. Wonder if they ’ll let us sleep to-night?”

Gone was the nervous forgetfulness of battle. We were a weary bunch of men, thinking only of the elemental craving for food and sleep.

CHAPTER III

OUR hope for rest after the capture of El Caney was a vain one. We were doomed to another all-night hike.

Part of our brigade had continued on down into the village, and had driven the Spanish snipers from the houses. Pack trains brought up rations and ammunition. Our cartridge-belts were re-filled, and each man was issued two days' allowance of hardtack, bacon, and coffee.

Orders were given to cook supper,—which was also dinner and breakfast,—as quickly as possible, since no fires would be permitted after nightfall. While my bunkie rustled an armful of dry wood and filled the canteens, I sliced the bacon and prepared the ingredients for a “son-of-a-gun” stew.

A “son-of-a-gun” is made of all the edible scraps in your haversack, fried in bacon-grease. Our stew that night consisted of a handful of rice, crumbled hardtack, and a couple of ounces of canned corned-beef. This we kneaded into a paste and fried in the crackling grease. While searching his haversack Pete had a splendid bit of luck. He discovered two real dried prunes, left over from more prosperous days. These prunes we toasted over the coals.

While we feasted, Pete, with his usual optimism, remarked:

“There ’s many a poor soldier in this army tonight who has n’t a whole prune for his supper. They may think that this day will go down in history as the day El Caney was captured, but it won’t. It will be emblazoned in the school-books as the day the art of roasting prunes was discovered, and you and I are the discoverers. That meek and lowly vegetable, the prune, will take on a new significance in our national life. Hand in hand, the Star-Spangled Banner and the prune will go marching around the world, blazing the pathway for American civilization.”

Pete’s prophecy was destined to be fulfilled. Since that time I have gone around the world under the Star-Spangled Banner, and always the prune has followed the flag.

After our hasty feed we stretched out around the smoldering fires, resting our aching limbs. Our rest was cut short, however, by the order to “fall in.” Once more we shouldered our guns and marched off in the darkness.

Our hike that night was a repetition of the night before. From dusk until dawn we stumbled over muddy trails. We were so weary that we dozed as we walked. Hour after hour we kept up the slow march, until we became mere automatons. Like a line of sheep we followed the voice of “Yankee Dan,” who kept calling his commands somewhere in the black distance ahead.

When daylight came we were again swung into skirmish formation before the little town of El Pozo. Then we learned that our brigade had been

shifted from one extreme of the line to the other, and that it was to be our job to drive the Spanish soldiers out of the town before us.

After a hasty breakfast we began the advance. Hardly had the line moved forward before the fight began. During that day's battle I did not see a Spaniard, but there was no doubting that they were there in the jungle ahead. Constantly the bullets droned overhead or smacked in the ground.

Evidently the enemy were disheartened by the defeats of the day before. Steadily they withdrew, keeping up a continuous fire as they retired. Again we were climbing up the heights that surround the city of Santiago.

That night the firing ceased, and we were granted the longed-for opportunity to rest. A heavy chain-guard was posted, and throwing ourselves on the ground, we fell asleep. During the night the sentries kept up a desultory exchange of shots with the Spanish sharpshooters, but the weary men of B Company refused to let anything short of a general attack disturb their sleep.

At daybreak we again took up the slow advance, until we had topped the hills. Before us lay the city of Santiago, looking peaceful in the morning light. Lines of trenches ahead showed that the Spaniards had prepared to make another stand. We were ordered to halt and dig in. With our bayonets and mess-pans we scooped out hasty trenches, taking advantage of every bit of natural cover.

During a lull in the shooting we suddenly heard the sound of cannonading. It was heavy and continuous, but owing to the echoes in the hills we could not locate its direction. At last this report ran down the line, shouted from company to company:

“Cervera and the Spanish fleet have gone out! They are fighting our boats!”

Finally, like the thunder of a passing storm, the heavy booming drifted away, became more and more faint in the distance, and then ceased.

“Well, one of two things has happened,” declared one of our men. “If Cervera has whipped our fleet, then this army is marooned in this palm-garden without any grub. If Sampson has whipped Cervera, then the war is pretty near over.”

At noon the shooting back and forth between the trenches died down, at last ceasing altogether. Although we did not realize it at the time, the actual fighting of the Cuban campaign was over.

That afternoon and evening we worked to improve our barricades. Details were sent to the rear for rations. The next morning, July 4, we learned that General Shafter had sent a demand for the surrender of Santiago. We also received the cheering news that Cervera's fleet was no more. Every ship had been battered into helplessness and driven ashore.

Those days between July 4 and July 17, when General Toral, the Spanish commander, surrendered, were the most trying of the entire cam-

paign. By day we were soaked with rain; by night we were devoured by swarms of mosquitoes.

At that time our doctors had not discovered that the bite of mosquitoes causes malaria and yellow fever. We made no attempt to guard ourselves from the deadly pests, regarding them as necessary evils.

By the time we captured Santiago heights, fully half the command was suffering from malaria. Added to our woes was the constant fight for something to eat. Our transportation system had broken down. Only one wagon-road led from our base at Siboney to the firing line, and we did not have half enough wagons to supply the troops.

We lived from hand to mouth, never having a full day's rations ahead. Men fought over a box of hardtack as they would have fought over a box of gold dollars. On July 4 yellow fever appeared in the hospitals at Siboney. By the time the news reached the line, the reports, as usual, were much exaggerated.

When the Spanish garrison finally surrendered, we received the news listlessly. The surrender had been a foregone conclusion from the day Cervera's fleet had been destroyed. We wanted to go home, where we could eat and rest.

Perhaps the reader may feel that there has been too much complaint about the shortage of rations. Food is the one subject ever uppermost in a soldier's mind when he is in the field; mess call is his favorite tune. Men cannot work well unless they are properly fed. A full haversack may be heavy

to carry, but it eases the mind. A soldier endures hardships and danger as a matter of course. They are part of the routine of his job. Three things he must have, or he will complain. Those three things are food, coffee, and tobacco.

With the surrender of Santiago, conditions were slightly improved. Our troops occupied the city, and supplies were landed at the docks. The rations were there, but again we were tangled in a web of red tape.

One thing that was plentiful was native fruit. We gorged ourselves on bananas, guavas, and green coconuts, and also learned the difficult art of eating mangos. A mango is the most slippery and juiciest fruit that grows in the tropics. Only a juggler with a quick eye can conquer one on his first attempt.

Day after day dragged on, and still no recall sounded from Washington. The excitement of active campaigning was over. In its place had come the monotonous routine of camp life. The sick-roll was as long as the company roster, and those of us who still remained on our feet were forced to do double-guard and police duty. Every day would come a report that some man whom we knew had died in the hospital.

Realizing the uselessness of keeping the army at Santiago after the object of its coming had been accomplished, the general officers sent protests to Washington. On August 4 the troops were galvanized into new life by the longed-for order to embark for the United States.

The deck of the homeward-bound transport was a strange sight. At any hour of the day the gangways would be crowded with men coming up to sit in the sunlight and have their periodical malarial chill. When the chill was shaken off, the sufferer would move over into the shade and suffer the burning torments of fever.

Fortunately the chills and fevers abated the moment we left the Cuban shore. At that time we blamed "Cuban air" for the malaria in our bones. Our relief was actually due to the fact that we were escaping from the swarms of disease-carrying mosquitoes.

One morning we sighted land; the transport dropped anchor off Montauk Point, on the eastern tip of Long Island. Before us stretched a city of tents, where we were to be held in quarantine until all danger of yellow fever had passed. As the camp came into view, I heard a cavalryman standing near me lift up his voice in complaint:

"Look at them, will ye!" he shouted, shaking his fist at a long line of horses standing on the picket-line. "For six years I 've been groomin' an' feedin' an' polishin' that dad-blamed old cayuse of mine. Then when war comes, what do they do? Take him away when I wanted to ride him, and send us hikin' on foot, like bloomin' dough-boys. And now the minute we sights land, there they are, switchin' their tails and waitin' for us to take care of 'em!"

It was a happy bunch of soldiers who marched from the beach to the camp assigned to us, with

the band bravely playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." We threw out our chests and stepped high, for were we not heroes returned from a foreign war? As we fell out of ranks, a personable young girl with a lunch-basket spoke to me. Visions of the fried chicken and pies that had greeted us on our trip south, came to my hungry soul.

"Are you a Rough Rider?" she asked eagerly.

"No, I'm no volunteer," I replied proudly. "I'm a regular."

"Huh, nothing but a regular," she answered scornfully; and hugging her basket as if she expected me to steal it, she went off in search of a Rough Rider.

This same incident, with variations, occurred a dozen times to men of our company while we were at Santiago. The Rough Riders may not have done all the fighting in the Spanish War, but they certainly did succeed in capturing the public imagination.

Although our camp in the sand-dunes of Long Island was a model for discomfort and unsanitary arrangement, we were content, for we were on home soil. Daily great crowds of sightseers besieged the guard-lines. Only those visitors holding passes were allowed inside the lines, but the pass-holders' almost equaled the soldiers in number.

One day a carriage, in which two ladies were seated, entered the camp and stopped at the head of our company street. Calling the men from

their tents, the occupants of the carriage distributed several hundred briar pipes. Each pipe was accompanied by a tin of tobacco. After the carriage had rolled away, I learned that one of the women was Miss Helen Gould. The pipe that she gave me that day I kept for many years.

Miss Gould was the idol of the army. She gave her time and money lavishly for the welfare of the soldiers. During the three years I served as an enlisted man, I was constantly reminded of her thoughtful generosity. The hospital ship *Relief* was equipped and donated to the government as a gift. When I was sick in the Philippine Islands, I slept on a cot presented by Miss Gould. On Christmas Day, 1898, when we were in mid-ocean, enroute to the Orient, each man received a box of candy as a token of her remembrance. Many a homesick hour in the Philippines has been made pleasanter in the reading-rooms she conducted, and I have written scores of letters on stationery she provided. In expressing my gratitude, I am only echoing the sentiment of every old soldier who wore the uniform in the Spanish War.

After several weeks in the Montauk Point detention camp, our regiment was ordered back to its home station at Fort Sheridan. On the afternoon of September 15 we marched back into the old familiar post. As we stood on the parade ground, I noticed a group of recruits before B Company's quarters. The sight cheered me; I remembered that I was a "rookie" no longer. By virtue of service on the firing line, I was an old soldier, en-

titled to strut before these benighted newcomers and show them the error of their ways.

My pride, however, was only riding for a fall. That night at retreat, when the details for the following day were read, my name was on the list of cook's police.

"You will report in the morning to the spud sergeant," commanded Sergeant Tommy Dolan.

Seasoned veteran though I was, my first day back from the Spanish Main—as had been my first day in the army—was spent in peeling potatoes for hungry soldiers.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE at Fort Sheridan soon settled down to the monotony of army-post routine. We passed our hours according to fixed schedule, doing the same things at the same time every day. Drill, guard-duty, fatigue—all were as inevitable as the sunset gun.

The long evenings in the stone barracks were a constant delight to me. A group would gather around the old piano or the billiard-table in the recreation room and give an impromptu entertainment. We all had our little specialties, and we soon learned each man's limitations. Pete could sing "The Student in Cadiz," and no one was allowed to infringe on his act. "Sugar" Smith could sing bass. Private Cook, "The Dancing Kid," had the lilt of inspired rag-time in his feet.

At times there would be fifty or more men gathered in the room, singing the old songs. Even now, as I remember the company favorites, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Robin Adair," and all the old-timers that we liked best, my thoughts jump back to the barrack-room and the crew of sun-browned young men singing and skylarking under the swinging oil-lamps.

Best of all were the stories that were told. We had men in the company from every corner of the

globe. Some of them had seen service in foreign armies or had sailed before the mast.

It was not always good-natured fun. When a hundred men are forced to live together in the same rooms, there is bound to be occasional trouble. B Company had a way of keeping the peace. A set of boxing-gloves was always kept hanging in the basement for the settlement of these arguments. Whenever a dispute threatened to degenerate into a fist-fight, somebody would sing out:

“Downstairs all hands!”

Down we would go, dragging the principals with us. Once sentenced to fight by popular opinion, a man had to fight. There was no other alternative. It was rude discipline, perhaps, but it kept the peace.

Shortly after our return to the post the War Department ordered all infantry regiments increased from two to three battalions, and recruits began to arrive on every train.

Hazing recruits is a traditional pastime in the army, and we did not let the custom become obsolete. On one occasion the sport of “rookie-baiting” resulted in a tragedy.

An Italian had joined another company, where he was hailed with delight because of his ludicrous attempts to speak the English language. One corporal, in particular, undertook the task of teaching the Italian to show proper humility before his superiors.

One night this corporal entered the basement

wash-room. The Italian recruit was waiting for him in the semi-darkness, a carving-knife, stolen from the kitchen, in his hand. When that rookie finished the job, the corporal was utterly bankrupt as to future prospects. The corporal was given a military funeral, and the Italian received a life sentence at Fort Leavenworth prison. Even a rookie, like the proverbial worm, will turn.

While we were at Fort Sheridan an incident occurred which came near ending my wandering. My bunkie, Pete Goorski, came into the dormitory one morning after an all-night tour of guard-duty. Finding me stretched out with a book in my hand, doing "bunk fatigue," Pete ordered me up, emphasizing his command by heaving a pillow at my head.

"Get up out of that!" he ordered. "Laying around in the middle of the morning after a night in!"

Naturally I objected to quitting my bunk and book. A rough-and-tumble wrestling match ensued. Throwing him off, I again stretched out on the bed.

"Get up, or I 'll shoot you!" yelled Pete, with mock seriousness. As he spoke, he took down his rifle from the gun-rack and pointed it at my head. Declining to be driven from my book, I calmly continued reading.

"I 'll count three, and then I 'll blow your lazy head off!" declared my bunkie. "One, two—"

For some unexplained reason I casually threw up my hand and brushed the muzzle of the gun

from the point of my nose. There was a jarring roar, and a bullet sped through the pillow not three inches from my head. Pete had picked up the wrong gun. He dropped limply to the bedside, clutching my hand.

“My God, Tex!” he cried. “I know my gun was n’t loaded!”

I learned two things on that occasion. One was, never to play with an “empty” gun; the other, that no coincidence, however strange it may seem, is impossible.

That gun-rack was inspected every morning by the non-commissioned officer in charge of quarters. That morning he had forgotten to inspect the guns. A rookie had been cleaning his rifle, slipping cartridges in and out of the breech to test the mechanism. By some accident he had left one cartridge in the magazine. Pete had reached backward and grasped what he believed to be his gun. His hand had strayed a few inches to the left, and he had pulled out the loaded rifle.

Pete’s foolish horseplay, together with this strange sequence of coincidences, had nearly cost my life. As long as I served in Fort Sheridan, I never before or afterward heard of a loaded gun being found in the barracks.

The soldiers who had enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish War had come into the army under what was known as “General Order Forty.” This order was a pledge on the part of the government that we would be discharged at the end of the war. A treaty of peace had been signed be-

tween Spain and the United States, and we were anxious to get our discharge and return to civil life. As long as there were prospects of active service we were willing to remain in the army, but army post-life in peace times appealed to few of us.

One morning a notice was posted on the bulletin-board announcing that "General Order Forty" men would "get their buzzards" the following week. Anxiously, we began to count the days.

"Eight days and a breakfast!" we would gleefully shout at the old-timers.

Then came the news that changed my plans. We were ordered to the Philippine Islands. It meant active service again in strange Oriental lands across the world. Eagerly we hunted up atlas and encyclopedia, to post ourselves on the Philippines. I think my idea of a Filipino at that time was of a cross between a Zulu warrior and a Malay pirate. My imagination ran amuck among all the wild tales of far Eastern adventure I had ever read.

The day that we "General Order Forty" men were to receive our discharge, Private "Rooster" Higgins and myself were called to the orderly room. As we hurried down the stairs old "Rooster" declared:

"Take it, Tex! Don't be a fool and refuse your discharge. You'll see me grab mine so quick it'll scorch the paper. I don't see myself

spendin' three years out in that tropical jungle. Besides, there ain't no war on over there. Dewey settled it."

We walked into the orderly room and stood before Captain "Yankee Dan."

"Men, you are entitled to your discharges," he announced. "You may take them if you wish, or, if you refuse, your time served will count on your enlistment. Which do you choose?"

"I 'll stay with the company," I said, although the moment before I had been half-persuaded by "Rooster's" eloquence.

"And you, Private Higgins?" asked "Yankee Dan."

"I 'll stay too," said Higgins, and together we retreated through the door.

"Now why in the divil did I say that?" asked Rooster, glaring at me, as if the fault was mine. "There I stood with me mind made up the other way, and now here I am with two years and a butt to serve over in them Chinee islands, wherever they are. Oh, well, we 'll miss a cold winter, anyways."

The days that followed were full of work. This was not a few weeks' campaign upon which we were embarking. According to the plans announced at that time, we were going to the islands to do police duty for two years.

This was before the outbreak of the Filipino insurrection. The American troops held only the city of Manila and the navy-yard at Cavite across

the bay. These troops were mainly made up of state volunteers, and the regulars were being sent to relieve them.

When the day for our departure came, we again marched out of Fort Sheridan with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the farewell song of the army. This time we were bound for New York, where we were to embark on the transport *Grant* for the Philippines, via the Suez Canal. Our trip across the country was uneventful. The public had become accustomed to the sight of troop-trains, and our departure caused little excitement. At Jersey City we marched from the train to a ferry-boat and were at once transferred to the transport.

Early the next morning our boat steamed up the Hudson to a point opposite General Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive. Our gunners fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the great soldier. Escorted by a fleet of tugs, with flags flying and bands playing, we moved down across the bay. It was late December and bitter cold, but we walked the decks that night until the lights of Sandy Hook faded away behind us.

CHAPTER V

THERE are some things that are worse than war. One of them is being aboard a ship with two thousand landmen who are discovering for the first time that the sea is not all romance. Three fourths of our regiment hailed from central states and had never before seen salt water. Before that first night was over most of them vowed they never wanted to see it again.

When morning dawned, hundreds of wan-faced soldiers still fought for standing-room at the lee rail. A scrap of conversation overheard on the foc'sle head will illustrate the general feeling.

“You did that on purpose, ye cross-eyed mutt!” protested a white-faced corporal. “If I ever live to get well, I ’m goin’ to blow your fool head off!”

“Would you mind doin’ it now?” wailed a weak-voiced recruit at his elbow.

Those of us who were able to make a pretense at seaworthiness found much to interest us aboard the *Grant*. She was the largest transport in the government service, having been rebuilt especially for this trip. The berth-decks were arranged with three tiers of canvas bunks, lashed in iron-pipe framework. One entire deck was given over to mess-tables, kitchen, and shower-baths.

From the first hour aboard, our life seemed an endless succession of inspections. We were in-

spected at reveille and at retreat. After breakfast our bunks were inspected, and we were marched on deck with our blankets, while the sailors washed down the iron decks. In the afternoon we were the victims of more inspections. Sometimes we would parade before the doctor in our bare feet. On other occasions we filed by the "medicos," with our mouths gaping open for inspection of tongue and teeth.

At the time we violently protested against all this overhauling, but I have since learned that it was a wise precaution. When two thousand men are cooped up in a crowded ship there is much danger of disease, and unceasing vigilance is the only preventive. On our ship an epidemic of measles occurred, but the first cases were quickly detected and isolated.

In the evening the mess-deck would become a miniature Monte Carlo. Half of the men aboard passed every leisure hour in gambling, and some of the old-timers finished that voyage with thousands of dollars in their money-belts.

My bunkie and I had good reason for not gambling. It had been several weeks since pay-day, and we were broke. A bankrupt soldier is a normal soldier; we had plenty of companions in our class. There was no poverty of amusements, however. Boxing bouts were held every evening, groups would gather on the upper deck to organize an impromptu sing-song party and occasionally the band would give a concert, when we would dance along the tilting deck.

After fourteen days on the Atlantic we sighted the Rock of Gibraltar. The great rock looked like a sleeping camel, its long neck stretching across to the Spanish shore. As the *Grant* drifted around the point of the peninsula into the harbor, a feather of smoke lifted from the water's edge and we heard the faint sound of the first salute. The flagship of the British squadron followed with her great guns, and the next minute the French, German, and Spanish warships were banging away in our honor.

As the upper deck was overcrowded, I had retreated to the berth-deck. My head was out of a porthole, and I was eagerly watching the shifting panorama. Suddenly there came a deafening roar, my hat was jerked from my head, and I was thrown, dazed and blinded, to the deck. Our own guns were returning the salute, and my inquisitive head had been just below the muzzle of a three-inch gun. The shock of the concussion gave me a headache which remained with me for several hours.

Despite my aching head, I remained on deck. This was the Rock of Gibraltar, the strongest fortress in the world, and I wanted to see it all. During the morning there was a succession of brilliantly-uniformed officers coming and going from the warships in the harbor. Major-General Lawton, who had been our division commander in Cuba, was aboard the *Grant*, and the ship commanders were calling to pay their respects.

Fortune favoring me that afternoon, an unwelcome fatigue detail became a glorious adventure. Top-Sergeant Dolan captured me on the upper deck and ordered me to report at the gangway. Six men from B Company were sent ashore in a launch to load several barrels and boxes of fruit for the commissary. A young lieutenant only a few years older than myself was in charge of this party.

The moment I set foot on the shore I determined to explore the Rock. I had been told that it had never been done, so I wanted to try it. With a cautious eye on the lieutenant, I edged away through the crowd of bumboat men and British soldiers until I was safely hid behind a pile of boxes. Then, keeping those boxes in a line between me and the officer, I walked rapidly toward the streets of Gibraltar.

At the end of the dock I was hailed by a group of British soldiers. Some of them wore the kilts of the Black Watch Highlanders, others the red coats of the Dublin Fusiliers. There is a little incident in the regimental history of the Fourth U. S. Infantry that is seldom mentioned in the regiment. In the War of 1812 the Fourth was surrendered to the British by General Hull at Detroit, and it was the Dublin Fusiliers who received our colors. Later in the war, at the Battle of Lundy's Lane, the remnant of the Fourth captured a portion of the Dublin Fusiliers. Each regiment had captured the other.

My friends of the British army received me with

great glee, immediately appointing themselves a committee to show me the town. My dreams of exploring the subterranean passages of the Rock were not fulfilled, but I did explore the town of Gibraltar. As I was the only enlisted American soldier ashore, I occupied the center of the stage.

For three happy hours I was escorted about town, visiting the "pubs" and swapping yarns with the Tommies. When at last I declared that I must return to the transport or be listed as a deserter, three of my new friends marched with me to the dock.

"Yank, do you think we could slip aboard and take on with your regiment?" asked one Highlander, whose name, by the way, was Kelly. "It 's tired I am of the Rock, and who knows but you might have a fight out in them islands."

Both of his friends declared themselves eager to quit the Queen's service and don the American blue.

"Well, it 's this way," I explained. "My boat is gone, and I 'll be taken in at the gangway, anyway. If you chaps come aboard and deliver me to the sergeant of the guard, why there you 'll be, and perhaps you could sneak forward and hide out. The boys will take care of you and give you some clothes."

They declared that the chance was worth taking.

"You may consider yourself under arrest," declared the Irish Kiltie, as we climbed into a bumboat. "Now what kind of an offense against the

peace and dignity of Her Majesty are we goin' to say you committed."

"I know. He poked the bloody eye out of a policeman," chimed in one of the redcoats.

"There 's no harm in that."

"No, you don't," I protested. "'Yankee Dan' would hang me for that. What is the least harmful crime I could commit on the Rock?"

"I got it!" volunteered Kelly. "You tried to pass the sentries without a passport."

So it was arranged. I was escorted up the gangplank by my three adventure-seeking friends and turned over to the quartermaster on duty. While he was searching for the sergeant of the guard, the three Britons escaped in the crowd of American soldiers and hid themselves forward.

For absenting myself without leave I was given a summary court-martial and sentenced to scrub decks for three days. I did not complain, for had I not explored the town of Gibraltar?

The next morning, after we had left the Rock behind us and steamed into the Mediterranean Ocean, the three British deserters appeared on deck, clad in American uniforms. One of the trio, the Highlander, enlisted in our regiment the day after our arrival in Manila, and he served during the Philippine campaign.

CHAPTER VI

AFTER the rough weather of the Atlantic, the warm, blue waters of the Mediterranean were a welcome relief. We followed the north coast of Africa, occasionally sighting distant mountain-peaks lifting from the horizon.

By this time we had settled down to a routine existence, our hourly occupations being governed by the ship's bell. Much of our time was spent in washing clothes, and we became expert laundrymen. Each man was permitted to draw a bucket of hot fresh water from the kitchens three times a week.

Some ingenious old file discovered a method of cleansing clothes without the labor of scrubbing. Tying his garments at the end of a line, he towed them along beside the ship in the clean salt water. After an hour or two the clothes would be pulled aboard and rinsed in fresh water. The idea proved popular, and many of us used the sea for a washtub. I tried that once, but only once.

One morning I borrowed a rope, tied my day's washing like the tail of a kite, and dropped it out of a porthole, knotting the other end of the line to a bunk-stanchion. Half an hour later "Rooster" Higgins came to me, chuckling in glee.

"Just watch old Sergeant Nancy Travis," he said. "Had his clothes hangin' out a porthole,

and I cut the rope. They 're a mile astern already. Wait till he finds out, and he 'll blister the deck."

Old Sergeant Nancy had the reputation of being the most gifted artist in profanity in the United States Army. When in form, he could swear twenty minutes without repeating himself. "Rooster's" little scheme appealed to me as being a first-class joke.

"Let 's go down by the porthole and wait until he comes," I suggested. "Rooster" guided me to the berth-deck, where a rope-end was trailing from a port.

"There it is!" he chuckled.

"You big, leather-necked lunatic!" I wailed. "That ain't Nancy's rope; that 's mine!"

"Rooster" continued to find humor in his joke, but to me the jest had lost its savor. I finished that trip in borrowed underclothes.

The day before we reached Port Saïd, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, I had another narrow escape from getting my final statements. With my usual good luck, I escaped.

Near the kitchen alley, an electric dynamo was located. Ordinarily this dynamo was protected by a heavy wire screen, but on this day the screen was removed for some unexplained reason. I came blundering along in the semi-darkness and laid my hand on the neuralgic nerve of that bunch of chained lightning. As I was standing on an iron deck, I received the full charge.

Some minutes later I recovered consciousness,

to find myself lying on a cot in the sick-bay. Before my eyes reeled drunken armadas of gaudy stars. The Hospital Corps man explained that I had been knocked down, and that my head had been the first part of me to reach the deck.

"Good thing it was your head you lit on," he said, consolingly. "If you had fell on your elbow, you might have hurt yourself. Any chump that ain't got better sense than to fondle a 'live' wire ought to get shocked!"

It was several hours before I blinked the dancing constellations from my eyes and regained control of my jumping nerves. The effects of that shock have remained with me to this day. Even now, if I receive a slight touch of the "juice" from an electric-light or a telephone, my nerves tingle for hours.

Early next morning I asked to be returned to duty. I knew that we were coming into Port Saïd, the gateway to the Orient, and I wanted to see it. At that stage of my career I believe I was the most curious youngster in the world. I wanted to see everything, to do everything, and my curiosity sometimes led me into strange adventures.

My first sight of Port Saïd was a disappointment. This was Egypt, yet not a single pyramid could be seen. Only a long row of modern buildings, reminding me of the St. Louis river-front. As we drew into the dock, however, I realized that at last we had arrived in the storied East.

Our transport was surrounded by a fleet of



bumboats, manned by a howling mob of strangely-clad Orientals. Soon the port doctor came aboard and examined our ship-papers. As we were to enter the canal that night, there was no inspection, but we learned that the ship was quarantined and that only a few officers would be permitted to land.

From the moment that we entered the harbor I had been laying plans to get ashore. Within a few hundred yards of us the United States cruiser *Raleigh* was anchored. She had taken part in the Battle of Manila Bay, under Admiral Dewey, and we watched with envy the sailors moving about the deck.

After a two-hour wait the *Grant* was towed to a dock, and we were invaded by the dirtiest gang of human creatures I have ever seen. They were the coal-passers, come to fill our bunkers. Back and forth they swarmed up the gangways, packing sacks of coal on their backs and keeping up a deafening chatter.

From the moment we had tied to the dock I had tried to slip ashore, but the way was blocked by guards, and a dozen black policemen in red fezzes promenaded the docks, searching the ragged clothes of the coolies for contraband.

Disconsolately I wandered to the other side of the ship. As I gazed over the railing a boatman called from below:

“Six pence! Go ashore?”

In two minutes I had found a friend in funds

and had borrowed two dollars. Waiting for a moment when no one was watching, I slid down a rope and dropped into the boat. Rowing around the bow of the *Grant*, the boatman landed me in dangerous proximity to the policemen. Sensing that I was afraid of capture, that wily native insisted that the fare was one dollar and threatened to appeal to the police. Finally we compromised on twenty-five cents, and I walked away through the shifting crowd of sightseers.

If the water-front of Port Saïd had been a disappointment, the crowded streets satisfied my craving for romance. Turbaned Bedouins, muffled in their negligée gowns, moved mysteriously about me, donkey-boys ran screeching after their charges, and enticing Oriental shops opened on every hand.

During my aimless rambling I met another soldier from the *Grant*, and we joined forces for the expedition. Our excursion was interrupted by a British Tommy. He shouted:

“Hey, mites! Provost guard’s after you Yanks. Better hoof it!”

We knew that if the guard captured us, we would be dragged aboard the *Grant* and punished as deserters. The remaining hours of our stay in Port Saïd were passed in dodging back and forth through the narrow streets, eluding every uniform we spied.

When darkness came, we made for the dock. We wanted to get aboard before our ship entered

the Canal. Upon our arrival at the dock we discovered that the *Grant* was anchored a hundred yards from shore.

"There 's only one way," declared my companion. "We got to take a boat and go up the anchor-chain."

Climbing a muddy anchor-chain that sways with every move of the ship is no easy job. My partner pulled himself up first. Cautiously he thrust his head to the deck-level and, waving a signal of encouragement, pulled himself aboard. I followed his example and found myself on the foc'sle head.

Just as I started aft, three soldiers stepped out of the darkness.

"Here 's another one, sergeant!" a voice exclaimed. "This makes twelve."

"Take them back to the brig," ordered the sergeant of the guard.

The wise old sergeant had set a watch on the anchor-chain, and nineteen amateur African explorers, including myself, were captured, when using it for a ladder that night.

The next morning I again found myself before the summary court-officer. For the second time I was sentenced to scrub decks and polish brass as penance for my sins.

CHAPTER VII

THERE may be more pleasant jobs than scrubbing decks in the Red Sea, but I was satisfied. I had had my run ashore, and I was willing to pay the fiddler. We were moving through a strange Oriental world. Hungry with curiosity, we wanted to see it all.

The morning after leaving Suez it was rumored about the ship that we would soon pass Mt. Sinai, where the Law was handed down to Moses. When the barren, red-stained mountain lifted out of the haze of the Arabian coast, the rail was crowded with watching soldiers.

“Shucks, that ain’t such a mountain!” protested one old Westerner. “Pike’s Peak has got that beat four ways. Another thing, I ain’t ever goin’ to believe that story about Moses bein’ found up there among the bullfrogs. If a bullfrog ever got up that hill, he ’d have to have hoofs, instead of webbed feet.”

A few hours later there was another wild rush for the deck, when it was reported that we were passing the spot where the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. Hundreds of soldiers leaned over the rail, staring eagerly at the water, as if expecting to see Pharaoh’s chariot-wheels still floating around on the waves.

Our first stop out of Suez was Perim, a desolate

coaling-station near Aden. Perim is said to be the hottest spot in the world, and after one hour in the harbor I believed the statement. It is a galvanized-iron town surrounded by red and yellow sandstone hills, radiating heat like a furnace-door.

The trip across the Indian Ocean was uneventful, with the exception of one incident. A huge British freighter overhauled and passed us in mid-ocean. When it was abreast of the *Grant*, a sailor was slung over the side in a boatswain's chair. In huge white letters he painted the words "Good Luck," and sketched a horse-shoe and a shamrock on the black side of the vessel.

We afterward learned that this was one of Sir Thomas Lipton's boats, and that Sir Thomas himself was a passenger. When we dropped anchor in Colombo, the port of the island of Ceylon, he came aboard and visited General Lawton, who commanded our expedition.

As usual, I had planned to slip ashore in Colombo and take a "look-see" at the town. My plans were forgotten, however, when the quarantine-tug came alongside. As the launch drew up to the gangway, one of the men aboard cupped his hands and shouted:

"War has broken out in the Philippines! Americans are fighting in the streets of Manila!"

There was no wireless communication in those days, and the native insurrection had started four days before, while we were leisurely plodding through the Indian Ocean. All thoughts of sight-

seeing were dismissed. In a jostling mob the soldiers crowded around the bulletin-board.

In a rapid succession of bulletins we learned that the fight had begun February 4 by an attack on an outpost of the Nebraska volunteers. A general attack had followed, spreading like a train of powder in a semicircle about the city. The Americans were posted in a thin line, seventeen miles long, around the outskirts of the city.

It meant active service again for the old Fourth Infantry. We forgot the fever and mud of Cuba; we were eager to take our place in the line.

That afternoon we left Colombo and raced on toward Manila. We were afraid that we would be too late—that the Filipinos would be conquered before the old regiment arrived. We little dreamed that nearly three years of hiking and fighting were before us. If a person was really looking for a fight, the Philippines was a good place to go in those days.

Between Colombo and Manila we made only one stop—at Singapore, where we again coaled ship. Entering the harbor at night, we tied up to one of the docks, and a few minutes later the coal was going into our bunkers.

As it happened, I was on guard that night. A squad of us were posted on the dock to prevent the soldiers from jumping ship. Not a man attempted to desert. They were all too anxious to get into action. Before dawn the guard was ordered back aboard, and we slipped out of the harbor into the Straits of Malacca.

It proved a four-day run from Singapore to Manila. Khaki uniforms were issued, and we were kept busy every hour of the day by numerous inspections. A few hours before reaching Manila Bay we were met by the U. S. gunboat *Helena*. Wig-wagging signals, she escorted us through the Boca Chico, past Corregidor Island, and into the Bay.

As we cleared the island we could see the warships of Dewey's fleet, anchored miles across the Bay, near Cavite. British, German, and French warships sprinkled the outer Bay. We could hear a faint sound of cannonading. The cruiser *Charleston* was lying off the coast, bombarding the native trenches near Caloacan. South of the city the Astor Battery and Riley's Battery of the regulars were pounding at the enemy's lines. We were in time for the fight!

From the time we left the dock in New York until we dropped anchor in Manila Bay, fifty-four days had passed.

That afternoon Admiral Dewey came aboard to call on General Lawton. We were paraded on deck. A few miles away we could see the battered hulks of the Spanish fleet, careened in the mud near the Cavite shore. The man who did the job was a white-haired, slight man, uniformed in white. His eyes were keen, and his bearing was youthful.

While he was inspecting the transport, the warships in the harbor fired a general salute. It sounded like a real naval battle. Even the Ger-

mans were bombarding us with blank cartridges.

That night, having been inspected by quarantine officers, we packed our haversacks with two days' field-rations. Early in the morning we made up our blanket-rolls and marched down the gangway into the waiting *casco*s, clumsy, native-built barges.

As the *casco*s were towed up the Pasig River, we could hear the distant sound of firing, coming first from the north and then from south of the city. Our *casco* was tied to the dock at the foot of the Malecon, the seaside drive leading up to the Luneta.

We were grateful that we were not called upon to march down the Malecon at attention. Our eyes were busy taking in the strange sights. On our left loomed the ancient mass of the old, walled city, complete with bastions, torreons, and draw-bridges, as it had been in medieval days.

B Company marched to the Luneta and halted. Hundreds of soldiers who had fought in the uprising gathered around and entertained us with wild yarns of the fighting and the savage ferocity of the natives. I have found that a fight always looks worse from a distance. More men are killed in conversation than in action. The veteran soldier seems to feel a moral obligation to frighten the "rookie" with tales of horror.

For hours we sat on the Luneta, waiting for orders. Several companies of our regiment were marched away to different points in the city for police-duty. We were disgusted. We didn't

want to be "coffee-coolers" back of the line. After journeying more than half-way around the world to come to this fight, we wanted to get into it.

Our hopes were realized that very afternoon. Shortly after a lunch of hardtack and canned "Willie" we were ordered to fall in; we marched over the Bridge of Spain into the main city of Manila.

Guided by a lieutenant of volunteers, B Company threaded the maze of streets in the Tondo and Binondo district, headed for the north lines. The pictures in the school geographies had failed to do justice to this new world. We marched through miles of Chinese shops, swarming with slant-eyed celestials. We were surprised to find that the native Filipinos were permitted to come and go as in peace times. Only the presence of squads of guards on every corner and of cavalry patrolling the streets indicated that danger threatened.

No one seemed to know our destination, except Captain "Yankee Dan" Robinson and the volunteer officer, and they did not confide in the men in the ranks. After a two-hour march we were deployed from the road and ordered to camp in a little valley back of a great gray church, which loomed over the mango-trees ahead.

While we were erecting our "pup" tents, a spent bullet whined overhead and plunked into the hillside. Half of the men in the company bowed their heads politely to that bullet. At any rate,

we were near enough to the firing-line for the recruits to boast that they had been under fire during their first day in the islands.

A few men of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers visited camp and told us that we were about six hundred yards back of the trenches guarding Caloocan Church. After supper the first squad was ordered to fall in. As the tallest man in the company, I was naturally a member of the first squad, my position being number one, front rank, first set of fours.

We were marched by the First Sergeant, Tommy Dolan, up the road to the Church of Caloocan. It was being used as headquarters by General MacArthur and Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas. Our squad relieved a squad of that regiment doing duty as headquarters' guard.

The volunteer soldiers surrounded us, and we passed a good part of that evening listening to the story of the outbreak. According to the men who had been in the fight, a soldier of the Nebraska regiment had fired the first shot. The American forces, having captured Manila from the Spaniards, had refused to permit their allies, the native insurrectos under Aguinaldo, to enter the city.

Residents of Manila were in terror that the city would be looted by the natives. For months the two armed forces had been drawn up opposite each other. Daily the ill feeling had grown. Frequently the natives lined up and advanced in mock attack on the sentries.

One day a Tagalog officer had attempted to enter

the city while carrying his side-arms. This was against orders, and the sentry, Private Grayson, had stopped him. The officer returned to his own company only two hundred yards away. The natives pointed their guns at Grayson, cursing him in English and Spanish, and making threatening manœuvres. Again and again they repeated the threat of attack. At last Grayson said:

“If that gu-gu aims that gun at me again, I ’m going to shoot!”

The native raised his gun, and Grayson fired on him. Within an hour the fighting became general.

The Twentieth Kansas and the Montanas had fought their way out to Caloocan Church. After two days’ battle the Americans had consolidated their line in a semicircle about the city.

I have often heard the home-staying Americans belittle the campaign in the Philippines. They seemed to think that the natives were poorly armed savages and that the insurrection was in the nature of a picnic for our soldiers.

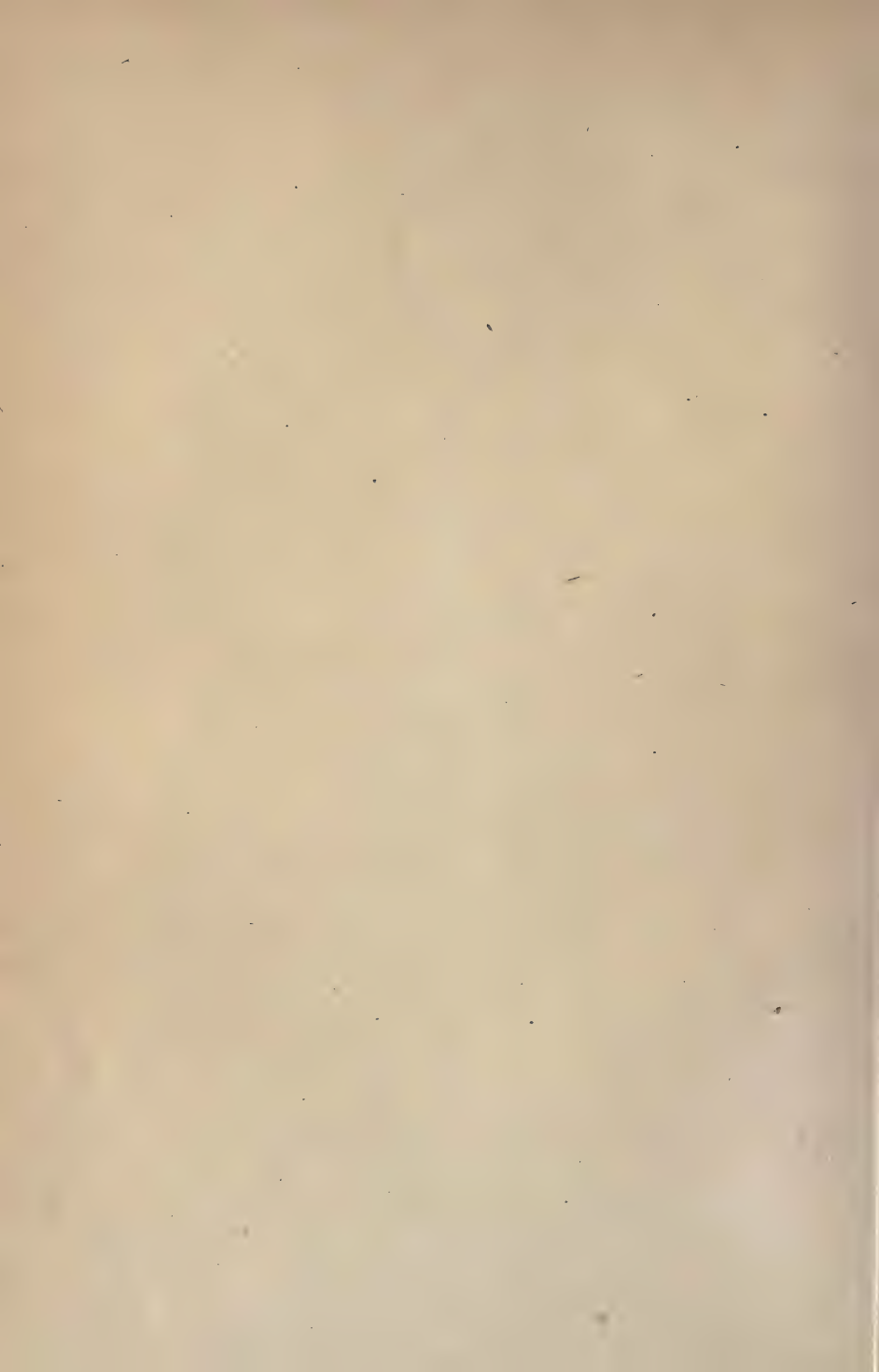
At the time of the outbreak Aguinaldo had more than sixty thousand soldiers around Manila. They were mostly armed with modern Mauser rifles, manufactured in Germany. Many of their soldiers and officers had been trained in the Spanish Army. They were the descendants of the old Malay pirates who had been the scourge of the eastern seas. They fought bravely, but inefficiently.

When my turn for duty came, I mounted guard



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CAMP OF FOURTH INFANTRY ON THE LUNETTA, MANILA, P. I.



at the doorway of the church. We were permitted to sit on a hardtack box while on duty. While I was sitting there thinking over the stories of the fight, a little man with a full beard walked out of the door and spoke genially to me. He was dressed in a blue shirt and tan overalls.

He seemed much interested in the long cruise of the *Grant*, and seated himself on another box by my side. For nearly an hour he questioned me, smoking a huge native cigar as he talked. As he arose to leave, I said: "What kind of a man is this little runt Funston we are supposed to be guarding? He might come mooching around here, and I 'll have to give him the salute."

"You might ask the cook over there," he answered, nodding toward a cook-shack a few yards away. "I have reason to believe that he has it in for Funston."

When my visitor had departed, I called the cook and repeated my question.

"Why, you poor rookie, that was Colonel Funston you was chinnin' with!" replied the cook. "He 's a fine little fellow in most ways, and a natural-born scrapper, but he 's a darned crank about his meals."

I repeated the question I had asked the little colonel.

"Well, anyway, you went to headquarters for your information," was all the consolation I received.

Sitting on my box, I listened to the persistent sound of shooting up and down the trenches. At

times it would stop, and then would resume briskly, spreading along the trenches toward La Loma Church on our right, until it died away in the distance. It seemed to my ears as if a good fight was in progress, but my friend the cook informed me that "things were awful quiet to-night."

The next day the members of the guard were detailed on "old guard fatigue." That usually meant policing up the camp, but we had a more unpleasant job that morning. Several Filipinos, killed during the advance, had been hastily buried near our camp. The rains had washed away the soil until their bodies were exposed. It was our job to give them a deeper resting-place. More than one B Company man went without his dinner that day.

For several weeks we did duty back of the trenches, and then came the big advance north toward Malolos, the insurrecto capital. Our company did not take part in the advance, except to move into the trenches as they were evacuated by the Twentieth Kansas. We also helped to load the wounded for transportation to the base hospitals in the city. More than one hundred Americans were killed or wounded in our section of the line that first day.

The troops under General MacArthur drove steadily north along the Manila & Dagupan Railroad, until they captured the rebel capital three days later.

For many weeks after the advance our life was a

monotonous routine of guard-duty. We were moved two miles east and stationed at La Loma Church and Blockhouse Number Two. Although MacArthur's column was operating north of us, the line of outposts around the city was still maintained. A battalion of the Ninth Infantry, which had arrived from San Francisco a few days before, was stationed on our left.

One night I was detailed on outpost duty a few hundred yards in advance of our camp. A corporal and three men were assigned to these outposts. One man would go on post, while the others slept. The man on guard carried a watch and called his relief at the end of two hours.

It happened to be my turn on post. Suddenly I heard footsteps approaching from the west. I challenged, and was answered by Captain Rockefeller of the Ninth Infantry. He was making a tour of inspection. He asked for directions to the next outpost on our right. The corporal pointed the way, and the captain walked on.

The next morning we learned that he had disappeared. In the darkness he had wandered off into the rice-paddies to the north, and had been captured by a patrol of insurrectos. Captain Rockefeller was never released. Months later we heard that he had died while still a prisoner in northern Luzon.

On another occasion I had an experience while on guard that put the shivers in my knees. One of our sentry posts was in the old, walled graveyard of La Loma Church. Like most Philippine

graveyards, the walls were honeycombed with little compartments wherein coffins were placed, their entrances being sealed. When the family of the occupant neglected to pay rent on the grave, the bones were pulled out and thrown into a pit, and the compartment was rented to a family whose grief was more real or more recent.

When the time came, I was marched to the graveyard by the corporal of the guard to relieve Private Denny Casey. Denny had come off pass that day, and during his trip to Manila had imbibed a little too much *beno*.

When we arrived at the post, there was no sign of Denny. We searched the graveyard thoroughly, and at last found his rifle leaning against a tree.

“One of two things has happened,” said the corporal. “Denny has deserted and gone over the hill, or some gu-gu has killed him. Keep your eyes open.”

Naturally, Denny’s mysterious disappearance and the corporal’s idea did not make me feel too cheerful. I never did like graveyards at night, anyway.

It was a damp, moonless night. Clouds of mist came seeping over the walls from the rice-paddies. Although I knew that scores of soldiers were sleeping only a few rods away, I began feeling lonesome.

Suddenly I heard a most unearthly moan. It started low and hoarse, wandered up the scale to a high, keen note, and ended in a strangling gurgle.

Loading my rifle, I began walking back and forth, trying to locate the sound. It was an elusive sound. At times it seemed to come from some recess in the wall, then from the bushes behind me, and for minutes it died away altogether.

Now I did not believe in ghosts; but what had happened to Denny Casey? With my gun held ready, I walked quietly back and forth, trying to stalk that ghostly wail. I was passing under a mango-tree when, without warning, I received a slap on the cheek. Jumping about twenty feet from a standing start, I wheeled and threw up my gun. There was nothing there!

Cautiously I explored the ground around the tree. It was open, and I could see for a hundred feet in any direction around me. I resumed my nervous walk. Again I felt a blow on the cheek, as if I had been slapped by a cold, clammy hand. Again I jumped, beating my previous record. Putting my hand to the side of my face, I was horrified to discover that it was wet and slimy.

This was more than I could stand. I howled for the corporal of the guard. He came running with a lantern. When I told him about the groans, he laughed at me, but, aided by the light, we made a more thorough search. Again came the sound, but this time we located it.

Tired and sleepy, Denny Casey had found an unoccupied grave in the wall and had crawled in for a little nap. It was his snores that I had heard.

This did not explain the slaps I had received.

We took the lantern back to the tree and explored. Suspended by a cord to a limb of the tree was a nice fresh fish, hung up by one of the soldiers to keep cool. In walking past, my face had collided with that fish.

Denny was dragged off to the guard-house, and I continued to walk my post. I knew that the ghost had been laid and that the whole incident would be a great joke in the morning. Yet I was glad when my relief came.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE in the camp at La Loma Church continued to be a routine of guard, drill, and police-duty. My bunkie, Pete Goorski, had received his corporal's stripes, but we continued to live together in the same shelter-tent.

Finally we were ordered to prepare for a long expedition. No one seemed to know where we were going when we prepared to abandon camp. Our cook-stove and extra baggage were loaded on wagons and sent to Manila. That evening we were issued two days' rations. Darkness came before we finally marched out on the eastward road behind the long line of trenches.

As we marched, we were joined by one company after another of the Fourth Infantry. It was the first time since we had landed from the transport that the entire regiment had been united. For hours we hiked to the east. It was evident that we were going into a fight somewhere beyond Maraquina, the waterworks of the city of Manila. The insurrectos had been especially active in that neighborhood.

It was after midnight when we reached the waterworks. We walked into the town through a long lane vaulted by trees, their branches laced overhead. Here we saw a sight which has always lingered in my memory.

For nearly a mile those trees were literally alive with giant fireflies. Millions of them clustered on the leaves, or flew like shooting stars from tree to tree. Underfoot they swarmed about our feet, or dropped from above upon our hats and clothes. It was like walking down an avenue in fairyland.

Our regiment deployed in a field outside the town and stacked arms. It was evident that a big expedition was on foot. Several other regiments were encamped near us. Shortly after our arrival a wagon-train pulled into the field behind us, and Riley's Battery also rolled into camp. While we lay resting on our blanket-rolls, the word was whispered down the line that we were going on a general round-up through the mountains surrounding Laguna Bay, an immense lake east of Manila. The American forces were to operate in three columns.

While we were sleeping by the gun-stacks, an incident occurred that nearly cost the lives of two B Company men. In the company was a man whose name I will not mention here. We knew him as "Pop." He was probably the most unpopular man in the company. He was a sneak-thief and a "guard-house lawyer," always in trouble and always dodging duty.

A few days before this he had had a fist-fight with Private Jesse Conway, who in after years became a noted newspaperman. Conway was in the same squad as "Pop," and they were lying side by side.

During the night "Pop" left his place and went

wandering among the teamsters until ordered back by a sentry. By some fortunate accident Conway awoke and decided to fill his canteen. His next neighbor, a German named Helke, rolled over in his sleep to the position occupied by Conway a few minutes before.

Some strange madness came over "Pop." He returned to his place in the line, took a razor from his haversack, and slashed the throat of the sleeping Helke.

"I got you that time, Conway!" he yelled, and dashed off through the camp.

He might have escaped in the darkness, had it not been for a freak of fortune that stopped his flight. Eluding the guards, he ran down the line of mules feeding on the picket-line. One of the mules resented the intrusion and kicked him into an irrigation ditch.

As the guards ran up and stood over him with fixed bayonets, "Pop" cut his own throat with the razor. Neither Helke nor his assailant died. "Pop" was reserved for a more dramatic finish. A board of doctors examined him and found him insane. He was sent back to the United States, to the "Little Red House," as the government insane asylum at Washington is called. As the transport was passing through the Golden Gate, entering San Francisco Bay, "Pop" leaped overboard and was killed by the ship's propeller.

At daylight we marched out into the wide Maraquina Valley. The Oregon Volunteers and two troops of the Fourth Cavalry were ahead of us,

After parading about the valley for some hours, the enemy was located in the hills. Formed in skirmish line, we advanced. Soon the bullets were whistling overhead.

All that afternoon we drove ahead, climbing the jungle-matted mountains. Not until late that evening did I see a Filipino, yet we were almost constantly under fire from the hidden enemy. Several men were wounded in other companies.

It was dusk when we found our way blocked by a force of insurrectos intrenched on top of a sugar-loaf hill, standing in the center of a valley. B Company was ordered to take the hill. Pulling ourselves up the steep slope by grasping the bushes and using our rifles as alpenstocks, we began the exhausting climb.

The insurrectos kept up a hot fire. Fortunately for us, the Filipinos were shooting high, and their bullets were going over our heads. Not a man in B Company was hit, although four soldiers in the valley behind us were killed.

When we reached the top of that hill, we were panting with exhaustion. Half-a-dozen dead insurgents lay among the rocks, but the main force had escaped. We could see them moving far away on another hill. It was our first real fight in the Philippines.

For days thereafter we hiked and climbed through the mountains, chasing the elusive natives. Our rations were gone, and we lived on the rice and meat found in the villages.

At last we marched into the town of Morong, on Laguna Bay, where we were expecting a real battle. We found that Morong had been captured that morning by troops under General Lawton, aided by the river gunboats *Laguna Bay* and *Napidan*. General Lawton always had a habit of getting there first.

That day we rested and cooked. The wagon-train had come up by another road, and once more we had ourhardtack, bacon, and coffee. A soldier always hungers forhardtack and bacon when he has not got it, but when he has them, he always wants something else.

Therefore Pete Goorski and myself organized a chicken hunting trip. Most of the domestic fowl in that town had learned to fly high, but we succeeded in capturing two incautious old hens. They were too durable for frying, so we decided to have a stew, with the inevitable rice and prunes as a side-dish.

It seemed as if those chickens would never be cooked. After boiling them for about three hours, we decided to take a chance. While we were lifting the pot off the fire, the bugle blew the assembly, and we saw B Company falling in to march out of town.

“Pete, I have n’t had anything decent to eat for a week,” I declared. “I ’m going to finish this stew, if I go to the mill for it!”

“I may lose my stripes,” Pete assented, “but I ’d rather be a full private than a hungry corporal.”

So we hid in a *nipa* shack and finished our feast. Half an hour later we overtook the company resting on the road and slipped into ranks without being detected.

For two days we marched steadily on the back trail to Manila, following the winding shore-line of Laguna Bay. A few miles from the town of Titi I met with a sad accident. At that time it affected me as a tragedy.

We had halted near a running stream, and it was rumored that we would camp there for the night. For ten days we had been hiking through the mud and mountains, sleeping in our clothes and on many nights forbidden by orders to remove our shoes. A number of us decided to take a bath in the clear stream. We splashed around for a time in the swift water. Then I had a brilliant idea. My trousers were caked with mud and sodden with perspiration.

Borrowing a piece of soap, I gave them a good washing. After scrubbing them well with the soap, I placed them on a flat rock in the middle of the stream. Another rock, balanced on top of them held them in place. The water running over them would wash away the soap.

The idea was ingenious, but when I went for my trousers, they were gone! Frantically I searched the stream; no trousers could be found.

To add to my distress, the order came to fall in and march into the town. There was I in undress uniform, and not an extra pair of pants in the regiment! Orders are orders. I had to take my

place in line, the tails of my flannel shirt forming a brief kilt.

As we marched down the road, the men of the company made me an object of shame and embarrassment by their more than unrefined jests. At the outskirts of the town the lieutenant in command halted the company.

“Private O’Reilly,” he said. “Titi is a big town and there will be many ladies watching our entrance. You do not look exactly dignified. I can lend you a safety-pin, but even that has its limitations. You will wait here until we find a pair of trousers in the town. You will then rejoin the company.”

For an hour I waited by the roadside. You never miss a pair of trousers until they are gone. At last my bunkie, Pete Goorski, returned with a bundle under his arm. When unrolled it proved to be a pair of sky-blue Chinese trousers. They were yards too generous in latitude and were skimpy in longitude. Necessity breaks all laws, so I donned the balloons and entered the town looking like a Zouave.

B Company was lined up to greet me. A soldier loves a joke, so I knew that I would have to listen to their “rawhiding” for weeks to come.

That evening a companion came to me with a cheering bit of information. One of the teamsters had a new pair of trousers hidden in the feed-box of his wagon. To save these trousers for a better day, he was wearing a tattered pair of overalls.

I watched that teamster as a hawk watches a sparrow. When he strolled away from his wagon, I stole the trousers. I had them on before he discovered his loss. With the aid of two of his friends he tried to take them from me by force, but I was a desperate man and kept the pants.

By forced marches we returned in two days to our old camp near the La Loma Church. For several days we rested and washed our clothes. Our old commanding officer, Captain Robinson, was now Acting Major of the Second Battalion. A new officer, Lieutenant Benny Nicklin, was assigned to B Company.

After a week in camp we were again ordered to prepare for a move. There had been hard fighting on the south line, and General Lawton had taken command. After the Battle of Zapote Bridge the Fourth Infantry was ordered south to replace the Thirteenth Infantry.

Marching through the streets of Manila, we embarked aboard *casco*s and were towed across the bay to Bacoor, a town in Cavite Province. We heard rumors of fighting a few miles away. The town of Imus, four miles inland, had been captured the day before by the Fourteenth Infantry. That night our regiment went on to Imus and relieved the Fourteenth.

Early the next morning a skeleton battalion was formed, consisting of parts of A, B, K, and L Companies of the Fourth. We were ordered to go on a reconnoitering expedition to the south, toward the town of Das Marinas, where a large

body of insurgents were said to be mobilizing. Our instructions were to scout through the country, but not to bring on a fight.

Private Herbert Mifflin of B Company, a boy of nineteen, was on sick report when the orders were issued. He took his name off the sick-list and asked to accompany the battalion. We left early in the morning, with fifty-five men of B Company in line.

CHAPTER IX

THE eight-mile road between Imus and Das Marinas is practically a continuous village. A row of nipa-and-bamboo houses lines the way on either side. Beyond lie the swampy rice-fields. Nearer Das Marinas the country is rougher and more densely wooded.

At route-step we plodded along through the mud. Major Bubb, commanding the battalion, had thrown out an advance guard and flankers after leaving Imus. We marched leisurely, halting often, while the advance guard scouted the yards and houses ahead or questioned natives.

During one of these halts Pete and I were talking on that subject of perennial interest to soldiers: what we would do when our enlistment expired.

“Only forty days and a breakfast, and it ’s back to old Chicago!” Pete said. “If we get into a scrap to-day, it would be just my luck to get my final statements, just because I ’m the shortest-time man in the outfit.”

We had covered about half the distance between Imus and Das Marinas when we noticed that the houses by the wayside were deserted. Every shack had a white rag tied over the door, but not a native was in sight. If we had been longer in

the Islands, we would have known that this was a sure sign of an attack.

The battalion was halted, resting in the road. Major Shields, an army doctor, came riding along the line, mounted on a tiny native pony. He was accompanied by Richard Henry Little, a war-correspondent. Suddenly he raised himself in his stirrups and shouted: "Pass the word forward that a party of armed men are marching past our right flank!"

Almost at the same instant a shot was fired by one of the advance guard. In an instant that road was crackling with bullets. They seemed to come from every direction.

Our skeleton battalion of two hundred men had marched straight into a trap laid by General Pio Del Pilar. With three thousand insurrectos, he had been marching to attack Imus, when the advance of our party was reported. He formed his troops into a U-shaped line, his men concealed by the brush-hedges bordering the rice paddies. When we obligingly marched into his trap, the lines closed behind us. The battalion was completely surrounded by an enemy numbering more than fifteen to our one.

Our troops were ordered to deploy, B and K Companies going to the right of the line, and A and L Companies to the left. Breaking through the bamboo-fences, we advanced through the yards bordering the road. As we ran, I heard some one shout:

"Man down! Bring the stretcher!"

Clearing the houses, we could see a long line of insurrectos half-hidden in a hedge not more than a hundred yards away. Halting to fire a few volleys, we advanced. They retired farther into the brush. A short distance beyond was a deep irrigation-ditch. The natives took refuge behind the bank and raked our ranks with a hot fire as we charged in and drove them out.

After capturing the ditch, Lieutenant Nicklin halted the company for orders. We all now realized that we were up against a tough proposition. From the sound of the firing and the number of insurrectos we had seen, we knew that we were opposed by a heavy force.

While we were halted at the ditch, a body of natives crept into a cornfield behind us and to our left, cutting us off from the battalion on the road. When they opened fire, young Herbert Miffin, on the left of the line, doubled up and fell into the muddy water of the rice-paddy.

As I was near him, I ran forward and dragged him out of the water to the protection of the bank. He had been drilled by a Mauser bullet. The bullet had made a hole through his tin cup, passed through his stomach, and came out near his backbone.

A Hospital Corps man came crawling to where we lay and began to bandage the wound. At that moment the bugle sang the charge. Yelling like Indians, we ran at the cornfield, drove the natives out, and formed a new line resting on the yards bordering the road.

I walked back to where Miffin lay. He had always been a close friend of mine; we had enlisted on the same day. Before he became unconscious he asked me to visit his people in Chicago, if I ever returned, and tell them how he died. Years later I tried to fulfil my promise, but I was never able to locate his family.

Lieutenant Nicklin ordered several of us to carry Miffin into the road, where Major Shields had established a first-aid station. My friend, Lee Crowell, helped me carry the wounded man.

In the road we found a scene of wild confusion. Wounded men were lying about, waiting for treatment. Our one ambulance was full of wounded. Private Paul Wagner, of our company, was on the seat. He had been shot through the jaw. While I was talking to him another bullet, coming from the opposite direction, again hit him in the jaw. The two wounds on either side of his face could have been covered by a silver dollar.

Suddenly a heavy volley swept down the road from the south. The natives were closing in on us. Captain Andrus of L Company called for the able-bodied men near him and rushed back to aid the advance guard, which now had become the rear guard. For a few minutes we had our hands full. The insurrectos charged in, until we could almost hit them in the face with our hats. We held our ground, however, and they broke and retreated.

Then came the order to retire. We were to retire about half a mile, to a point where we would

have better fighting ground and where the wounded would be protected by high banks. Slowly the rear guard fell back, until we were about one hundred yards from our former position.

I was lying flat beside the road, shooting into the bushes, when I saw a hand lift from the ditch by the roadside. It was Sergeant Lang. He had fallen unobserved in the thick weeds, a bullet through his neck.

The next few minutes will always be hazy in my memory. Instinctively I ran down the road to save Lang. I had caught him by the arm, when a squad of insurrectos leaped out of the thicket and closed in, slashing with their bolos. Before I had time to shoot I was surrounded by a circle of yelling natives, swinging at me with their long, keen knives.

Back and forth I danced, guarding myself with my gun. As if by instinct I was going through the movements of the bayonet manual—head-guard, butts to the front, advancing and retiring—as if on the drill-ground. There is only a vague recollection of a ring of flashing bolos. One incident I remember, however. A Filipino in a blue jacket stood not ten feet from me, aiming his gun at my head. I could see his yellow, grinning face and his eyes squinting over the sights. He fired. The flame blazed in my face, but the bullet, by some freak of luck, missed me.

I do not know how long I had fought—probably not over two minutes—when Lee Crowell came

fighting to my side. With a group of L Company men he had run back to my rescue. The Filipinos quit the job and ran off into the brush.

"It was the neatest bit of bayonet practice I ever saw in my life," Crowell said, panting.

Yet I had not consciously used the movements of the manual. Those hours of drill on the parade-ground had saved my life. My gun was chipped and scarred with bolo cuts, but I had not received a scratch. Carrying Sergeant Lang back to the first-aid station, we turned him over to the doctor.

The sound of firing continued from the right, where B Company was stationed.

"Let's go back to the Company," suggested Crowell, so we started off.

On our way out the cry came again:

"Man down! Bring the stretcher!"

"Who is it?" some one called.

"Private Cook, B Company; shot through the heart," was the answer.

My friend, the laughing, good-natured "Dancing Kid," would never again entertain us around the camp-fire.

We found B Company strung out in single file, marching parallel with the road. I stopped to show my battered gun to Pete Goorski as I passed, and fell into my place at the head of the line.

The fence that we were following bent into the road in the form of an inverted L.

A call came from Sergeant Paddy Geeting, right guide at the head of the line:

"Here they are, with their stingers out!"

Drawn up in perfect formation across our line of march were several hundred insurrectos, standing as if waiting.

“Blow the charge!” yelled Lieutenant Nicklin to the bugler.

Breaking through the fence into the open rice-field, we charged. Looking back over my shoulder as I ran, I saw Pete jump through the fence.

“It ’s a knock-down and drag-out!” he shouted, laughing and waving his hand.

Shooting as they went, the men of B Company closed in on the insurrectos. Feeling at my belt for more cartridges, I discovered that it was empty. Borrowing five rounds from Corporal Duever, who ran by my side, I loaded the magazine of my gun.

Although we could see the Filipinos falling, they did not break ranks until we had come almost hand to hand. Then the line seemed to melt away and stampede for cover. After driving them from the field, we were ordered back to cover behind the line of fence.

“Man down; bring the stretcher!” Again the familiar yell.

“Who is it?” somebody called.

“Corporal Pete Goorski; shot through the head.”

Pete had died almost on the spot where I had seen him wave his hand and heard him call to me.

The company formed behind the bamboo fence. Our ammunition was almost exhausted. Lieutenant Nicklin went along the line, collecting a few

cartridges in his hat and distributing them to men who needed them. I received three.

Looking through the bamboos, we could see the Filipinos forming for attack. They seemed to sense that we were short of ammunition. Marching into the open field not three hundred yards distant, they formed in squads, their officers walking up and down and giving instructions. We were ordered to hold our fire until they charged. The enemy was also closing in on the other side of the road.

“Would n’t be surprised if this here would be another Custer affair,” drawled a lanky Westerner. We waited and watched, throwing aside our haversacks, preparing for the grand finish.

Suddenly a weird screech sounded over our heads. Amid the ranks of the insurrectos shrapnel broke, scattering them in panic. It was Riley’s Battery and a column coming to our relief. We were too weary to cheer. In a few minutes “Yankee Dan’s” battalion swept up on the right and took the fight off our hands.

The skeleton battalion had marched into a well-laid trap, but for five hours and a half had kept the jaws from closing. We had lost eight men killed and thirty-two wounded. Four of the killed and eight of the wounded were from B Company.

In these days, when nations meet in battle, the fight of Das Marinas may seem insignificant. To those who took part in it, however, it seemed hot enough.

Bull-carts followed in the wake of the relief column, with extra ammunition. Those boxes were about the most welcome sight we had seen for some time. With our belts refilled, we marched on and again took our place in line.

Until after dark we drove the army of Pio Del Pilar before us. That night it rained. Heedless of the downpour, we curled up in our sodden clothes and slept the heavy sleep of tired men. In the morning we advanced and captured the town of Das Marinas after a sharp fight. B Company had another man wounded that day.

In the afternoon we marched back to Imus and camped in the plaza. That night I cooked my supper alone. Pete, my bunkie, was gone, and there was no one to help me. As I squatted over the crooning coffee-pot, the commanding officer's orderly called me.

"Major Bubb wants you at headquarters," he said.

At headquarters I was informed that I would be recommended for a Medal of Honor, the most coveted honor in the Army.

"Three officers who saw your defense of Sergeant Lang will sign the recommendation," said the major.

"Thank you; I 'm glad they were looking," was my awkward reply.

Returning to my fire, I sat down to a lonely supper. I was not insensible to my good fortune in winning the medal, but I felt downhearted and



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BATTLE OF DAS MARINAS, WHERE MR. O'REILLY'S "BUNKIE" WAS
KILLED

homesick. Three of my best friends had died that day, and I was only a boy of eighteen.

For a year Pete and I had been the nearest of chums. We had slept together, eaten together, worn each other's clothes, and fought each other's fights. He was a good soldier and a loyal friend.

While I was sitting there, Lee Crowell came and sat down beside me.

"You lost your bunkie to-day," he said, "and I lost mine when Cook was killed. What do you say if we throw in together?"

"Suits me," I replied.

From that night until the day of our discharge, Crowell and I were partners.

CHAPTER X

AFTER the battle of Das Marinas, we settled down to garrison duty in Imus. A general advance was being made on the north line, but the regiments in the south were ordered to hold the ground gained and not attempt an offensive until after the rainy season.

That first rainy season in the Islands was a nightmare to most of us. For months the skies leaked continuously. It varied from an ordinary rain to a torrential downpour, sometimes lasting for many days without a clear hour. The ground was sodden, and the roads became quagmires, where we waded above our legging-tops. The very air seemed a blanket of moisture, soaking our clothes and bleaching our skins. A pair of shoes left standing for one day would be coated with a film of mold.

We soaked our shoes in cocoanut-oil, and cleaned our rifles morning and evening to prevent rust. Mosquitoes swarmed, and we had no protection against them. As in Cuba, tropical diseases made a general attack on the ranks. In a short time the majority of the men in the regiment were suffering from malaria. We had no way to combat it, except with quinine. We literally fed on quinine by the handful.

Malaria, except in the extreme stages, was not

considered sufficient excuse for absence from duty. The men would do their guard-duty between chills. Dysentery, however, proved a more serious problem. It is almost impossible to prevent a soldier from eating anything he can get his hands on. Tropical fruit is especially dangerous. We feasted on bananas, mangos, *duhats*, wild guavas, —anything that the natives brought into the market.

It is a matter of official record that ten times the number of soldiers killed in battle died of dysentery during those first two years in the Philippines. Later the army doctors learned to curb the tropical diseases; the soldiers learned, also, through bitter experience, to be more careful in their diet. Unfortunately we were there the first two years.

Our stay in Imus was monotonous. There were more than one thousand young soldiers set down in a steaming, tropical jungle, with not a white woman or a white civilian in the town. We welcomed a scouting trip, even when it meant continual wading through the flooded rice-paddies.

A score of *cantinas* were opened by native women in the market-place. Near-beer, soda-water, fruit, tobacco, and deadly Chinese candy, was the stuff peddled to the incautious soldier. These *cantinas* became social centers, their popularity depending upon the attractiveness of the women presiding at the bamboo counters. Many of these women were really beautiful, especially the *mes-tizos* of Spanish blood. One of these fair-skinned

charmings caused the downfall of an artilleryman, serving at the time in Cavite.

I understand he now has a family living in Philadelphia, so I will not mention his real name. We will call him Jackson. Jackson was a silent, morose man, who had few friends in the battery. He was evidently of good education, and he spoke Spanish fluently. Ordinarily he was a first-class soldier, doing his duties efficiently. He had one failing, however, that made him unpopular. Occasionally he would break out in a wild spree, always ending in the guard-house. When drunk, he was a fighting lunatic, quarreling with everyone.

Jackson fell in love with a pretty young *mestizo* girl who, with her mother, conducted a *cantina* in the plaza. In time they were married in church by the native *padre*. After that wedding, Jackson was shunned by his comrades. There is an unwritten law among soldiers that a white man must not wed a native.

The artilleryman resented the scorn of his fellow-soldiers, became more sullen, and spent more time than was good for him in the company of the Filipinos. One pay-day he went on one of his mad sprees. While the fighting madness was on him he attacked a young lieutenant, striking him in the face.

To attack an officer is a grave crime in the army. Jackson was courtmartialed and sentenced to six years in military prison. While he was confined in the guard-house, awaiting transportation to the United States to serve his sentence, a member of

the guard permitted him to escape. It is a hard duty to mount guard over a friend and treat him like a caged animal.

Jackson was supposed to make his way to Manila and stow away on an outgoing steamer for the China coast. Instead, he made his way by night to the *casa* of his wife, and together they stole away to the insurgent army.

A few weeks later we began to hear stories of the white renegade. He was in command of a company of *insurrectos*. He moved like a ghost about the country, appearing in the most unexpected places. Again and again his command attacked American outposts. On one occasion he captured two army-wagons loaded with supplies, killing several members of the guard.

For months we were kept busy chasing Jackson. The natives protected him, and he was always warned of our approach. One night the main army of insurgents surrounded the town of Imus and made a general attack. The fight continued for several hours in the darkness.

As I lay in the trenches, I could distinctly hear the voice of Jackson swearing and calling to his troops to advance. The *insurrectos* were driven off, and by daylight they had disappeared.

Months later, when I was with the native scouts, I witnessed the tragic end of Jackson's career. A column under General Swan attacked the Filipino trenches near Noveleta, west of Imus. The scouts were in the advance guard.

When we went over the trenches, we found Jack-

son lying by the roadside. He was twice wounded, —through the lungs and abdomen. Although it may read like fiction, it is a fact that his native wife was crouched in the mud of the road, holding his head in her lap. He refused to speak to us and died defiant, fighting against the flag he had sworn to uphold.

A few months later his wife became the mother of a blue-eyed boy. She always seemed to hate the Americans, and would never afterward speak to an American soldier.

An interesting sequel to Jackson's story followed in the visit of an American lawyer to the Islands sometime later. He hunted up several of the men who were present when Jackson died, and asked them to aid him in locating the body. It had been buried in a trench with about sixty Filipinos who died in the fight. The lawyer had the body exhumed, placed in an iron coffin, and shipped back to the United States.

Jackson's tragic escapade was due to two reasons: acute homesickness, which is a real disease, and too much potent native *beno*, which is damnation to the brains of white men.

While we were stationed at Imus, General Lawton, commanding our division, ordered the formation of regimental scouts. Much to my delight, Crowell and I were selected for this independent organization. Lieutenant Knabenshue was put in command of these scouts.

Day by day the insurrectos were becoming bolder. They would steal up on our sentries at

night, fire a few shots, and vanish in the darkness. When we hiked out on their trail in the morning, we would find only peaceful *hombres* working in their rice-fields.

The scouts were kept busy exploring the surrounding country, making maps and guarding wagon-trains from Bacoor, a town four miles distant on the shore of Manila Bay. Occasionally we would be fired on from ambush, but for months we had had no actual fighting.

One day the scouts were ordered out on the Bacoor road as escort to a party of signal corps men. The telegraph-wire had gone down, and communication with the coast was shut off. At the Big Bend, where road and river meet, we found the break. While we rested along the road, a signal corps lineman climbed a pole to splice the break.

Suddenly the road was swept by a volley from across the river. The natives had entrenched themselves in the bamboo-thickets beside the river, and had cut the wire for the purpose of leading a party of Americans into the open stretch of road at the bend. The man on the pole fell at the first volley, shot through the leg. Dragging his leg, he crawled back to the protection of a ditch.

During the next few minutes that section of the road was as hot as any spot on the map. Taking cover as best we could, we answered their fire. There was no mark to shoot at; only a wall of green jungle from which Mauser bullets poured in a continuous hail.

Our party numbered barely twenty men. It was evident that the insurrectos were in strong force, and it was necessary to get help. Bacoor was the nearest point. Lieutenant Knabenshue called for a volunteer to cross that open space with the message. The first man who tried it was wounded before he had taken two steps. He was pulled back under cover, and Sergeant Brad Hughes tried to make the trip. He, too, was wounded as soon as he appeared in the open.

It was my turn next, but I had no notion of attempting to cross that deadly gap. Every man who had shown himself in that bend had been shot down. Deciding to try strategy, I circled back through the rice-fields, crawling through the sprouting rice behind the dikes. My plan succeeded, and I found myself behind cover on the opposite side of the bend.

As I rounded a turn in the road, a comical sight greeted me. An old army teamster riding one mule and leading another, had been approaching Bacoor when the fight opened. He had catapulted into the ditch, still clinging to the leading-ropes attached to the mules. Every time a volley rang out, those mules would try to depart in haste from that spot, dragging the harried teamster from his haven of refuge. He would drag them back and again crouch behind the bank, only to be jerked up at the next jump of the mules. He wanted to stay in that ditch more than he wanted anything in the world at that moment, yet it was his instinctive duty to stay with those mules. I never have

seen a man more torn between desire and duty than that profane old teamster.

I asked him if he would ride one of the mules back to Bacoor and carry the message. Without answering, he thrust one rope into my hand, jumped on one of the mules, and disappeared in a splatter of mud. I had no intention of playing tag with a single-minded mule, so I tied him to a mango-tree and let him jump, while I preempted the teamster's ditch.

Had we but known it, this frantic effort to get a message through was unnecessary. A lieutenant of the signal corps had already done the job. He had succeeded in raking in the broken end of the wire behind a rice-dike. By tapping the end of the wire he had been able slowly to spell out a message. He tried to take the reply by touching the ends of the wire to his tongue, but the electric current was too strong. Thrusting a bayonet into the ground, he looped the wires around the steel, thus grounding the current. This reduced the strength of the current, and he held the wires to his tongue, feeling the dots and dashes.

This is the strangest telegraph-message I have ever heard of, but it is proven by the official report of that day's fight forwarded to Washington. In answer to his message, reinforcements were already coming from Bacoor and Imus. Those from Bacoor arrived first. They consisted of two companies of the Fourteenth Infantry and Captain Riley's battery from the Sixth Artillery.

I was still crouched in my ditch a few yards

from the open space when the infantry came up running at double-time. Captain Eldridge was in the lead.

“Where are they located?” he asked, as he ran up.

“Across the river, Captain,” I replied. “Don’t go into the open. Five men have been hit out there.”

Not heeding my caution, Captain Eldridge stepped out from behind the screen of bamboos and raised his field-glasses to his eyes. At that instant a bullet struck him squarely in the forehead. He fell back into the arms of a sergeant who followed him.

In a few minutes Captain Riley’s battery was dropping shrapnel into the Filipino trenches. The natives, always bashful in the presence of big guns, soon withdrew. While the infantry was making preparations to cross the river, the scouts were ordered back through Imus to attack the insurgents from the rear.

At the head of a battalion of the Fourth Infantry, the scouts struck the main body of the insurgents at Benicayan and drove them through Cavite Viejo. We slept in the mud that night. At daybreak we again took up the advance, but the enemy had withdrawn.

A repetition of these skirmishes would prove monotonous. It is enough to say that that week the scouts were almost constantly in action. In seven days we were in eight separate engagements, but we lost only two men during the week.

It was about that time that an incident occurred which was peculiarly tragic because it was so unnecessary. A company of soldiers was intrenched at the Big Bend to prevent a repetition of the ambush. One night the commanding officer at Bacoor wished to send a message to this company. As there was no telegraph-operator at the Big Bend, it was necessary to find a messenger. A native of Bacoor, named Francisco, was selected. Francisco was a young fisherman who was a great favorite with the Americans at Bacoor. He did odd jobs around the camp, and sold fish to the cooks. As it happened, he had been married that day to a golden-skinned *mestizo* girl, named Dolores. Many Americans attended the wedding.

That night the commanding officer's orderly came to Francisco and asked him to take a letter to the Big Bend, only two miles away. He offered him two dollars for the trip. Now two dollars is four *pesos*, great wealth for a native in war-times. So Francisco agreed to carry the letter.

Dolores went with him, stopping at the edge of the village to wait for his return. She was still dressed in the white garments of a bride. Francisco hastened down the road, promising to return quickly.

There was a recruit sentry on duty that night. He had heard weird tales of the treachery of the natives and their habit of boling sentries in the dark. Therefore, when Francisco came walking down the road, looking like a wraith in his white

clothes, the sentry forgot to challenge and killed him.

The next night another sentry had a fright. A woman in white came and peered into his face, muttering native gibberish. He happened to be an old soldier and did not shoot. It was Dolores. She was taken to the doctor, who declared that she was insane. For a day and two nights she had waited at the turn of the road for her lover. Nobody had thought to tell her that he was dead, and now she was too crazy to understand.

After that she daily took her lonely post in the road, still watching for Francisco. She still wore the white garments of a bride, with the good-luck marks woven in the piña cloth *panuela*. Night after night she paced that road, stopping the passersby and pleading for her lover.

It was a miracle that she was not killed. I have seen her come strolling down that road when the bullets were popping through the bamboos and every gun was seeking a mark. Yet some one always recognized her and sang out:

“Look out! Here comes the Bride!”

She was still keeping her lonely vigil when I left the Islands two years later. She may still be haunting that road, although Francisco died seventeen years ago.

CHAPTER XI

ABOUT this time General Lawton had ordered the organization of a company of division scouts, under Captain Percival Lowe and Lieutenant Joseph Castner. They were known throughout the Islands as Lowe's Scouts. Much to our joy, Crowell, Corporal Duever, and myself were selected to join them.

As I was with the Scouts during the next year and a half, I want to give some idea of this organization. Captain Lowe was a noted Indian fighter, who had won his commission from the ranks. With his friend, Lieutenant Castner, he had made the first map of the Yukon River in Alaska.

The Scouts were about forty in number. Some of them were civilians, carried on the pay-roll as packers, while others were soldiers from different regiments of Lawton's Division. It was one of the strangest bunches of adventurers ever herded together. There were men from almost every army in Europe.

Captain Hector McAllester, a sea-captain, had been an ivory-hunter for years in Africa; Felio had been a sergeant in the famous French cuirassiers; old "Yellowstone" Kelly was a scout of the "Buffalo Bill" type; McKay had been in the Gordon Highlanders; Paddy Walsh had been a

Catholic priest and later a soldier in two armies; and Manners had been a Methodist minister in the South. Most of them were from the western part of the United States. I was the "kid" of the outfit, but when I received my assignment, I would not have traded places with the general.

Our first expedition was back through the old stamping-ground at Imus, where B Company was still stationed. On this trip we enlisted thirteen Tagalog scouts. This was an experiment, the first time a native had been enlisted as an American soldier.

Acting as advance guard for the Thirteenth Infantry and part of the Fourteenth, we marched through Cavite Viejo and found the insurrectos at Noveleta, a few miles beyond. The "gu-gus" were well intrenched behind a deep irrigation ditch emptying into the salt lagoons near the bay. At one point a narrow, stone bridge crossed this ditch.

An old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, brass cannon had been planted on this bridge, commanding the road. It was loaded with nails and iron scraps, backed by black powder.

When that old cannon was touched off, it killed one officer of the Fourteenth and wounded eleven enlisted men. It was near this bridge that we found the dying Jackson, the renegade whose story I have already told.

After that first battle the insurrectos never made a decided stand. We kept them on the run for about a week, marching through San Fran-

cisco de Malabon and over to Das Marinas, past the old battle-ground where my bunkie, Pete Goorski, had been killed.

It was on this hike that a get-rich-quick artist came to grief. He was a civilian who appeared the first day with a cart-load of pies and other necessities. We were cut off from our base and feeding on light field rations. Those pies were a picture to hungry eyes.

Unfortunately this pirate demanded a dollar apiece for his pies. In a few days he was also selling tobacco at a dollar a sack. As far as we were concerned he owned all the pies in the world, and before the second day his stock was exhausted. We protested and abused him, but it was of no use. He had a monopoly, so prices went up.

About the fourth day, however, this pie-pirate came smiling to our first sergeant, Frank O'Leary.

"Would you mind if I messed in with you boys to-night?" he queried.

"Certainly not," Frank agreed. "Better get our scale of prices before you begin, however. Hardtack is one dollar a biscuit, bacon one dollar a slice, and coffee one dollar a cup. Now go ahead and bust yourself, but pay the cook before you begin to eat."

The monopolist wailed like a roped steer, but it was of no use. He went to other companies, but we passed the word along. He couldn't go back, because he had to stay with the column for protection. For four days he was forced to pay our scale of prices. It was like pulling a tooth

every time he parted with a dollar, but he had to do it or starve. In this manner we got many of our dollars back.

To cap the climax of his woe, this merchant met with more disaster in Imus. After he had fed himself at a Chinese restaurant, he met Denny Mason, one of our Scouts, who is an old army gambler. It seemed that the pie-man had one weakness. He rather fancied himself as a poker-player. Denny and several of the boys obliged him, and before nightfall the Scouts had the rest of his money.

From Imus we returned to Manila, and from there went to San Fernando on the north line. The big drive on the main insurrecto army was about to begin. It was planned to attack the army of General Emilio Aguinaldo, then at the insurgent capital of Tarlac, from three angles. Generals MacArthur and Funston were to drive straight north along the Manila & Dagupan Railroad. General Lloyd Wheaton was to land his forces from transports near Dagupan. General Lawton's Division, which included the Scouts, was to make a great circling movement to the east, in an effort to block the roads into the mountains.

When we left San Fernando, we were starting on the longest hike ever made in the Philippine Islands. The march of the Scouts did not end until we reached Apari, a port at the extreme northern end of Luzon.

I will not repeat the story of the different fights we had on that trip, but merely recite a few inci-

dents which were of interest. At one stage of the march a detachment of the Scouts were acting as advance guard for a battalion of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who were negro soldiers. The headquarters staff and band were also in this column.

The road wound across an open rice-field about a mile in width and bounded by a creek heavily wooded along its banks. As we approached, an excited *caraboa* stampeded from the bushes. We strung out in open order and investigated. A nervous Filipino in the ditch fired a shot, and the fight began. There were several hundred insurgents concealed behind the banks of the creek.

At that moment the battalion of negroes was marching in sets of fours about half a mile behind us. Thrown out in skirmish order across the rice fields, they began to advance. As the order to advance was given, the band unlimbered and began to play "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I have seen several charges, but never anything to equal that one. Yelling like Indians and singing the song, those negroes ran over that bunch of insurrectos as if they were rabbits. They did not stop chasing them for several miles.

At San Isidro we found the first trace of the Gilmore prisoners, who had been captured at Baler, on the eastern side of the island, many months before. The party consisted of Lieutenant Gilmore and a number of sailors, who had been taken while trying to relieve the Spanish garrison at Baler.

In the prison we found their names written on the whitewashed walls. At this town we also found the first trace of Captain Rockefeller, the story of whose capture I have already told. His name was written in the roster of prisoners. Several civilians and soldiers from other organizations were also on this list.

Lieutenant Gilmore and his party were not released for many months. They were finally tracked into the mountains by General Hare, then commanding the Thirty-third Volunteers. The story of that expedition is one of the great exploits of the campaign.

At the risk of seeming to insert a bit of free advertising, I am going to tell of the manner in which the party was trailed through the mountains where the "Head-Hunters" held the trails. One of the prisoners was a salesman for a well-known brand of American beer. In San Isidro we found the following legend inscribed on the walls in several places: "The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous." For nearly six months our soldiers followed that sign. Scrawled on walls, cut into the bark of trees, scratched on rocks and cañon-walls in the mountains, it was always a finger pointing the way. When at last the prisoners were found, far in the northern mountains, where even the Spanish soldiers had never ventured, this enterprising salesman was still with them, carrying on his unique advertising campaign.

While camped at San Isidro an incident occurred which gave me faith in the soldier's creed

—"You never get hit till your time comes." A detachment of the Scouts was ordered out as an escort to a bull-train going from San Isidro to Alagua. We were told that we would probably meet a detachment of Maccabebee Scouts on the road.

It was the back trail, the enemy was operating in the other direction, and we anticipated no trouble. About half-way on our trip we sighted a squad of natives with rifles in the road ahead. At that moment we were in a flat, barren field, with a lot of tall grass just ahead.

Crowell, who spoke excellent Spanish, called out, asking if the men ahead were Scouts. The answer was a volley from the grass. There were only eight men in the advance guard,—four Tagalogs and four white men. The main body was several hundred yards to the rear with the carts. We "hit the ground" as quickly as we could, and returned their fire.

A few feet to the right of the road was an ant-hill a couple of feet high. It was of sun-baked clay, as hard as rock and it gave excellent cover. I dropped behind it and rested my rifle on the top, trying to locate something to shoot at. One of the Scouts, a Frenchman named Bargereau, had dropped in the open road.

"Is there room for two behind that hill?" he yelled.

"Sure; come on!" I answered.

Crawling over on his hands and knees, he settled down beside me. I moved my shoulders to give

him a share of the protection. He had not been in his place two seconds when a bullet passed through his right lung. If I had not moved, it would have struck me squarely in the heart. Fortunately, Bargereau recovered from the wound.

After leaving San Isidro, we hiked on to Cabanatuan. At this point I was put in hospital for several days. For weeks we had been wading through mud or marching on the hot roads, without an opportunity to change our shoes. Sometimes we were forced to go several days without removing our shoes, because of the constant danger of attack. My feet had become blistered and raw, and the slimy ooze of the rice-paddies had poisoned them. Many of the men in the outfit suffered from the same trouble.

After several days' rest in the hospital, I determined to make an effort to catch up with the Scouts. A kindly officer presented me with a pair of shoes large enough to hold my swollen feet, and I was told that the Scouts were resting in the town of Humingan.

On this trip I performed a feat for which I received great praise, but for which there was absolutely no credit due me. When I left the hospital I was put in charge of four Tagalog Scouts who had been left behind. A battalion of infantry was ordered to Humingan on the same morning. The major of this battalion asked me whether I could guide his troops over the short route which the Scouts had taken. I told him I would try. For three days I guided that outfit over hills and

through jungles, at times when there was not a trace of a trail. When the trip was finished the major wrote to Lieutenant Castner highly commending my ability as a guide.

The facts in the case were that I had simply followed a line of telegraph-posts which I had been told led over that trail. The line had been erected years before by the Spaniards, who had abandoned it, and the wire was gone. Whenever I missed the trail I halted the column, sent my Tagalogs to left and right of the road, and hunted up another pole. During our entire trip not an officer of that battalion noticed those guide-posts.

I did not rejoin the Scouts until I reached Tayug. That same day we hiked on to San Nicholas, six miles away. This town is at the foot of the mountains, only three miles from the trail where Aguinaldo had escaped into the Igorrote country. We had been there two days when Aguinaldo's famous buried treasure was discovered. I have seen this story printed in several magazines, but I have never heard the true story told. Here are the facts of the incident.

A Tagalog bull-cart driver came into the camp of the Scouts one night and asked for something to eat. After he had been fed he was questioned, and admitted that he had worked for the insurgents. Finally, after two hours of cross-examination, he told the following story.

He had driven one of the *caraboa* carts which had hauled the baggage of the insurgent government-officials. This had included three cart-loads



of silver money, many loads of furniture, and numerous boxes of documents. The money had been buried in a cañon a mile above the beginning of the mountain-trail. He had seen it buried.

All of the *carteros* had been herded under guard after the money was buried and taken into the mountains. Fearing that he would be shot because he knew too much about the treasure, this particular *cartero* had escaped into the mountains and made his way back to San Nicholas. He had arrived there footsore and hungry.

When the story was finally told, Lowe's Scouts jumped for their guns and started for the cañon. Every man had visions of great chests of silver pesos and sacks of Spanish gold.

We were about halfway to the cañon when a troop of the Third Cavalry passed us on the gallop. In some mysterious manner the story of the treasure had circulated through the town. We were on foot, and of course the cavalry left us far behind in the race.

When we arrived at the cañon, we saw the boxes of silver being packed on commandeered carts. A box of gold coin was also found. We learned afterward that more than two hundred thousand pesos had been turned over to the officers of the Third Cavalry. To my knowledge this was not all of the treasure.

We were an angry and disappointed bunch of men. We watched those cavalrymen with war in our hearts. Every time a cavalryman moved he clanked like a sack of money. Even their saddle-

pockets were stuffed with silver. Drearily we hiked back to town.

The troopers knew that they would be searched when they returned to San Nicholas. Therefore they tried every scheme to hide the coin before their arrival in town. Tying the coins in handkerchiefs, they dropped them into the bushes by the roadside, or behind rocks. The troop was drawn up in the plaza and every man was searched by the officers. Many thousands of dollars were taken from them.

As it happened, the Scouts were on outpost duty on the side of town nearest the trail. That night several cavalrymen were seen stealing out past our lines, and the wise members of the Scouts realized what was going on. A number of our fellows formed a chain-guard and awaited the return of those wealthy cavalrymen. It was a case of stand and deliver, or get arrested and taken to the guard-house. Thus it came about that the Scouts did not altogether miss sharing in the treasure-trove.

A few days later we discovered the *cache* of furniture from the insurgent government headquarters. In a cleared space in the jungle, a few yards from the trail, we found a great heap of desks, chairs, and furniture of every description. Most of it was made of beautiful hardwoods,—mahogany, nara, rosewood, and teak. We could n't spend furniture at the canteens, so we left it in the jungle.

CHAPTER XII

TWO days after the discovery of the treasure we were ordered to cross the mountains into the Cagayan Valley. We left San Nicholas as the advance guard of a battalion of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. A detachment of cavalry was also crossing into the valley from San José to the south, over a trail which was practical for horses.

That trail was a heart-breaker. In many places it was washed away. Every few minutes we would be forced to cross the mountain streams, which were icy cold. We walked and slept in our wet clothes. After a four days' hike we descended through the foothills toward the town of Bayombong, which was reported to be held by General Canton and a large force of insurrectos.

The capture of this town was a spectacular performance. It has been given wide publicity in American magazines and newspapers, but the men who really deserved the credit did not receive it.

During our march across the mountains we had gained a day on the battalion of the Twenty-fourth. Without halting, Lieutenant Castner, since Captain Lowe was then in hospital, ordered an immediate advance on the town. Our force consisted of about thirty-five white men and seventy-five natives.

Four miles south of us the San José trail emerged from the hills. Lieutenant Monro, commanding a troop of cavalry, had arrived at the foot of this trail two days before. Here he discovered an old Spanish telegraph line leading into Bayombong. Attaching a field-instrument, he found that the line was in working order into the town. For two days he had been negotiating over this line for the surrender of General Canton. Believing that a large force was at the trail-head, Canton had been working for delay, but up to the time of our appearance he had refused to surrender.

Lieutenant Castner did not know that the cavalry had arrived. Nevertheless he ordered an immediate attack. As we appeared on the open road leading into town, we were sighted by the American cavalrymen. The troop immediately followed us. When the Scouts sighted the approaching cavalrymen, a race ensued for the honor of capturing the town.

We double-timed down the hot road until we were almost exhausted by the heat and dust. Steadily the cavalry gained on us. Sergeant Wilnitz of the Scouts then did a thing which I believe was one of the nerviest performances ever recorded in the Philippines.

Sighting a small native pony in the fields, Wilnitz ran out and confiscated it. He was an old cavalryman who had seen service in the Indian wars. Improvising a bridle with his belt and canteen-strap, he jumped on the bare back of this

pony and galloped on ahead into the town. He arrived alone in the plaza twenty minutes before another American reached the town.

He found General Canton with fifty-three men, drawn up in line before the church. A force of several hundred insurrectos had marched north out of the town only a few minutes before, refusing to surrender with their general. Wilnitz rode up to the insurgent commander, drew his pistol, and demanded the surrender of the town. General Canton stepped up, saluted gravely, and handed him his sword.

A few minutes later the American party rushed into the plaza, a mixed mob of cavalry and running Scouts. Lieutenants Castner and Monro rode side by side. We found Wilnitz calmly chatting with General Canton, while a piratical looking insurrecto was serving him a drink of limeade.

Of course, when an officer is present an enlisted man cannot accept a surrender. Although Lieutenant Castner was the senior officer present, he insisted on Lieutenant Monro formally accepting the surrender. Castner then assumed command of Bayombong.

In a magazine article which appeared several years later, based on this incident, Lieutenant Monro is given credit for capturing the town by telegraph and Yankee bluff. It was little Sergeant Wilnitz, with the aid of a canteen-strap and a six-shooter, who really captured Bayombong and he did it singlehanded.

While the formalities of the surrender were be-

ing staged, the weary Scouts threw themselves on the ground, gulping for breath. For four days we had been climbing over a mountain-trail, and for the last two miles had tried to beat a troop of cavalry in a foot-race.

An hour later we had our fires going, cooking our first meal that day. The usual egg-and-chicken hunt was also going on in the outskirts of the town. Wherever the Scouts camped, the chickens quickly learned to fly high.

While we were eating, First Sergeant Frank O'Leary announced that a volunteer had been called for to take the news of the town's capture back across the mountains to General Lawton at San Nicholas. About half of the Scouts volunteered, each of us hoping that he would not be selected. With my usual bad fortune, I was the one selected.

"Finish your feed and be ready to start in two hours," I was told. "You will take two natives, and make the trip as quickly as you can. Don't try to return alone. Wait until some outfit is coming over."

After eating everything the camp afforded, from fried chicken to stewed prunes, I lay down for a brief rest. At the hour designated I was ready. My haversack was stuffed with bacon, canned "Willie," and hardtack. I was given a letter to deliver to the first American officer I met on the other side of the mountains.

Accompanied by two natives, I started that evening on the back trail. For three days we hiked,

wading the same icy streams, and climbing the same steep cliffs we had encountered during the trip over. We hiked night and day, resting infrequently and eating only twice a day.

On the evening of the third day we approached a spring where we had camped before. From that spring it was only half a day's march to San Nicholas. I intended to camp there for a few hours, and then push on by moonlight.

As we neared the spring, we saw the light of a camp-fire feebly blinking through the darkness. That fire might mean friends or enemies. If the campers were a force of American soldiers, I told myself, there would be more than one fire. Cautiously we investigated. One of the Filipino Scouts crept through the tall mountain-grass and investigated. He reported that a small party of men were sitting around the fire, but that they were not white men. We advanced nearer to a hilltop a few rods from the fire. Looking down, I recognized the campers as American negro soldiers.

"Hello, there!" I yelled. "Don't shoot! I am an American."

With unanimous haste the negroes scrambled for their guns and took cover behind a clump of bushes. Their guns were trained in my general direction.

"How many of you is they?" shouted a voice.

"One white soldier and two Filipinos," I answered.

"What 's a white man doin' runnin' around

with Filipinos?" queried the voice, suspiciously. "White man, you advance slow, with your hands up. Wait a minute! You keep whistlin' all the way, so we know where you is. If you stop whistlin', we begin to shoot."

Laying down my gun, I began to advance, and then stopped short. For the life of me I could n't think of a tune to whistle.

"Whistle, I tells you!" came the warning.

Suddenly the air of a then popular song popped into my head. With hands held aloft I marched into the firelight, whistling with all my might, knowing that those guns were pointed straight at that whistle. The tune that I whistled to those frightened negroes was not an appropriate one. It was, "You be My Sweetheart and I Will be Thine!"

When I had been properly identified, the two natives were called in. We found that the camping party consisted of four negroes who had been lost in the mountains for many days. They were nearly dead from starvation, and were leg-weary from climbing over mountains in search of the trail. One grizzled old sergeant had almost succumbed. He was stretched near the fire, delirious with fever.

There was one can of corned-beef, a small piece of bacon, a handful of rice, and some hardtack left in our haversacks. Finding a big earthen *olla* at the spring, we dumped the whole mess into it and made a stew. By adding plenty of water, it made a fair supper for seven men.

After a few hours' rest I called the two Scouts, and we again started across the trail to San Nicholas. Before leaving we gave the negro soldiers a map of the trail, with instructions to follow us by daylight. The next day they arrived safely at San Nicholas.

After delivering my message, I led my two natives in a charge on a Chinese restaurant. We waded through the bill-of-fare, from ham and eggs to sweet-potato pie. For three days I did nothing but eat, sleep, and bathe in the river.

While at San Nicholas the quartermaster demonstrated to me the strength of army red tape. My clothes were ragged and my shoes were worn by the hard hiking, so I went to headquarters and asked permission to draw clothes.

"Where is your descriptive list?" I was asked.

Now I had never seen my descriptive list. It was at Scout headquarters. On this list was marked all the clothes I had drawn and a record of my service. It is against regulations for a soldier to carry his own list.

"No descriptive list, no clothes," was the edict.

There were boxes of new clothing piled in the quartermaster's office. They were bought by Uncle Sam for his soldiers. Here was one of his soldiers who sadly needed clothes, but who could not have them. Fortunately, another soldier with clothing and shoes to spare, fitted me up with a new outfit.

The officer could hardly be blamed, as he was held personally responsible for all property in his

care. Any shortage would be taken from his pay. In those days every soldier was tethered to the regulations by strands of non-elastic red tape. Army business seemed an endless chain of papers, boards of survey, and a constant effort to pass responsibility on to the other man.

On one occasion a regiment had been many months in the field, and much of the regimental property had been lost without property accounting. There was no question of graft; the property had been used in campaign without property receipts, vouchers, signatures, counter-signatures, and official approval by the swivel-chair high-rankers. There was much uneasiness among the officers of the regiment. Some one was in danger of losing a year's pay. This regiment was crossing the Agnew river on one occasion. Some of the regimental property was piled on a raft, and the raft obligingly sank in the middle of the river. A list of the lost property was at once prepared, and a board of officers officially declared the missing goods as "expended in service." When this list reached headquarters, it is said the Quartermaster General exclaimed: "Great Scott, that was no raft; it was Noah's ark!"

There must be some check on the distribution of army supplies, in order to prevent misappropriation and wastage. To the soldier, however, it appeared as if book-keeping were the main object and supplying the troops the secondary. Of course I am speaking of the old army of nineteen years ago.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER a three-day rest in San Nicholas I learned that another battalion of negro troops were going over the trail to Bayombong. With my two native scouts I again made the trip across the mountains with these troops.

Upon rejoining the Scouts, we proceeded down the fertile Cagayan valley to the north. This is one of the richest districts of Luzon, where much of the finest Manila tobacco is grown. Our column met with little resistance during the march. Skirmishes with the retreating insurrectos occurred on several occasions, but they were of small importance.

At last we arrived at Apari, a port at the extreme northern end of the island. For a time our hiking was over. In a few days we embarked on the gunboat *Helena* and were transported to Vigan on the west coast, the second largest city on Luzon.

For many weeks we remained idle. During the months of campaign that had passed, the organization of the Scouts had changed. Gradually the white men had dropped out, civilians resigning and soldiers transferring back to their regiments or going to the hospital. The number of Tagalogs had increased. By this time the natives numbered

more than two hundred, while the white men were less than twenty.

Captain Lowe had been invalided back to the United States, and now Lieutenant Castner was detailed to other duty. Captain John Green of the Thirty-third Volunteers was placed in command of the Scouts. Captain Green was a native of Texas, my old home-state, and was one of the finest officers I have ever served under.

At the battle of San Fabian, some months earlier, he had been severely wounded, and he had just been returned to duty. The morning before that battle Captain Green, with several other officers and enlisted men, partook of the most expensive breakfast on record, although it only consisted of coffee and bacon.

According to the story of the men present, Captain Green and two other officers had camped for the night in a deserted Filipino house. Adjoining this house was a nipa-thatched shed where a number of soldiers had camped.

It was during the rainy season, the ground was sodden and the skies leaked constantly. No dry wood could be found, and despite all their efforts the men could not make the damp thatch burn. A fight was expected that day so the men wanted their breakfast before the order to fall in was given.

Finally a soldier reported to Captain Green.

"Captain," he said, "there is an old cedar-chest tied up to the rafters of this house. It is full of

cigar-box labels. It would make a fine fire and would dry out the other wood.”

Captain Green directed him to chop up the chest and burn the bundles of labels. These labels were about the size of the top of a cigar-box. They were printed in Spanish and were red, blue, and yellow in color. The old chest and the dry paper made a fine fire, and soon everyone was huddled about the blaze sipping their hot coffee and eating bacon and hardtack.

A half-breed interpreter chanced to stroll up to the fire. A few of the labels which had escaped the fire were scattered about the ground or were trampled in the mud. That interpreter made a wild scramble for the pieces of paper.

The bundles of “cigar-labels,” which had gone up in smoke, were bank-notes of the *Banco De Espana*, worth about fifty cents on the dollar. It was estimated that that breakfast cost about \$50,000 in American money. Only a few hundred dollars were saved.

To add to his tale of woe, Captain Green was wounded that afternoon and taken to the hospital. After his \$50,000 breakfast he was sentenced to a liquid diet for twenty days, his meals consisting of three cents' worth of malted milk.

When Captain Green took command of the Scouts in Vigan, he appointed me acting quartermaster sergeant. It was now my job to draw rations for the outfit and to care for the property of the organization. The majority of the regular

army men had left the Scouts by this time, so a few men were detailed from the Thirty-third Volunteers.

Our headquarters were transferred from Vigan to the town of Santa Maria, thirty miles south, on the coast. Santa Maria was one of the most beautiful spots I have seen in the Philippines, but it was the seat of trouble. The natives of that district were "rice-paddy" insurrectos. When American soldiers were near, the *hombres* posed as peaceful workers in the fields. When the soldiers were gone, they dug up their guns and took to the war-path.

Wagon-trains had been waylaid, and small parties of soldiers butchered. The coastal road here being an important link in the American line of communication, it was necessary that it be made safe. It was our duty to run down these small bands of insurrectos and ladrones.

One of the most noted of the ladrone leaders was Capitan Cornelius. He had organized a small company of local warriors, who, refusing allegiance to the organized insurgent government, operated as partisan bandits. Two Americans had been killed near Santa Maria and their bodies had been mutilated. Capitan Cornelius was accused of these murders.

As quartermaster sergeant, it was my job to buy rice, forage, and other supplies from the natives. In this way I came to be on friendly terms with some of the leading citizens of the town. The

town *presidente* was in jail, accused of secretly working with the *insurrectos*, but the *vice-presidente* was very friendly to us.

One day I received an invitation to attend a *baile*, or dance, at the home of a wealthy Filipino about a mile from town. That evening I dressed for the festival. A civilian always likes to masquerade in soldier clothes, but a soldier always likes to pose as a civilian. Possibly this is due to the contrariety of human nature. At any rate, that night, after adorning myself in white duck civilian clothes, I walked to the home of our host with the *vice-presidente*.

I was wearing my gun, an old fashioned, single-action, forty-five revolver. As it is hardly the proper thing to wear arms at a feast, even in a hostile land, I removed the pistol when we arrived at the house and had my host conceal it in a side-room.

The dance proceeded, and I was enjoying myself hugely. Suddenly the music and laughter ceased. Silence fell upon the room. At the moment I was seated beside the sister of the *vice-presidente*, facing the entrance, with my back toward an open window. Glancing up, I saw two natives in uniform standing bowing in the doorway. My first impulse was to do a high dive out of the window, but one look proved that the yard was filled with armed men.

"Capitan Cornelius," whispered the *mestizo* girl.

Visions of those two murdered men came to my

mind. It looked as if I was due to get my final statements.

“Go get my gun! Quick!” I whispered.

“No; if you move, they will kill you!” she answered.

Capitan Cornelius, a pock-marked half-caste, was bowing and shaking hands with the guests. Apparently he had not noticed me. He walked around the circle, gallantly saluting each one with exaggerated politeness. At last he stood opposite me.

“Ah, it is Serjeanto O’Reilly!” he said bowing low. “I have heard of you. I hope you are having a very pleasant evening.”

Now that was a foolish thing for him to say. If he had glanced at my trembling knees, he would have known that I was not enjoying myself. I admitted that it was a beautiful evening, or made some other fool remark, and he passed on to the other guests.

For nearly an hour he remained at the festival, dancing with the ladies, strutting around in his uniform, like a game-cock in the pit. Each moment I expected to hear the order for my demise. I do not mind admitting that my entire evening was spoiled. Somehow the savor had gone out of the festivities.

At last the Capitan announced his intention of leaving.

“We are too close to the soldiers of the hated invaders,” he said, the “hated invaders” being my companions in the barracks only a mile away.

Walking up to me with a bow, in true story-book fashion he said:

“Perhaps, Sergeant, you have wondered why I have not treated you as the enemy that you are. To-night you are under the roof of my friend; therefore you are safe as his invited guest. Some day we will meet on the road, and then it will be another story.”

After a round of farewells he disappeared, taking his bunch of bandits with him. I waited half an hour, and then started back to quarters. The statement, “some day we will meet on the road,” stuck in my brain. With my pistol in my hand I walked that mile, watching every shadow, jumping at every creaking bamboo.

My social career in Santa Maria ended that night. Such good fortune does not come twice.

There is a sequel to this story. A few months later Capitan Cornelius was captured by a party of the Thirty-third Infantry. He was brought to Vigan and imprisoned. At his trial he was proven guilty of the murder of the two American soldiers. A number of natives came forward and testified against him, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

A few days before his death I happened to be in Vigan with a pack-train, drawing rations. I visited the Capitan in the guard-house and asked if there was anything I could do for him. Still polite and posing, he replied that the only thing he wished was some cigarettes of a certain Manila brand. I sent the cigarettes to his cell. A few days later he was hanged.

CHAPTER XIV

THERE would be little of interest in the story of our work around Santa Maria. Half of the Scouts were in the field constantly, while the other half rested in the town. The story of these hikes is much the same, almost always ending in failure to catch up with the elusive enemy. One trip, however, was of unusual interest, because it led us into the homes of the Igorrote "head-hunters."

The Scouts, under Captain Green and Lieutenant Way of the Fourth Infantry, the latter having recently joined us, marched to Bangued, where a big expedition was being organized. The insurrectos, under Generals Tinio and Villamo, had been giving trouble, and a general round-up was planned.

The expedition was organized in three columns. As the country was too mountainous to permit the use of pack-trains, we employed a number of Igorrote packers to carry our rations. These sturdy little mountain men packed a load of seventy pounds all day over mountain-trails, finishing fresh and strong in the evening.

For many days we hiked through a rough district which had never been explored by white men before. The insurrectos under Tinio eluded our column, but the command of Major Peyton March

had better luck. They located Tinio, and finally scattered his forces in a spectacular battle on the mountain-tops.

Our outfit at last camped at an Igorrote town called Balballoson. These Igorrotes were of a different tribe from our packers. They were the real "head-hunters" we had heard about. In several of the houses we found dried heads hanging in wicker baskets.

It had always been our policy to treat these Igorrotes well, paying for everything that we used. Without their aid we could never have traveled through that country as we did.

That afternoon I noticed that the Igorrotes were following me about in groups, staring as if at an apparition. This attention made me nervous. I knew that I did not possess a handsome head, but there is no accounting for tastes. Finally I hunted up the interpreter and demanded the reason for my popularity. Here it is.

As it happened, all of the white men in the command were rather short, and I, with my six feet four inches of ungainliness, loomed a good six inches taller than any of my companions. As the Igorrotes are a people of short stature, I found myself a giant among pygmies.

As I walked about the village, the natives would follow me, talking in awed whispers of this monster who had come to visit them. They sent for the tallest man of the tribe, and it created a sensation when he walked under my arm. The Igorrotes would shake their heads, as if to say:

“Well, I see it with my own eyes, but still I doubt it.”

Finally the old chief, a grizzled veteran of many battles, whose left arm hung withered at his side, sought out Captain Green and made a request. His main village, he said, was four miles up the valley. Would I consent to go with him and let his people view this strange white giant. I consented to be put on exhibition as a freak, and, escorted by the chiefs, started for the upper village. The naked little war-lord sent a runner in advance to warn his people that Goliath would soon be among them.

When I rode into the little clearing, the center of the town, I found myself confronted by about sixty warriors, lined up in a semicircle, spears in hand, leaning on their pronged shields, and with their head-axes stuck in their belts. Silently they circled about me, and the way they handled their weapons was altogether too expert to suit me. Offhand, without any effort, I could think of a thousand places where I would rather be than the center of that gang of “head-hunters.” The old chief made a speech, then motioned me to dismount from my pony.

I complied, and several of his tallest warriors stood beside me, comparing their height. Clicks and grunts of astonishment went around the circle. Then his majesty beckoned, and I followed him to the royal palace. It was a tiny hut made of boards of teak and rosewood, and covered with thatch.

As I could not stand up in the castle, I sat on

the doorstep while the crowd gathered about me. Chancing to glance up at the rafters, I saw something that sent shivers down my spine. A basket of bamboo hung from the ceiling, and grinning at me through the lattice were three shrunken heads. The sightless eyes seemed to be peeking at me through the openings.

“Now, you ’ve got yourself into trouble again,” I thought to myself. “Your old head may not be much use to you, but it ’s better where it is than hanging up as a parlor ornament.”

Soon the natives forgot their shyness, and a few of the bolder spirits began asking questions. As I understood no Igorrote, nor they any English, we both missed a lot of information. Evidently they wanted to hear me talk, so I recited a few stanzas of Kipling’s “Gunga Din.” When I finished, they all laughed, and the more timid headsmen, who had viewed me from a distance, crowded into the circle.

After interviewing me for half an hour, the old chief led me to the feast. Two huge iron kettles were simmering on the fire. One was filled with rice and the other held a kind of Irish stew.

Like all Filipinos, the Igorrote eats with his hands, but I fished a tin spoon out of my saddle-pockets and gave them a lesson in table-manners. They watched every bite I took with amazement. After the meal was finished, the spoon was passed around and carefully inspected. Seeing that the old chief was greatly interested in this new-fangled

instrument, I presented it to him in a neat after-dinner speech.

He accepted with delight. Having no pockets, he stuck the spoon through a hole in his ear, where he wore it with a jaunty pride.

Then came the dancing. Hour after hour they kept it up, beating their tom-toms and little brass kettles and circling about the fire. They danced in ordered formation, going through evolutions that would have done credit to a Broadway chorus. In the shadow of the huts I could see the women, standing with arms outstretched, chanting in subdued monotone and swaying to the rhythm.

When the dancing ended my pony was led forward, and the entire population gathered around in silent awe while I saddled it. When I had mounted, the old chief gave an order and a guard of spear-men formed about me, the chief at their head. Together we marched back to camp.

It was night, and a number of the men carried flaming torches. As the light flickered over my strange escort, spears in their hands and head-axes in their belts, I felt as if I had slipped back in a dream to the days of the prehistoric troglodytes.

From Balballoson we returned to Santa Maria with little incident, except for many days of hard hiking. At one of our camps a little Igorrote boy about thirteen years old crept into our line and asked for something to eat. His village had been burned, and his people had been scattered by a band of insurrectos. The cook fed him, and the

next morning he announced that he was going with us. When the interpreter asked him why he wished to accompany the foreign soldiers, he answered, "Because I have no place else to go."

He was placed in my care, and during the rest of the march he became a water-carrier, being festooned with canteens. As this little boy afterward saved the lives of every man of the Scouts I am going to tell his story.

His name being a kind of asthmatic cough impossible to our tongues, we named him "Jack." He became my faithful shadow, doing odd jobs around the cook-shack and following me on every hike.

At this time our outfit consisted of about three hundred natives and only seven white men. One day we received a bunch of recruits from Manila, twenty-five in number. As it turned out, these men were insurrectos sent to Manila for the purpose of enlisting in the Scouts to betray us.

Our natives had made a splendid record. They were good fighters and loyal to the cause in which they had enlisted. For more than a year we had campaigned with them, and the idea of suspecting their loyalty never entered our minds.

One day little Jack came to me, jabbering the mixture of Igorrote, Tagalog, and a few English words which served as his vocabulary. He was so excited that I could not understand him, but I knew that he was trying to tell me something which he considered of vast importance. I called old Sergeant Belmonte, one of our original thir-

teen native Scouts, and told him to get the story. When little Jack's tale was told, it opened his eyes.

It seems that he had been asleep in the pony corral, when he was aroused by the sound of voices. Listening, he overheard several of the recruits planning a wholesale massacre. Jack did not know the details of the plan, only that we were to be exterminated.

I went to Captain Green with the story, and we evolved a little scheme to get the information we needed. Sergeant Belmonte was a man we could trust in any circumstances; he agreed to perform his part in a stage-play arranged for the benefit of the conspirators.

That evening at retreat Captain Green called the old sergeant before the company, abused him publicly for supposed neglect of duty, and tore the chevrons from his arm. For days Belmonte mingled with the traitors, pointed out by Jack. He railed at his officers, cursed the American government, and declared his intention of deserting.

One day one of the recruits took him into his confidence and told him the plot. Eagerly Belmonte assented, until he was possessed of every detail of their plans and the names of every man involved.

The conspirators proposed to wait until a majority of them were on guard at night. They were then to give the signal to a company of insurrectos who would be waiting in the foothills. Two men were to be detailed to kill each white soldier

in his bed. The insurrectos were to rush the barracks and massacre the loyal scouts before they had time to resist. It was a plan that could have succeeded.

A few days later Captain Green obligingly detailed the traitors to guard duty. From Belmonte we learned that the attack was planned for that night. Then we quietly disarmed the treacherous guards and locked them in a stone guard-house. The signal was given, and the company of insurrectos came marching into town and into our trap. We captured thirty-two guns that night without the loss of a single man.

The conspirators were tried by court-martial a few weeks later. Seven of them were hanged, and the others received prison sentences.

Little Jack had saved us, and we wished to reward him. Captain Green asked him if there was anything that he wanted. He replied that his only wish was to be a real soldier, wear an American uniform, and carry a gun. His wish was granted, and he was officially enlisted as a member of the Scouts.

When it came to making out the papers, however, we were at a loss for a name. He declared that, as an American soldier, he wanted a real American name. Therefore he was enrolled on the records as "Private Jack O'Reilly, A Company, First Battalion, Native Scouts."

Several years later I heard from Jack. He was still with the Scouts, had made a good record, and was then a sergeant.

In following my memory back to those distant days, it is the little incidents that stand out clearest. An unexpected letter, a story told by the camp-fire—these will sometimes remain, when the details of a battle grow dim. I remember one such incident that occurred while we were at Santa Maria.

It was Christmas time, and rations were slim. I had been sent to Vigan with a bull-train to draw rations, buy tobacco, and, if possible, beg a few old newspapers or magazines. When I returned it was Christmas day, and the entire command was anxiously watching the road for our appearance. It meant their Christmas dinner of army rations.

At the quartermaster's depot in Vigan I had seen a pile of Christmas boxes, addressed to the soldiers stationed there. They had been sent by relatives and friends at home. As I was leaving, the old sergeant said to me:

“Here is a box that I guess belongs to you Scouts. You are the only orphan outfit in this district.”

The box was addressed, “To the Soldier Who Got No Christmas Box.” On the evening of my return to Santa Maria, the white men of the command sat down to their Christmas dinner. As dinners go in the Philippines, it was an elaborate one, with chicken and eggs to help out the army rations. In the center of the table stood the Christmas box. We planned to open it after the feast.

While we ate, we held a guessing contest as to the contents of the box. At last dinner was finished. With elaborate ceremony Sergeant Harvey Neville pried the lid off the box. Alas for our hopes! It was filled with millions of little red ants.

The kindly soul who had packed the box had enclosed a box of candy and a big fruit-cake. Unfortunately the ants had been first in the field.

CHAPTER XV

THAT the Filipino makes a good soldier when trained, is the verdict of everyone who has worked with them. Two fights that occurred while we were at Santa Maria will help to illustrate this point.

Companies A and B, under Captain Green, had returned the week before from an expedition in pursuit of the wily General Juan Villamor and his brother Blas. Lieutenant Way had taken up the trail, and he was then supposed to be near a small mountain *barrio* called Pilares.

One day we received a telegraph message that a few stragglers had come into Bangued, announcing the defeat of the Scouts and the death of Lieutenant Way. Within fifteen minutes we were on the road.

The next day we found the Scouts near Pilares. From the men who had been in the fight we learned that Lieutenant Way had received word that the insurrectos were encamped in a cañon a few miles away. He had divided his forces, taking about thirty men with him, and had marched straight up the cañon. With his small force he had run into Juan Villamor's command, numbering several hundred men. Lieutenant Way was killed at almost the first volley. The little handful of native Scouts had fought against overwhelming odds for

over five hours, or until their ammunition was exhausted. Five had been killed and several were wounded.

They had carried the young officer's body back nearly a mile, but were finally forced to abandon it. Due to a mistake, the main body of Scouts had been sent on a trail which led in the wrong direction. When they discovered their mistake they returned to Pilares, but it was too late. The fight was over.

Sergeant Wilson of the Scouts led them up the cañon to the battlefield, in an effort to recover the bodies. Before he arrived, the insurrectos had disappeared.

That night an insurrecto appeared at Bangued under a flag of truce. He carried a letter from Juan Villamor, who offered to guide a rescue party to the grave of Lieutenant Way. The messenger also carried a package containing the lieutenant's West Point class ring, his watch, and some letters found in his pocket. The next day the body was recovered.

I was not present at this fight, but the story was told me by companions who were in the thick of it.

It was this same Villamor who was in command at the second fight I have mentioned. A company of the Scouts were then stationed at the town of Santa—not Santa Maria—eight miles from Vigan. From Santa the Bangued road led up through the San Quentin Pass along the Abra River.

Earlier in the war the insurrectos had built

trenches across this pass, and a fight had taken place there. The Scouts had orders to patrol this road occasionally, although no insurrectos had been seen in that neighborhood for several months.

One day a small detachment consisting of twenty-five natives, a white man named Duncan, an officer temporarily attached to the Scouts from the Twentieth Infantry, and myself, made the patrol.

We marched along through the mountain pass, not expecting any trouble. Suddenly a few shots whistled over our heads from the hills. It sounded as though a small party was firing. We separated into two squads, Duncan taking one, and I the other. Then we began to climb the hills on either side of the road, in order to get above our assailants.

As I neared the top of the hill, one of my legs crumpled up and I fell to my knees. At the moment I thought I had sprained my ankle, for the hillside was covered with loose rock. A moment later I saw blood staining my legging. I had received a slight flesh-wound above the left ankle, the bullet grazing the bone.

The insurrecto who shot me was scarcely more than a boy. He had been shot through both legs, but had propped himself behind a rock and fought to the last. One of the Tagalog Scouts killed him.

By this time we realized that we were up against a large force. The insurrectos were volley-firing, but as usual the bullets were flying high. I gave

the signal to retire, and Duncan and I withdrew our squads a couple of hundred yards down the cañon to where a huge pile of rocks made a natural fortress.

We knew that reinforcements would soon arrive, as the officer, who was the only man mounted, had gone for help. During all this fighting our Scouts acted like veteran soldiers. The hardest test of a soldier is to retire under fire.

We lay among the rocks, tending our wounded and replying to the fusillade which swept down the cañon. Once the insurrectos charged, but we stopped them. Duncan was a few rods to my right, shooting from behind a rock. I had propped my wounded leg in a comfortable position, and was also hugging a rock.

A sound like a baseball striking the catcher's glove caused me to turn. Duncan was lying on his back, his shirt darkening with blood. I crawled to him, tore open his shirt, and looked for the wound. It was one of the queerest I have ever seen.

A bullet had struck the steel ring on the side of his carbine, tearing it loose and driving it into his side. The bullet had not touched him, but the ring had broken one of his ribs and "knocked the wind out of him." In a few minutes he was all right and again in the fight.

About a hundred yards down the cañon lay the body of one of our Scouts. He had been shot through the head in the earlier part of the fight.

Suddenly a little native, Corporal Fernando, jumped from his hiding-place and ran forward toward the body. He was the target for every *insurrecto* on the hills, but he ran on untouched.

When he reached the body of his comrade, he stooped and unfastened the cartridge-belt, picked up the fallen rifle, and ran back to our position. It was a nervy deed.

After a couple of hours' hard fighting there came a lull in the attack. We could hear hoof-beats coming up the road behind us, and we knew that reinforcements were at hand. It was the "mosquito fleet"—mounted infantrymen—of the Thirty-third, commanded by General Luther R. Hare, brigade commander at Vigan. They took the fight off our hands. A company of infantry soon followed, accompanied by an army doctor and several hospital corps men.

When we checked up our losses, we found that we had lost four native Scouts and that five had been wounded. Both white men, Duncan and myself, had been wounded. Several of the wounded had been dressed, when I heard a quiet voice calling to me from the rocks. It was from Fernando who had been twice wounded, through the leg and through the shoulder, his shoulder-bone being broken. He had patiently waited until the other wounded had been attended to.

There is another chapter to the story of that skirmish. General Juan Villamor commanded the *insurrectos* in the cañon. He was the same

man who returned Lieutenant Way's body. Although he was a hard fighter, we always found him a courteous and fair soldier.

After peace was restored in the Islands, Villamor was elected governor of Bangued Province. Some years later he became a member of the Philippine Commission which toured the United States under the auspices of the Government. At that time I was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper. I called on Villamor at the Auditorium Hotel, and we had dinner together. We found considerable to talk about.

He told me that a premature volley from his outposts had saved our detachment that day. If we had marched a few hundred yards farther up the cañon, his men would have closed in behind us and there would have been little chance for escape. Villamor, I have been told, is still occupying an official position in the Insular Government. May he make as good an official as he did a soldier!

CHAPTER XVI

AFTER many months of work the Scouts had driven the roving bands of insurrectos from our district, and for a time our duty consisted mainly of patrolling the roads and trails we had cleared. I grew homesick for old B Company of the Fourth Infantry. Lee Crowell, my chum, had returned to the regiment some time before, and I was the last regular army man left on duty with the Scouts.

One morning an important piece of news came over the wire. It told of the Boxer uprising in China and the siege of the legations. We also learned that an American expedition was to be sent to Peking to the relief of the legations. A few days later I received a letter from Crowell saying that the Fourth Infantry was slated to go with this expedition.

That settled it for me. For a year and a half I had hiked with the Scouts. I had watched them grow from an experimental squad of thirteen men to a battalion of nearly five hundred. But now there was another war in sight, and I wanted to be with the old company.

That day I asked Captain Green for a transfer back to my regiment. A few days later I boarded a Spanish steamer at Vigan, bound for Manila. When I arrived at Manila, the first man I met on



the dock was Captain Hector MacAllester, the sea-captain who had belonged to the Scouts in the early days. He had secured a job as teamster in the Quartermaster Department, and was bound for China.

My company was still stationed at Imus, in Cavite Province. The next day I crossed the bay on a quartermaster's launch and hiked up the road where we had had our first fighting in the Islands two years before. All was changed now. The district was peaceful and quiet; it was the first place where civil government had been established in the Philippines.

My old chums gave me a great welcome. Everyone was busy packing up for the expected trip to China. At Imus we were nearer civilization than I had been in the north, and could get the daily Manila newspaper. Anxiously we watched the cables.

Then came the disappointment. Our orders were countermanded,—the Ninth Infantry was detailed for the expedition in our place. There was nothing to do but unpack and go back to monotonous garrison duty.

I immediately put in an application for a transfer back to the Scouts, with the approval of Captain Green. For some reason our new commanding officer refused to approve my transfer. In all my experience in the army this was the only officer who was unfair to me. I will not mention his name; he was later forced to resign from the army on a serious charge.

Somehow the old company did not seem the same. Many of the old-timers who had been in Cuba with us had been discharged and gone back to the United States. The outfit was filled with recruits. Life was again the same old round of guard-duty and fatigue. Pay-days were two months apart, and there was nothing to do with your money after you got it, except to gamble or buy ham and eggs at the Chinese restaurant.

One day our old top sergeant, Tommy Dolan, came to me. "Tex," he said, "how would you like a little sea-trip back to the States?"

"Lord knows I would like it," I answered, "but I have only a few months until my discharge, and I want to get my buzzard from the old outfit."

"You can do that and still take your sea-trip," he replied. "The quartermaster has called on B Company for a non-com and three privates as part of the transport-guard. You go to San Francisco, stay a few weeks, and then come back on the same boat. If you want to go, I'll put you in charge of the squad."

Would I go? I could hardly wait for that transport to sail. Visions of real American streets, with real American girls walking on them, trolley-cars and restaurants, and all the sights and sounds of the United States, filled my mind. A week later we reported on board the transport *Logan* to the officer in command of the guard.

After we had gone aboard, we found that we were expected to guard forty prisoners who were being sent to Alcatraz Island near San Francisco.

Several hundred sick and discharged soldiers were also aboard, and a dozen or more insane men were being sent back.

Details from other regiments reported that same afternoon, the total guard consisting of twenty men. The next morning the prisoners were marched aboard. Much to my disgust, I found that one of them was a man who had been a good friend of mine on the north line. He had been sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor for striking an officer.

One of the hardest duties of army life is guarding prisoners. On a certain occasion I saw a man standing guard with a loaded rifle over his own brother.

As the transport pulled out past Corregidor Island there came a yell, "Man overboard!" One of the insane men had vaulted over the railing into the sea. A boat was lowered, and he was rescued.

As the transport *Logan* steamed up the coast of Luzon, I could see the mountains where I had hiked so long with the Scouts. They looked strangely different from a distance.

Our first stop was at Nagasaki, Japan. Here we had a little trouble with the prisoners. There were some hard characters in that gang, some of them with life-sentences for murder and other crimes. We had locked them below decks while we were in harbor. Some enterprising bumboat men had smuggled whiskey and *saki* through the portholes, and many of them celebrated with a wild mixed-drink celebration.

Soon they began to fight among themselves, settling real or fancied grudges. It was our job to separate them, and it was not a nice job. Many of the saner prisoners, among them my friend, aided in restoring order. By way of footnote I may add that this man was pardoned the next year, and is now a successful lawyer in Houston, Texas.

Nagasaki, in my opinion, is the most beautiful harbor in the world. It lies like a crooked arm of the sea in a winding crease of the hills. After the prisoners had been quieted, we were allowed a few hours' shore-leave. I had my first ride in a *jinrikisha*, wandering about through the gaudy bazaars and banner-decorated streets.

The *Logan* coaled ship at this port. Barges of coal were towed alongside, and bamboo scaffolding was erected on the ship's sides. The women did the work,—hundreds of them,—passing the little baskets of coal from hand to hand in an endless stream. Despite this primitive method, the work was quickly accomplished.

We were passing out through the Narrows by Massacre Island, when again came the yell, "Man overboard!" The same aquatic lunatic had jumped into the sea again. Once more he was rescued, and we headed out into the Pacific Ocean, with the homeward-bound pennant flying.

The voyage was uneventful. We stopped for a few hours at Honolulu, but our time was taken up in guarding the prisoners. At last we sighted the Farallones Island light and knew that we were

almost home. As we sailed through the Golden Gate, the decks were crowded, all eyes strained for a first look at the "States." It was a silent crowd, mostly sick men, hungrily drinking in their first view of the bay. For years they had dreamed of coming home, and here it was before their eyes.

Our dreams were suddenly shattered by that familiar cry, "Man overboard!" That persistent lunatic had jumped overboard again. He could swim like a duck, and he would paddle along, yelling for help, until the boat arrived.

"This thing is gettin' monotonous," growled the old bo'sun, as they lowered the boat. When the lunatic was hauled up the gangway, one of the hospital corps men gave him a scolding.

"The next time you do that, we 'll let you sink," he declared.

"There won't be any next time; that 's land," replied the lunatic, pointing to the skyline of San Francisco. He was a sensible lunatic.

The prisoners were transferred at the quarantine station, and the transport pulled in to the Folsom Street dock. From the deck I could see the sick soldiers greeted by friends and relatives. The discharged soldiers made a wild race for headquarters to get their final statements cashed. We of the guard had no friends or final statements. We remained on guard until evening, and then went to the Presidio and reported.

The next morning we drew two months' pay and were granted three weeks' furlough, with a caution

to report aboard the *Logan* for the return trip.

Our chief amusement during the voyage had been planning meals. For over two years we had lived on army-rations and native provender of the Islands. About the only American dish that could be bought in the Chinese restaurants was ham and eggs. We had caught up on ham and eggs; we never wanted to see the combination again.

So we had sat on deck when off duty and planned imaginary meals. Many wonderful menus had been constructed during that trip. The four men of the Fourth Infantry had planned to buy the best meal in San Francisco when we drew our pay. Upon our arrival we had inquired about the best eating-place in the city. We were told that the Palace Hotel was "not so bad."

With our two months' pay wadded into our pockets, we headed for town and the Palace Hotel, visions of a wonderful feast in our minds. One of the boys had gone so far as to refuse to eat breakfast that morning, in order to have a fine appetite for that dinner.

We marched into the Palace Hotel, a gorgeous structure infested with flunkies. At last we were seated at a real American table. A solemn-looking waiter who must have had much trouble in his life, to judge from the settled look of sadness on his face, handed around the menu cards. Stepping back two paces to the rear and standing at attention, he gazed mournfully at the ceiling.

One look at the menu and the look of woe was

transferred to our own faces. It was printed in French, and not a man in the crowd could read French. We put on our poker faces and tried a guessing contest. Finally the man who had gone without his breakfast surrendered in despair. Rolling his eyes toward the dignified waiter, he whispered,

“Bring me some ham and eggs,” adding impressively, “and have them well done.”

We refused to stand by and see a fellow-soldier treated that way. Appealing to the major-general waiter for help, we at last managed to order a first-class feast.

CHAPTER XVII

FOR three glorious weeks we saw the sights of San Francisco. It was a real pleasure to stand on a street-corner and watch real Americans go by, or to listen to the English language. For nearly three years we had been exiled in foreign lands. While it is interesting to wander in alien lands, a rambler is always homesick for his native land and his own people.

At the end of the three weeks our pay was gone, so we turned in our furloughs at the quartermaster's office in Presidio and reported for duty. The *Logan* was not scheduled to sail on her return trip, and that week we were detailed to drill recruits.

On the day the *Logan* was to sail, the members of the guard—fifteen men, as some of them had been discharged—were ordered to report to the United States subtreasury. There we were informed that the Government was shipping a consignment of gold coin to the Islands and that it would be our job to guard it. The gold—four million dollars—was packed in heavy, iron boxes. It was loaded in wagons, and we rode in them locked behind wire screens, with shot-guns across our knees.

A troop of cavalry, surrounding the wagons, escorted us to the Folsom Street dock. At the

dock the boxes were piled in a heap, and for half an hour we sat there guarding the golden fortune, while the locks of the strong-room were tested.

It was the nearest I have ever been to millions. Sitting there without a cent in our pockets, it was small consolation to realize that only a quarter of an inch of steel separated us from four millions in gold.

The return voyage was uneventful. It was broken only by a short stop at Honolulu. At Nagasaki also we were given a short shore leave. Then the *Logan* headed down the China Sea to Manila. We were immensely relieved when that hoard of gold was turned over to the paymaster general and we were free from interminable guard-duty. Our squad from B Company discovered that the old outfit was now stationed in the city of Manila, acting as headquarters' guard for the Department of Southern Luzon. It was the first time since coming to the Islands that the company had been withdrawn from the firing-line.

Our pleasant duty in the city came to an end a few weeks after our return from San Francisco. We were again ordered to the south line, and took our station at Das Marinas, near the battlefield where my bunkie, Pete Goorski, had been killed. The next few months we were kept busy hiking after small bands of ladrones; or were engaged on map-making details in Batangas and Cavite provinces.

The day of my discharge was drawing nearer, and I eagerly counted the weeks. For some time

I had been sick, suffering from chronic malarial fever. I had always prided myself on my strength, and I dreaded going to the hospital. The decision at last was taken out of my hands. After a march to Taal, near the famous volcano which later devastated that district, killing thousands of natives, I suffered a severe attack of the fever and was removed to the hospital by order of the commanding officer.

For weeks I lay in my bunk, shaken by chills and scorched by fever. Dysentery also came to add to my troubles. Finally the doctor in command ordered me removed to Corregidor Island at the mouth of Manila Bay. This division-hospital was known among the soldiers as "the graveyard," since only serious cases were taken there.

In those days the doctors knew little about tropical diseases such as dysentery and fever. In later years they learned how to fight these climatic diseases; it was the American army physicians in Cuba and the Panama Canal Zone who banished these scourges of the tropics.

For a time I grew steadily weaker. My weight went down from 200 pounds to 137 pounds, and the treatment I was getting did not check the maladies. Corregidor was the first hospital where I had seen American women-nurses. In stories the sick soldiers always worship their nurses, watching impatiently for the visits of the "angels of mercy."

It was my experience, however, that the opposite is true. There were a few men-nurses on duty in

the ward, and there was constant rivalry to get the services of these men. I am not reflecting on the ability of the ladies, but old "Rooster" Higgins used to say,

"You don't want 'em around when you 're sick; you dassent even cuss 'em!"

There was one hospital corps man named Jerry, who was the favorite of the ward. Always good-natured, always anxious to lend a hand to a suffering companion, he gained the good-will of every man in the hospital. With a grin on his face, Jerry would lecture a sick man with humorous profanity that would be accepted as a compliment.

One day Jerry came to my cot with a stretcher.

"You big stiff," he said, "we are going to take you into the little room where they can keep an eye on you. Pretty soft for you lads that have nothing to do but lay on your backs and get waited on!"

The little room was known as the "morgue." Only the most desperate cases were taken there, and the majority of them were carried out to the embalming room. For several days I lay in a half-delirious condition, so weak I could barely raise my hand. Jerry would sometimes slip in to tell me a funny story or to do some kindly little office for my comfort.

One night I felt a groping hand come over to my bunk from the adjoining bed. Reaching out, I grasped the hand of the man next to me. For

hours he had lain in a stupor, and I knew that he was dying.

In the corner, working over her charts, sat a woman-nurse. I tried desperately to call to her, but it seemed that my voice would not come. It seemed to me that I held that sick man's hand for hours, though it was probably only a few minutes, when she looked up and caught my eye. She came and separated our hands. When the night-surgeon was called, the man was dead. The screen went up, and Jerry and his assistant carried out the body.

During my stay in that little room, four men died in the seven beds. The night after my neighbor had died, Jerry came and sat down beside me.

"You big lobster, I am going to bawl you out," he declared. "Listen. You know you're a sick man, but you are going to get well. Now you lay there thinkin' too much, and you don't sleep. You've got to sleep. Stop thinkin' over your troubles and think of somethin' funny. Remember that. Somethin' funny."

I took Jerry's advice; I racked my memory for "funny" incidents. At last a picture came to me of old "Rooster" Higgins when he was caught stealing chickens. Chuckling over "Rooster" and his predicament, I fell asleep. In the morning the fever had lifted, and from that day I gained in strength. That picture of "Rooster" is as clear in my mind to-day as it was during my half-delirium. I never met Jerry after I left the

hospital. Unfortunately I do not even recall his surname.

Within a few days I was removed from the "little room" to a cot in the large ward.

One of the worst features of a hospital sentence is the galling monotony of lying in bed with nothing to do to help pass the hours away. The convalescents were very ingenious in devising schemes for entertainment. A man with a pack of cards was a courted favorite; an old magazine was a guarded treasure.

Back of our ward was an improvised storeroom made of old tents. It was against the rule to gamble in the wards, but it is difficult to keep a soldier from gambling. At night one of the more active of the patients would steal a lantern from the diet-kitchen and creep back to the storeroom. Another man, who was the proud owner of a pair of dice, would soon follow him. Then, singly the men would slip out of their cots and crawl on hands and knees back to "Monte Carlo." One would be detailed as sentry to watch the nurses.

One night a small group were huddled around the lantern "shooting craps." Some of them, too weak to stand, would crouch on their knees while they rolled the dice. So preoccupied were they with the game that they did not notice the approach of the major doctor until it was too late. The next morning there were several bedside court-martials, and every man in the game was fined one dollar of his next month's pay.

Another favorite "time-killer" was fishing. After the morning round of inspection, the men who could get permission crept down to the small dock, and with tackle borrowed from the natives they would pass an hour angling for the little sun-perch.

No one was permitted to go to the dock who did not possess fishing-tackle. As it was pleasant to sit in the sun and watch the sport, even if you could not fish, the men soon evolved a plan for eluding these orders. They would tie a cork to the end of a string, throw the cork into the water, and sit for hours holding the hookless line.

Slowly my weight and strength came back to me. I passed through the stages of liquid diet and light diet, until finally I was promoted to a full meal. Impatiently I watched the calendar, waiting for the day of my discharge.

"A week and a butt" soon became a day and a breakfast. Then my last meal in the army was before me. I remember the menu. It was corned-beef hash, rice and prunes. The everlasting prunes had followed me through my army career. I do not wish to belittle the useful prune, but—

That morning I was called to the commanding officer's desk and handed my "buzzard."

"You are now a civilian," said Major Gardiner. "What are your plans? You will be permitted to remain in this hospital until you feel that you have completely recovered."

“Thank you, Major,” I replied, “but there is a boat going back to the States next week, and I am going to be on her.”

The next day I boarded the tug and crossed the bay to Manila. After cashing my final statements at the paymaster’s office, I hunted up my former bunkie, Lee Crowell, who had been discharged several weeks before. Crowell was a civil engineer, a graduate of Purdue University, and he had landed a job as engineer on the dock-extension work. We visited together until the time came for the sailing of the boat.

For a time Crowell and I corresponded. After working in Manila for a time, he bought an interest in a pearling schooner and cruised in the South Seas. The boat was wrecked on the Borneo coast, and the investment went to the bottom of the sea. Crowell later became an officer in the Chinese army, where I also was serving, although we were not stationed together. Later he went to India about a mining proposition, and I have never heard from him since.

When I boarded the transport *Warren* for the homeward trip, I found several of my old cronies of the Fourth Infantry, who had also been discharged. There were, in addition, several hundred sick men aboard, and the usual guard. As time-expired men who had been discharged we rather lorded it over the long-timers. We were civilians, with money in our pockets, free to roam and go broke at our own sweet will.

A few hours before reaching Nagasaki our

transport cracked a propeller-shaft; we were doomed to lie in that port for a week while repairs were being made. My friend "Biddy" Moore of the Fourth and myself lost little time in getting ashore. Our first visit was to an English tailor, and the next day we bloomed forth in civilian clothes.

While we were seeing the sights and enjoying a holiday free from discipline, the famous "Nagasaki fight" took place. With my usual luckless faculty of being "among those present," I was on the spot when it occurred. This battle between French soldiers and British sailors has passed into sea tradition, has become, indeed, one of the legends of three armies. I have never seen a printed account of it, although it was the cause of an international investigation.

At that time a French transport, with soldiers from the French colonies bound for North China, was anchored in the harbor. The British warships, the *Balfour* and the *Ocean*, were also on station. Contrary to custom, five hundred French soldiers and about three hundred British blue-jackets were given shore-liberty on the same day. There were also a few American soldiers ashore.

That afternoon I chanced to meet a British sailor who was one of the biggest men I have ever met. He topped me by several inches in height and was built in proportion. We introduced ourselves. By an unhappy coincidence his name was O'Reilly and my name was O'Reilly. Naturally we joined forces for a tour of the city.

A few hours later this man O'Reilly and myself were standing in the bar of the "Flag-of-All-Nations." Seated at the table were eleven French soldiers. A small American hospital corps man, one of the invalids being sent back to the "States," wandered into the bar. Accidentally he stepped on the foot of one of the French soldiers. The Frenchman responded by knocking him down.

The giant British sailor saw this incident, and before I realized what had happened a general fight was well started, with O'Reilly and O'Reilly as parties of the second part. That husky sailor was a past-master in the art of truculence, while I lent my earnest coöperation.

Along about midway of the second minute of this battle something happened which temporarily ended my usefulness. Some object sailed through the air and struck me on the side of the head. From the way my ears rang the next day I have always suspected it must have been the "Great Bell of Moscow" that hit me.

The next few minutes of the battle-royal I can only retell from hearsay evidence. A party of British sailors broke through a side-door and came to our assistance. When I regained my vision, the fight was still under way, but victory was now with the Britishers.

Beginning with that little *mêlée*, the fight spread throughout the town. All night it raged, and when morning came the two forces were still exchanging compliments. The British made their

stand on one side of a creek which divides Nagasaki, and for twelve hours held the bridges against the assaults of the French. The Japanese policemen, after a first attempt to stop the affray, left the foreigners to work out their own salvation. That morning both the French and British ships landed armed marines, by permission of the Japanese authorities, and separated the factions.

Seven men were killed during this fight, four British and three French. Practically every man engaged was wounded. "Biddy" Moore, who had given his moral assistance, escaped more fortunately than myself. He received only one black eye and a broken rib.

After that battle "Biddy" and I took a trip a few miles up country to a summer resort, where we visited the "Hot Wells" at Takio. We needed a rest. The repairs to our transport required a longer time than was at first estimated, and it was not until two weeks later that we left Nagasaki.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT seemed as if some malignant fate was working to prevent my return to the United States. The day after leaving Nagasaki our boat struck a rock in the Straits of Simonisaki, the entrance of the Inland Sea of Japan. The transport arrived at Kobe with all pumps going, and we were told that another week of delay would be necessary in order to make repairs.

I had no desire to spend that time on an army transport, when the wonderland of Japan lay before me. That afternoon I transferred myself and baggage ashore. Old residents had told me that the real Japan was not to be found in the treaty ports, but inland off the beaten path of tourists.

That evening I met a young Japanese named Namikawa, a clerk in an English import house, who spoke excellent English. At the time he was enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his office duties. After talking over my proposed trip into the interior, we made a bargain. He agreed to accompany me as guide and interpreter for the modest salary of five dollars a week.

The next morning we left for Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan and the present artistic capital of the country. I could not have selected a better traveling companion than Namikawa. He was a

student of the folklore and history of his country, and he had the knack of making his tales interesting.

Kioto is an immense city, almost untouched by the modern commercialism of Japan. It is a city of ancient temples in a mountain setting of wonderful natural beauty.

Upon our arrival I went to a hotel, while "Nami" hunted up an uncle who lived on the outskirts of the town. After registering and leaving my baggage, I went for a stroll about the business section. Having searched through a dozen shops for some American tobacco, I returned to the hotel.

On the veranda I found "Nami" and his uncle, a gray-haired, dignified old gentleman, dressed in the ancient costume. "Nami" informed me that his uncle insisted that I be his guest during my stay in the city. Accepting the hospitable invitation, I piled my baggage into a "ricksha" and we proceeded to his home.

My reception in this Japanese home was a delightful one. The old gentleman's wife met us at the garden gate with many bows and genuflections and ushered us into the reception-room, where tea was served with elaborate ceremony. After the tea ceremony, the other members of the family were presented.

First came the elder son, a graduate of the Imperial Tokio University. After asking me a number of questions about my trip, with Namikawa acting as interpreter, the son pulled a tablet and

pencil from his sleeve and did the rest of his talking on paper. He wrote excellent English, but could not pronounce it. I have found many such cases in Japan. The students learn the language from books with Japanese teachers but never have an opportunity to practise pronunciation.

The youngest but most interesting member of the family was little Couaroo, a tiny miss aged six years. She was the exact counterpart of the Japanese dolls sold in our toy-stores, even to the shaven spot on the crown of her little head.

Couaroo and I became the best of friends. She accompanied me in my "ricksha" trips about the city, riding in my lap and keeping up a constant chatter. One day we discovered a book-shop where foreign books were sold, so I purchased several American primers. After that I had a job on my hands. The little midget could find a hundred questions to ask about each picture.

The second night after our arrival the old gentleman arranged a theater-party in my honor. We squatted on the matting in a private box and watched a modernized version of the "Forty-Seven Ronins," one of the ancient classics of Japan. During the performance a servant entered the box with a glowing *hibashi*, or charcoal-burner, and served tea between the acts.

When the performance ended, the manager of the theater entered the box and invited us to the stage. He said that I was the first foreigner who had ever visited his theater. We were presented to the actors, who greeted us with elaborate bows

and hissed greetings. Again the inevitable tea-cups were produced, and we partook of the steaming *cha*.

Like all educated Japanese, the manager was a living interrogation point. He had evidently made a study of foreign drama and lamented the fact that his people could not appreciate foreign classics.

"Some years ago I produced 'Hamlet,'" he told me, "but the people could not understand it. They thought it was a comedy and laughed all the time."

When you picture the squat little actors strutting in doublet and hose, with the part of *Ophelia* taken by a man, as is the custom, it is small wonder that "Hamlet" was received with a smile.

The next day our family party made a trip to the famous maple-groves and fox-temple a few miles from the city. It was like a trip to fairy-land. This wonderful grove has been a shrine for centuries. In the autumn, when the trees put on their gaudy foliage, it is one of the beauty-spots of Japan.

Our outing including a visit to the open-air theater where the "Dance of the Maple Leaves" is staged every year. More than one hundred geisha girls take part in this dance. Their kimonos are colored to represent the varied tints of autumn leaves. They danced upon a huge stage, with the real trees and foliage as the only scenery. It was a performance of consummate art and beauty.

In the afternoon our party adjourned to a quiet glen, and our lunch-baskets were opened under the trees. Scattered through the grove were numerous parties like our own. It was wholly unlike an American picnic. The visitors would sit for hours watching the changing shadows on the trees, seeming to absorb the beauty of the scene with awed appreciation.

One old man near us, who had sat as if half-asleep, took a piece of paper from his sleeve and, writing something upon it, pinned it to the trunk of a giant tree. I asked Namikawa the meaning of his act. He told me that the old nature-worshipper had penned a poem to the tree, thanking it for the pleasure it had given him. As we walked through the groves, I noticed many of these fluttering bits of paper clinging to the bark.

While we walked through the winding paths, little Couaroo rode on my shoulder. She talked to the trees as if they had been living beings, bidding them a respectful greeting and promising to come again next year. At last she fell asleep, and rode home curled in my arms like a drowsy little manikin.

A few days after our visit to the maple-groves, "Nami" suggested a trip to Lake Biwa, a long, narrow body of water curled in the creases of the mountains. Lake Biwa is often called "The Heart of Japan." There is an ancient saying which runs thus:

"He who has not seen Lake Biwa at night cannot say the word 'Beauty.' "

We left the train near the shores of the lake, and that afternoon chartered a tiny house-boat for our voyage. For two days and nights we drifted about the lake, visiting the temples and quaint fishing villages. That voyage always lingers in my memory as a dream.

At night the moon would come up behind the mountains, revealing the hundreds of little temples scattered on the hill-crests and turning the lake into a sheet of black, gold, and silver. The scene was constantly changing. Every movement of the boat presented a new picture; every gaunt pine and ripple from the oars was a brush-stroke.

Willingly I would have lingered for many days on Lake Biwa, but the day for the sailing of the transport was drawing near. We dismissed our *sampan* and took the train for the return journey. I forget the name of the station, but it was here that I was shown the spot where a crazy Japanese policeman had attacked Nicholas of Russia, afterward the Czar.

In Kioto we were welcomed by our hosts. As a mark of appreciation for their hospitality I wished to give presents to the family, but "Nami" said that this would not be the proper thing to do. He suggested, however, that I entertain them at a foreign dinner in the railroad restaurant, the only place where foreign "chop" was served. His uncle had never dined in a foreign restaurant.

My invitation was received with delight, and we adjourned that evening to the station. With rigid dignity the family party sat on the unaccus-

tomed chairs, while the dinner was served. Covertly they would watch me manipulate the knife, fork, and spoon, and then would imitate me. If I took a bit of bread, every one at the table would do likewise; when I picked up the fork, they all would follow suit. It was a trying meal.

The next morning "Nami" and I returned to Kobe. After leaving my baggage at the hotel, I hastened to the *hatoba* to inquire about the sailing of the transport. When I arrived at the water-front, I saw the old tub moving slowly out to the open sea. I had been left behind. It was a serious proposition to me, as my money was almost gone and it is a long way from Japan to the United States.

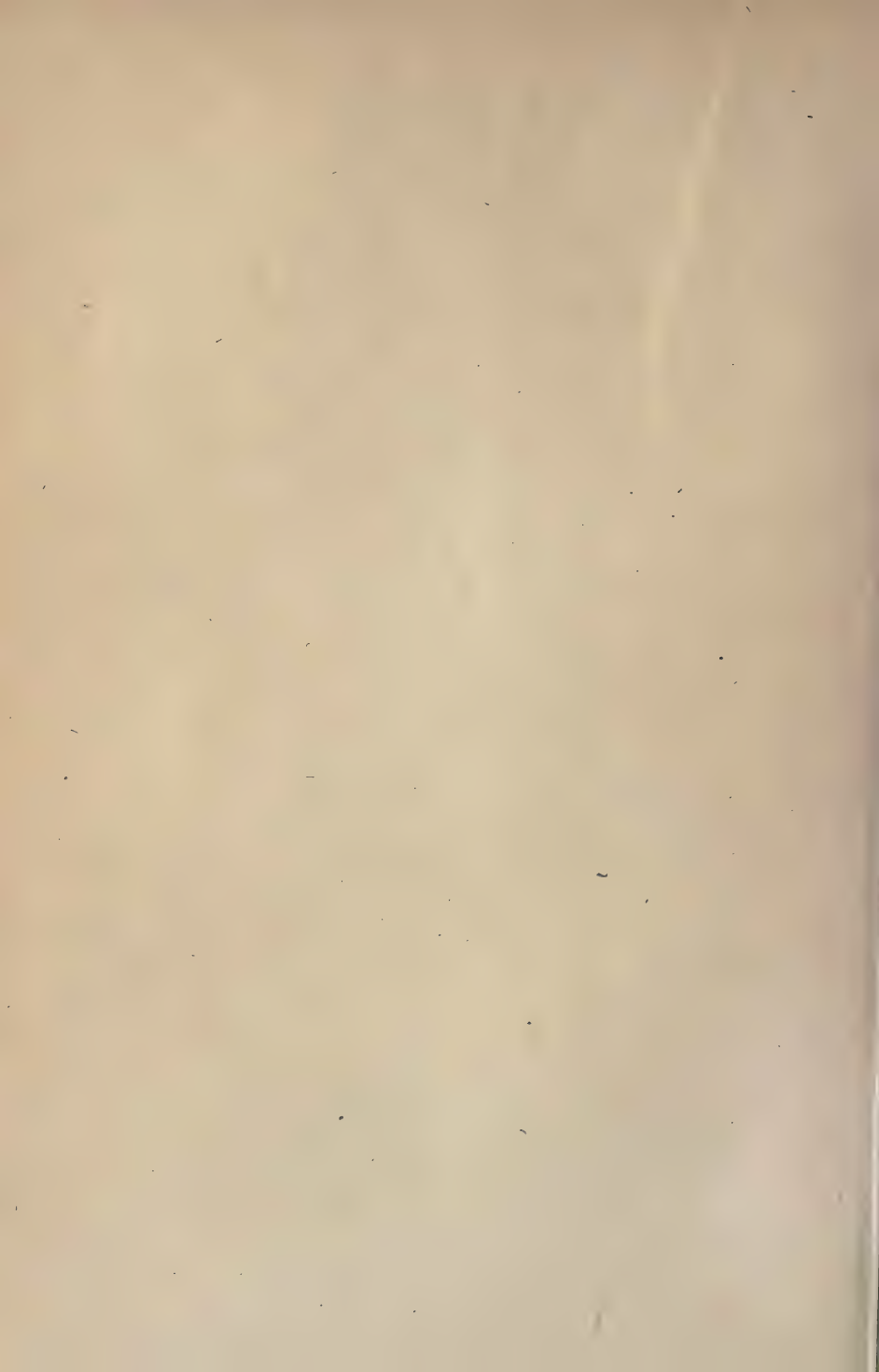
That night I had the following business conversation with Namikawa:

"Nami, I have a premonition. In the not far distant future I am going painfully broke. Today, having audited myself, I find that the total capital is fifty dollars gold. Therefore I must fire you, with deep regret and pleasant memories."

But Namikawa had a dream of his own, which he described in detail. He declared that there were hundreds of young men and boys who were employed or wished to be employed in foreign offices. All of these youths had a craving to learn the English language, in order to win place or promotion. As they worked all day, they had no opportunity to attend school. Why not start a



EDWARD O'REILLY AND TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE "O'REILLY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH"
IN KOBE, JAPAN



night-school, which was sure to attract hundreds of pupils and many yen?

As I had fallen in love with Japan and wished to see more of it, I agreed that it was a fine idea.

With the remnant of my fortune we rented a big, barren house in the Hiogi quarter of Kobe, not far from the railroad station. Advertisements were inserted in the Japanese newspapers, and a sign was erected over the door inscribed in both the English letters and Japanese ideographs, as follows:

“The O'Reilly School of English.”

On the opening night the house was crowded with fifty pupils, paying a tuition fee of one yen a month, equivalent to fifty cents American money. Many of the students spoke fair English, but the pronunciation seems a stumbling block in the way of the Japanese.

It was their ambition to learn English “as she is spoke.”

Gradually our classes increased until more than one hundred students were enrolled. Our weird English idioms were a constant puzzle to the Japanese, but, once explained, a lesson was never forgotten. Their great trouble was the strange pronunciation of the *dana san*. They would struggle for hours to wrap their tongues around a consonant.

I lived in the schoolhouse and for a time subsisted on Japanese food. But the Japanese are dainty feeders and it seemed as if I was chronic-

ally hungry. My school was barely paying my expenses, and I was all out of future prospects. Then came another Japanese friend, Tachiban by name, with a glowing offer.

Tachiban conducted what he fondly imagined was an American restaurant near the passenger *hatoba*, or landing-place for steamships. For a short time he had worked as assistant cook on an American boat.

“Every American, Englishman, sailorman see my name, Tachiban. He say, ‘Hell’s bells, this no American chophouse. This is only darned Dago.’ Now I want one fine American name.”

After lengthy explanation he made his offer. If I would consent to have my name printed on his card and on the sign before his restaurant, he would provide me with free foreign grub. I jumped at the chance; therefore the sign bloomed forth over the chophouse as: “O’Reilly & Tachiban, American Chophouse. To get ready quick inside.”

So it came to pass that I feasted on real ham and eggs and pork chops while I remained in Kobe.

After two months at the night-school I grew homesick for other scenes. I was barely making a living, thanks to Tachiban’s inspiration, although my name did not seem to have the magic drawing power he expected.

One morning I called Namikawa and told him I was going to leave.

“There is a month’s rent paid on the school,”

I told him. "Also the furniture and blackboard are paid for. So if you think you can do anything with it, you may have the school."

"Nami" pleaded with me to stay, pointing out that I was earning nearly \$50 real American money a month, but I was tired of it. I left Kobe shortly afterward and started for the United States, but a few weeks later found myself in Shanghai, China.

For many years I have had an annual letter from Namikawa. I will quote from the last one, received nearly two years ago:

As to the school, I must report with most excellent satisfaction. It is now occupy seven buildings, nearly one-half block. Three Englishmen work for me, two men and one lady. Also seven Japanese assistants. We therefore teach English, French, and some German. It pleases me to know this, as you recall our comic struggles many years of the past.

The school is still with the name "O'Reilly School of English." And we celebrate your birthday as the founder. Always I am most grateful to you for teaching me the splendid English which I now possess to use.

After reading that letter I have sometimes wondered if I did not leave an unfinished job in Kobe.

Upon leaving the school, I had planned to go to Nagasaki, where all American transports stopped for coal, present my credentials and secure transportation back to San Francisco. That day, however, the whimsical finger of fate again sent me on a new trail.

By chance I met an English minister, head of the Kobe seamen's mission, on the street. When he learned that I was leaving my school, he offered me a position as manager of the sailors' home. As no transport was due for nearly a month, I accepted his offer.

After a few days' experience I discovered that it was not a manager he needed, but a "bouncer." My predecessor, a young man who was studying for the ministry, had been mauled by a gang of drunken sailors, and had resigned. The Seamen's Institute was the last port-of-call for sailors ashore. They came there after they had spent their money and packed their cargo.

One night, shortly after taking charge, I had occasion to eject a British sailor who was conducting himself in a manner unbecoming a mission. A few hours later I was seated in my room reading, when I heard an unearthly uproar coming from the assembly-room. My sailor-friend had come back with the intention of getting revenge on the blankety-blank Yankee.

I was in the room before I fully realized what was going on. The next few minutes were busy ones, with chairs, Bibles, and profanity flying through the air. The *mêlée* ended with the manager in possession of the mission, and the sailors locked outside. By way of repartee, they bombarded the house with rocks, breaking nearly every window in the place.

That mission was a sight when the reverend doc-

tor appeared the next morning. He declared that I was at fault.

“Why, I have always been able to handle these men by moral suasion!” he declared.

If he could have handled that bunch of blue-jackets by moral suasion, he would have been a wonder. In order to save myself from being discharged, I promptly resigned.

After this brief experience in missionary work, I decided to follow out my former plan and go to Nagasaki. As there was a marked hiatus between the size of my bank-roll and the price of a railroad-ticket, I sold my watch to raise the necessary funds.

A cockney Irishman had haunted the mission for several days. He, too, was anxious to get to Nagasaki, where he said he was assured of work, so I agreed to take him with me. All night we rode, jammed in the corner of a second-class car. In the morning we arrived at Moji, a few miles away from the spot where the *Warren* had grounded on a rock in the straits.

We discovered that a five-hour wait was scheduled, before we could cross the Straits of Shimonsaki and go on to Nagasaki. As we had been sitting up all night in a seat many times too small for us, I decided to take a room at a Japanese hotel and treat myself to a nap.

The cockney had talked all night of his friends in Nagasaki. He now declared that he must be shaved, in order to be presentable upon our arrival. Reluctantly I gave him my last ten-yen

bill, cautioning him to return with the change. It was all the money there was in the world, as far as we were concerned.

An hour later I discovered that he had tried to buy all the *saki* in Moji. I don't know how far he succeeded in his enterprise, but I do know that he bought ten yens' worth and I was broke.

That night as I sat in the railroad-station waiting for the train that would carry me on, I was considerably downhearted. No supper and no breakfast were in prospect; only a second-class railroad-ticket and a two hours' wait lay before me.

Two little Japanese boys came to where I was seated, bowing and inquiring anxiously regarding my health. Having been assured that I was able to sit up and take nourishment whenever the opportunity arrived, they sat down beside me and pulled some school-books from their sleeves. Politely they asked me if I would read to them.

After reading several pages about the cat and the rat, I asked them where they were studying English. They informed me that they were studying at a night-school conducted by several Japanese who were graduates of Tokio universities. Every night they came to the railroad-station and talked to American and English tourists, in order to learn the pronunciation of the words in their books. This is an instance of Japan's thoroughness and indicates their craving for foreign education.

My visit with the two little chaps ended in a visit

to their teacher, a man named M. Tagawa. He explained that Moji is the great coaling port of Japan, and that the town swarms with coolies. He and several other young men had organized a settlement-house where they taught the young boys of the poorer classes.

After a long talk he offered me a place as teacher in the school, adding that I would have no difficulty in getting a job in one of the coal-offices. As I had had no supper, I accepted. So once more I found myself teaching in a Japanese school.

I remained two months in Moji. During that time I lived with a Japanese family, ate Japanese food, and had a chance to make an intimate study of Japanese life.

Up to that time I had imagined that Japan was one great pleasant playground. In Moji I discovered that there are slums in Japan as terrible as those in more civilized countries. The great ships passing through the Inland Sea all stop at Moji for coal. The job of coaling the vessels is done by hand, and the laborers are largely women. They erect scaffolding upon the side of the vessel, and the little baskets of coal are passed from hand to hand. At night the streets were filled with hordes of these begrimed, exhausted women, returning to the hovels which surround the city. The districts where these coolies lived are an object lesson in filthiness. These laborers work for a few cents a day, and they are too tired to keep clean.

Tagawa San's prophecy that I could get work in Moji was not fulfilled. I did get a job with a ship-chandler selling fresh water to the ships, but there was little money in it. As a wanderer about the world, I have held many strange jobs, but selling water was about the least profitable of the lot. Selling water to a ship that sails the seas seems like the zenith of nothing to do, but I managed to make a few dollars at it.

Tagawa and Iwata, his companion, were graduates of the Imperial University of Tokio, and both spoke good English. The former was a great lover of poetry and read Shelley, Keats, or Swinburne every night. One night he told me he would like to find a volume of English poetry written especially for children. He wanted to translate it into Japanese and then use it in the school.

The next day I wrote to a foreign book-shop in Kobe and had the good fortune to find Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." Tagawa was delighted and translated many of the verses.

At last I grew weary of Moji. I was homesick for a beefsteak and had become tired of sitting cross-legged on the floor. As I had no money, I shipped to the China Coast on a Nova Scotia wind-jammer, the *Howard D. Troop*. After my experience on that "blue-nose" boat, I came to the conclusion that as a deep-water sailor I was a good teacher.

CHAPTER XIX

EVER since my arrival in Japan I had heard wonderful tales of the Chinese coast. It was a white man's paradise, with wonderful foreign cities and golden opportunities. As there was no hope of saving money in Moji, I determined to ship on one of the west-bound ships and work my passage.

It was easy to get the idea, but hard to put it into practice. Day after day I visited the ships in the harbor, told my story, and was rejected. At last I signed on a Nova Scotia "blue-nose" bound for Liverpool. It was my intention to jump ship at Hong Kong and seek work in that colony, as I had no craving for a five months' voyage on a sailing ship.

I signed up as an able seaman, but it did not take the officers long to discover that I was neither able nor a seaman. Often I have read tales of the hard life of the sea, describing the cruelty and terrible conditions that are the lot of a sailor. I had thought that these tales were exaggerated fiction, but on that voyage I found that the story-writers had told only half the truth.

Our rations were scant and sickening. If we ate the food served to us, we were half-killed; and if we went without, we starved to death. My pay for the trip was to be four pounds a month.

As in the story-books, there was a fighting man aboard to manhandle the sailors into the obedience of fear. His name was Hogan and his nominal job was bo'sun, although he drew extra wages for doing the captain's fighting for him.

The second day out I was sent to the wheel. A little Scotchman, seeing my ignorance of the ways of the sea, had taken a kindly interest in me and had coached me in the work. When the wheel was turned over to me, I was told to "sail by the wind." Now I knew no more what sailing by the wind meant than a cow does about rhetoric.

For a time all went well. I was just congratulating myself on my success as a wheelsman, when something happened. Suddenly the wind seemed to change from behind the sails to the front of them, and the old ship danced around like a dervish with a fit. "Flat aback," I believe, is the nautical term for this phenomenon.

The captain, who was pacing the deck near by, jumped and struck me on the side of the head. From this act I concluded that the captain wanted to fight and felt it no more than common politeness to oblige him. Letting go of the wheel, I bore him to the deck to knock the anger out of him.

As we lay in a tangled heap, with the captain between me and the deck, Hogan the bully came aft on the run. He was wearing heavy, leather sea-boots. Deliberately he kicked me several times on the head, and from that time I took a passive part in the proceedings.

When I groped back to consciousness, I found

myself in irons down in the paint-locker. This paint-locker was a filthy hole that was used as a store-room. My head was jammed against a leaking keg of linseed oil, and my hair was gummy with oil and blood.

For five days I lay in that hole. It was the most horrible experience of my life. There is no experience in life so terrible as that of feeling absolute physical helplessness. Three times a day Hogan would come down with a handful of ship-biscuits and a can of water. He would stand over me cursing and threatening, while I lay helpless, with irons on my hands and feet.

My little Scotch friend remained loyal. I believe that he saved my life. Although it was against orders, he would sneak down during the night, wash the wounds on my head, bring me some soup or a cup of coffee, and make me a comfortable bed of empty sacks.

One morning Hogan came in and unlocked the irons.

“Go forward and change your clothes!” he ordered. “We are coming into Shanghai, and you ’ll have to stand quarantine inspection. Remember this: if you try any of your tricks, I ’ll make you a hospital case for life!”

Without replying to his abuse, I went to the fo’c’sle. The Scotchman cut my hair and I changed my clothes. By good fortune I had a suit-case containing a new suit of clothes and clean linen. Imagine a sailor going to sea with a suit-case! That suit-case also held something

more important to me just then—my old army “six-shooter.”

We had dropped anchor off the quarantine station at Woo Sung by the time I had finished dressing. The examination proved perfunctory, and the ship pulled in closer to shore and prepared to transfer some of her cargo. A lighter pulled alongside, and the goods were sent over the side.

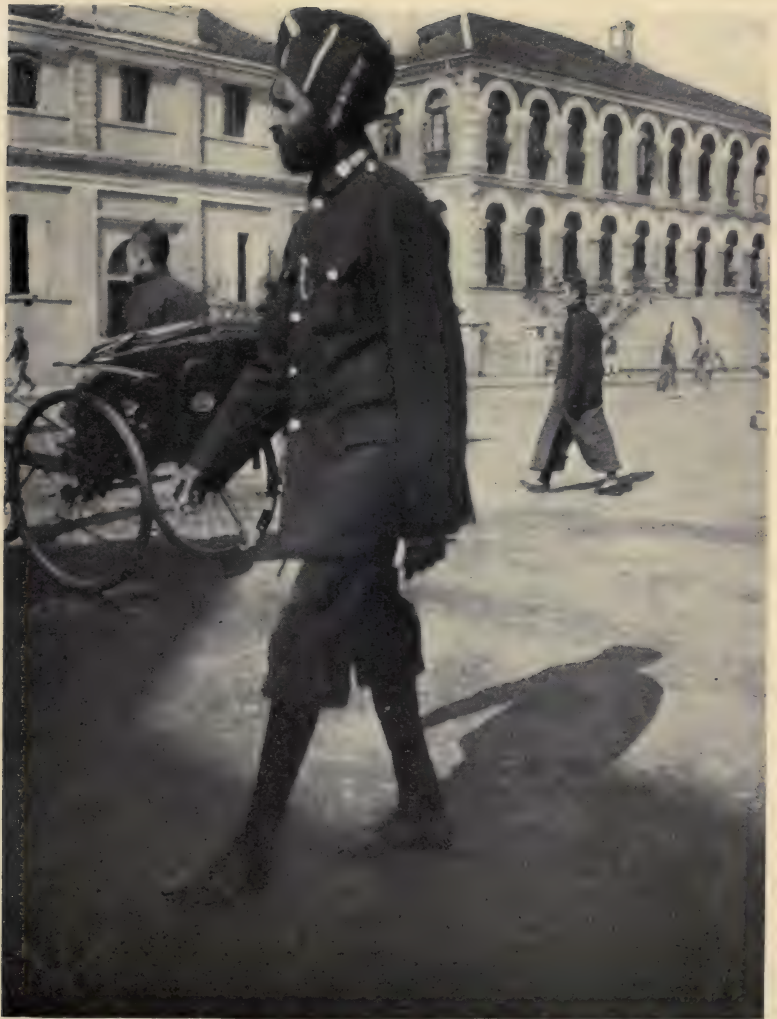
When the lighter was ready to leave, I walked up to Hogan and said:

“Hogan, I am going ashore. You are armed and I am armed. I don’t want to murder you, but there is nothing in the world I want so much as to have you start something. You kicked me when I was a helpless prisoner. This will be an even break and I ’ll let you start it.”

“You ’ll sing another tune, my Yankee bucko, when the police pick you up for jumpin’ ship,” he muttered, and walked away.

Climbing down over the side of the ship, I seated myself in the lighter. None of the officers of the ship made any attempt to stop me. Despite the protests of the Chinese *lauda*, I rode in that lighter fourteen miles up the river to the docks of Shanghai.

Although I was expecting arrest, I was not molested. Sailors afterward told me that the reason the captain did not swear out a complaint was that he had struck me while at the wheel. It is supposed to be a capital crime for a sailor to strike an officer, but it is also a grave offense for an officer to touch the man who is steering the ship.



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TYPE OF SIKH POLICEMAN, SHANGHAI

The foreign constables acted as sergeants over a squad of these men

Whatever the reason, I heard no more of the "blue-nose," although I waited for several days on the docks, hoping that Hogan would come ashore.

Shanghai has always been the wonder-city of the world to me. As I walked down the Bund, carrying my suit-case, I passed representatives of almost every nation in the world. The Boxer Rebellion had ended a few months before, and twelve different nations had troops quartered about the city.

My position was not exactly an enviable one. My capital at that time consisted of exactly fifteen cents in Japanese money. I hunted up a Jap barbershop and invested my entire fortune in a shave. Then I wandered over the bridge and hunted up the Hongkew Coffee-House. This was a sailors' boarding-house conducted by an American named Henning.

Leaving my suit-case in the coffee-house, I asked directions to the office of the American consul. John Goodnow of Detroit was consul-general at Shanghai at that time. After a long wait in the anteroom, I was summoned into his office.

"Mr. Goodnow, I am an ex-American soldier," I announced. "I landed here broke this morning, and I do not know a person in China. I am not asking for charity, but I would like your assistance to get a job. Here are my papers of identification."

"How do I know you're an American?" growled the consul.

It had been a hard day. My anger at Hogan and my sore head had set my nerves on edge.

“Do I look like a Chinaman?” I retorted. “I won’t trouble you any more!”

With a desperate attempt at dignity, I stalked out of the consulate and walked back to the coffee-house. Sitting in a chair near the window, I began to plan my next step. It was a gloomy outlook. I was hungry and broke, also a long way from home. While I sat there, Henning, the manager, came and seated himself beside me.

For a time we talked of the United States, the war in the Philippines, and other topics that were of little interest to me at the moment. At last the dinner-gong sounded from the dining-room.

“Are you going in to dinner?” asked Henning.

“No, thanks, I had a late breakfast,” I replied. It was not true, but I did not want to confess my bankruptcy.

Henning laughed, and said:

“I know all about you, my friend. Consul Goodnow has just telephoned that he will stand good for your board and room until you get a job. The way you called him down made a hit with him. He talks roughly, but he’s the best-hearted man in Shanghai. Come on in and eat.”

I obeyed orders. It was a fine dinner. This man Henning and Consul Goodnow were the two best friends I found in Shanghai. The consul was an enthusiastic baseball fan; he had formerly been one of the owners of the Detroit team. Henning was an expert trap-shot and was fond of box-

ing. As I played ball on the Shanghai team, was a fair shot, and liked to put on the gloves in those days, we three soon became fast friends.

My first concern was to get a job, and I had some humorous experiences in my hunt for work. The day after my arrival Consul Goodnow gave me a letter to the Chinese Imperial Customs, presided over by an Englishman, Sir Robert Hart. There were no positions open at the time, and I was told to return in a few weeks. There are times when a few weeks seem like a few centuries, and I searched elsewhere.

A few days later a Chinese rent-collector came into the coffee-house and announced that he wanted to employ a foreign body-guard to take care of him on his collecting expeditions. The salary was to be four pesos a day. I eagerly accepted this situation.

During the next few hours we wandered through the slums of Shanghai, while my Chinese employer gouged a few dimes of rent from the poor people. At last we came to a hovel inhabited by a ragged family of laborers. There were only a few quilts on the floor by way of furniture. These people could not pay the rent, and the collector ordered me to throw them into the street. I refused. Then he attempted the job, striking a crying woman with a stick. Thereupon I threw my employer into the street, speeding his departure with the toe of my shoe. In his haste he forgot to pay me for my half day's work. Jobless, I returned to the coffee-house.

My next experience was as "bouncer" in a Chinese theater. This was a modern theater on Foochow Road, where a kind of vaudeville show was staged. It was patronized by the rougher element of the native population.

As is the custom, the audience sat about tiny tables where tea and the fiery *samsu* was served during the performance. The patrons had a playful habit of throwing tea-cups at the actors when displeased with an act. It was my duty to eject these disturbers. When trouble started I would collect the pigtails of the offenders in my fist and start toward the door. They always followed me, wailing at the top of their voices.

For four nights I held this position. Then Mr. Goodnow announced that he had secured a more dignified position for me. When I announced my intention of resigning, the half-breed Portuguese-Chinaman made the queerest proposition that has ever been presented to me.

"The way you have throw out the loafers have please the people very much," he said. "Now if you will stay, I will hire a bunch of men to come in every hour and make the bobbery. Then you can start the fine row. I will give two dollars more."

It was a fair proposition, but I had no desire to entertain a bunch of Chinamen, so I reported to the consulate. Mr. Goodnow told me that there were several vacancies in the police department, and that if I wished to try the force, he would give me a letter to the chief. I accepted, and reported that afternoon to Chief Boisragon, a British army

officer on a three-year leave, who was head of the department. After an examination, I was sworn in as Police Constable 47, Shanghai International Police Department.

CHAPTER XX

IN order to understand our work in Shanghai, an idea of the organization of the city is necessary. Shanghai is actually divided into three cities—the old, walled, Chinese city, where nearly a million people are huddled behind the ancient ramparts; the narrow French Concession, which is governed by French officials; and the International Concession, the main foreign city, where twelve nations have treaty rights.

The foreign policy of the International Concession is handled by a board of twelve consuls. Municipal affairs are conducted by a secretary and board who are elected by the taxpayers. Although over half a million Chinese live in the International Concession, only foreigners are allowed to vote. As the majority of the taxpayers are English, the government is British in complexion.

At the time of my arrival, in 1901, the police department consisted of about one hundred white men, three hundred Indian Sikhs, and about six hundred Chinese police. The white men acted as sergeants, with a number of Sikhs and Chinese constables under each man. They were also expected to attend to foreign offenders, as it is considered bad luck in the Orient for an Indian or Chinaman to attempt to arrest a white man.

Our winter uniform was the same as that worn by the London police. In summer we wore cotton khaki. We had splendid quarters, with private rooms, dining-rooms, and canteens in each station. I was assigned to the Central Station on Foochow Road, the Broadway of Shanghai.

The International Concession is a model city. The business district would do credit to an enterprising American city. At that time it was the largest seaport in the Orient, and the docks and river were always crowded with ships. Warships of many countries were stationed there, and the streets were filled with sailors on shore liberty.

While this added to the picturesque scene, it did not add to the happiness of a policeman's life. It seemed to be the ambition of every sailor to whip a policeman, and often this ambition was realized.

The city was also filled with soldiers. The British were represented by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Bengal Lancers, a detachment of Ghoorkas, a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and several battalions of Royal Marines. The French Concession was guarded by two of the so-called "criminal regiments" from the colonies of Annam and Cochin China. These regiments were made up of men who had been sentenced to short terms for petty crimes, but who had been permitted to serve their sentence as soldiers in the tropics. Germany, Russia, and Japan also had strong forces stationed near the city. The United States had one battalion of marines on guard.

After I had served my probation period, I was

assigned to a beat on the Bund, or water-front, extending from the French Concession to the public gardens on Soochow Creek. This was the fashionable promenade of the city, and the officers of the various armies congregated there in the evening.

A few days later I fell into disgrace because of an encounter with Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, the German officer who was in command of the allied armies in China. Strolling down the Bund one evening, I chanced to pass the field marshal, who was taking the air accompanied by a member of his staff.

He halted me. Glaring at me as if about to shrivel me with the lightning of his glance, he said:

“Are you a policeman?”

“I am,” I replied.

“Then why don’t you salute me?” he demanded.

Now we were not supposed to salute army officers. On that particular beat it would have required three pair of arms to salute all the officers who passed.

“Why should I salute you? Who are you?” I queried, although I knew well who he was.

“I am the Field Marshal Count von Waldersee!” he sputtered. “I will not permit such insolence from a common policeman!”

“Well, Count, you’ve got a danged fine job,” I answered. “My advice to you is to behave yourself and hang on to it.”

He almost choked in his indignation, while I walked on. The next morning I was called before



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THE BUND, SHANGHAI, CHINA

This was Mr. O'Reilly's beat in the days when he was a policeman on the International Force

the chief. When my story was told, he said:

“You were right not to salute. It is not expected of you. But you were wrong in showing impudence to an officer. You must be punished.”

Visions of a fine, or of losing my hard-earned job, came to my mind.

“You are officially reprimanded, and the reprimand shall be written into your record. Dismissed!” was his verdict.

Thanks to a strong constitution, I managed to survive the shock of this reprimand. On another occasion I had more serious trouble with a German officer. It was in our orders never to arrest an officer, unless it became absolutely necessary to prevent serious trouble. Instead, we were supposed to secure the name of the offending officer and summon him to court the next day.

Late one night I was strolling down the Kukiang Road when I heard yells coming from a side-street. Rushing around the corner, I found an intoxicated German captain flogging a “ricksha” coolie with his cane. Catching him by the shoulder, I pulled him away from his victim.

“You pig! You would lay a hand on me!” he roared, and pulled his sword. Fortunately, I was standing very close. I took him in my arms and disarmed him. During the scuffle he struck me in the face.

“Now turn around, Captain, and walk up that street to the station. You can tell your troubles to the sergeant,” I directed.

“Never! A German officer cannot surrender!”

he shouted. He meant it, too, and it required some little effort to convince him. As I kept the sword and used the flat side of it as a reminder, he soon consented to forget his dignity.

With his own sword at his back, I marched the captain into the Central Station. The old sergeant was scandalized. He took me aside to give me a warning.

“Don’t you know you ’re not supposed to arrest these fellows? I ’ll just give him a talking to and summon him for the morning.”

As the sergeant walked up to the captain, that worthy seemed to come to life and slapped him in the face. There was another fight, but this time I acted as referee.

“Grab hold of him, O’Reilly!” yelled the irate sergeant. “We ’ll put him in the beggars’ cell.”

We did, and the turbulent captain stayed there until the early hours of the morning. Toward daylight the sergeant called me back to the station.

“That Dutchman is pacified and pleading for mercy,” he said “It ’s this way. If his superiors hear that he has permitted anyone to take his sword away, he must resign from the army. He ’s a singin’ a fine tune this morning. Now I suggest that we let him go, give him his sword, and put him on the docket for disorderly conduct. It is considered perfectly gentlemanly for a German officer to raise hell with anybody, but it is eternal disgrace if anybody raises hell with him!”

I consented, and the officer was released. In court a few hours later he was fined ten dollars for beating the "ricksha" coolie.

At the time that I was a member of the Shanghai police there was only one other American in the department, a man named Joe Riddle, who had been a sailor under Dewey. Joe was a great student of the Chinese language, and he handled the Shanghai dialect fairly well. He persuaded me to accompany him to a night-school and make an attack on the puzzling Chinese idioms. After a few weeks' trial I threw up my hands and quit. There are many foreigners who speak Chinese, but mastery of one of the numerous dialects requires years of study.

Our salary in the department was sixty-five dollars per month, with board, room, and uniforms. As everything on the Chinese coast is much cheaper than in the United States, it was a living wage. We also earned something in legitimate side-lines. One of the most lucrative of these perquisites was the Chinese funeral.

Whenever a wealthy Chinaman dies, his relatives spend a fortune on his funeral, in order that he may go to face the gods properly attended and accoutered. Most of these funeral pageants passed through the foreign concession. According to a rule of the department, every funeral must be accompanied by four policemen, to handle the traffic and to hasten the procession. If permitted, the mourners would block the streets all day. The

master of ceremonies was required to pay the policeman three dollars for the trip through the concession.

A Chinaman always admires a tall man. As it happened, there were four of us in the department who varied only half an inch in height, and a few pounds in weight. They were McPherson, Gilfillan, O'Toole, and O'Reilly—a fine Celtic combination. We were the envy of the force, for the Chinamen usually selected us to march in their funeral parades. We thereby earned many extra pesos.

The coffin would always be accompanied by scores of hired professional wailers who vied with each other in making a noise. Palanquins loaded with imitation silver *shoos*, or bricks, paper horses, paper women and servants, paper houses, and all the necessities for a life of ease beyond the grave were carried in the procession. These were burned at the grave, and supposedly ascended with the soul of the departed. It is Chinese logic that these sham riches are translated into objects of real value in the other world.

Another means of earning side-money was to guide tourists through the native quarter. It was really dangerous for these tourists to attempt to explore the labyrinth of the walled city without a guide. Therefore they would employ a policeman as guide and protector.

We appreciated the extra dollars that this work brought in, but how we learned to detest the average quick-trip tourist! They would demand to be

taken to the opium dens, the native brothels, and all the low dens of the city. Eminently respectable women, who would be shocked by the idea at home, would ask to be shown through miles of reeking warrens, where thousands of women-slaves and drug victims lived in an inferno of misery. It is queer what people will do when they are away from home.

Foochow Road, where the Central Station is located, was the theater street of the city. For nearly two miles it extended in an unbroken line of theaters, "sing-song" houses, and gilded brothels. At night the street would be a chromatic wonderland, glowing with myriad paper-lanterns and the gorgeous clothes of the visitors. Coolies would run through the streets, carrying tiny, painted, "sing-song" girls from place to place as they were ordered.

At that time it was the custom to bind the women's feet, and many of these tragic little manikins could not walk because of the deformity. Foot-binding has been prohibited in China since the revolution which drove the Manchus from the throne. The opium dens on Foochow Road have also been closed.

For many years China has been waging a desperate fight against the drug which was strangling the nation. Even in imperial days this fight was carried on. At present it is illegal to grow the poppy-plant or manufacture opium within the country. Public opium-dens are no more. The only supply of the drug which comes into the coun-



try is through English companies, which bring it from India. This traffic was forced on the Chinese by the English in the Opium War, and England still holds to her treaty.

It was on Foochow Road that I experienced a wild night which, for the time, almost convinced me that I had been transported to another planet.

Reporting off day-duty one evening at the Central Police Station on Foochow Road, I was ordered to return in uniform at seven o'clock.

"What's the reason for the extra duty?" I asked an old-time sergeant as we climbed the stairs to the mess-hall.

"Eclipse of the moon," he replied.

"The whole police force can't stop the moon having an eclipse when it feels like it," I protested.

"What's the idea?"

"You'll see to-night," and the old-timer grinned. "You'll have to be defendin' the poor old moon from assault and battery by a million lunatics."

Having learned that a "greenhorn" gets much left-handed information by asking too many questions, I let the subject drop. Before the night was over I learned that the sergeant was right.

An ancient Chinese superstition regarding an eclipse of the moon was the cause of one of the wildest nights it has ever been my misfortune to witness. According to the belief of the Chinese, an evil old dragon of the skies is ever on the watch to swallow the moon. Sometimes he gets it in his mouth and occasionally he succeeds in swallowing

it. Only by frightening the wits out of the old dragon is the moon ever restored to the skies.

When an eclipse occurs, every Chinese city becomes a collection of madmen. Each Chinaman tries to make all the din and racket he can in order to make the dragon disgorge the chief ornament of the heavens. They set off tons of firecrackers, build bonfires, beat tom-toms, and run yelling in hysterical panic through the streets.

When the appointed time came, I was stationed on upper Foochow Road, where the "sing-song" houses are. It was a bright, clear night, and the moon was sailing high. At last the shadow began creeping over the rim.

As if a signal had been given, the most frightful pandemonium broke loose. It was worse than any battle I have ever heard. Thousands of gongs were beating, and the rattle of the firecrackers rose to a steady roar, punctuated by the heavy boom of the giant crackers.

Shooting firecrackers is against the law in the foreign concession, on account of the danger of fire. It was the duty of the police to arrest the offenders, but an army would have been unequal to that job.

Thousands of panic-stricken Chinamen ran aimlessly about the streets, yelling hysterically. Some groveled in the road, throwing dust over their heads. I saw one venerable old fellow, clad in the silks of a mandarin, leap from his jinrickisha and pound his head on the pavement until his face was bloody.

It was no trouble to catch violators of the fire law. In a few minutes the compound of the station was filled with a howling mob of prisoners. Several fires were started, and the fire department was kept on the run. Many of the town militia volunteers joined with us to prevent more damage.

There was one man especially busy with his giant crackers in a narrow alley leading off Foochow Road. The alley was lined with flimsy wooden shacks, so that a fire in that quarter would have been hard to fight. Time after time I tried to catch him, but he escaped in the labyrinth of narrow passageways, only to appear a moment later to take another shot at the moon.

Finally I sent an old Chinese police-sergeant to one end of the alley and posted myself at the other entrance. Again the man appeared. The sergeant and I rushed at him. Seeing the Chinese policeman, the savior of the moon lit his giant cracker and turned to run. Then he saw me bearing down upon him. With a frightened yell, he threw the sputtering cracker.

That infernal bombshell hit me just above the belt-buckle and exploded like a three-inch shrapnel shell. It is no joke to have a giant firecracker explode just below the short-ribs. It felt like the kick of a mule, and for a few minutes I was seasick. My tunic was set afire, and my chin was blackened by the exploding gunpowder. The hysterical bombardier escaped.

Gradually the shadow on the moon began to

fade. The noise increased. Over a million Chinamen can make a lot of noise when they set their mind on the job. At last the moon was sailing clear and full, on its regular evening jaunt across the sky. The old dragon had been frightened away from his prey.

If his dragonship was hit where I was by any of those cannon crackers, I don't blame him for disgorging that moon.

CHAPTER XXI

WHILE strolling down the Bund one morning I saw a crowd gathered around a group of struggling men. When I ran up I found that a civilian was engaged in a strenuous battle with three German soldiers. The soldiers ran away when they caught sight of my uniform, and I seized the civilian, demanding an explanation. As he turned to answer me, I was astonished to discover that he was Captain Hector MacAllester, my former chum of the Philippine Native Scouts.

Leading him around a corner away from the crowd, we shook hands and proceeded to put the universal question of the wanderer—"What are you doing here?"

"Mac, why were you leading that forlorn hope against the German Army?" I asked him.

"Oh, I always do that when I get a chance," Mac admitted. "You see, it was the blasted Germans who beat me out of a fortune up near Tientsin. If it had n't been for them, I would be a rich man to-day."

He then told me the whole story. It sounded like a tale from the Arabian nights, but I know that it was true. When I had last seen Mac, he was bound for the Boxer War as a teamster in the American expedition. Upon his arrival in

Tientsin he had fought in a company of civilian volunteers until the pressure on that city was relieved, and then had organized a little expedition of his own.

The looting of North China during the Boxer troubles is one of the disgraces of civilization. I am sorry to say that Mac took an active part in this confiscation. He learned that a Chinese bank in the city had transferred its hoard of silver bullion to an old "go-down," or warehouse, on the outskirts of the town. The silver had been buried beneath the dirt floor of this "go-down." Mac and another white man discovered this treasure and removed it. As it was impossible to ship the stuff out of the country at that time, they moved it to the plain outside of Tientsin and buried it. According to Mac's story, there was literally tons of it, and it required several nights' work to do the job.

Mac next made two little maps of the spot, giving one to his partner and keeping the other himself. They then proceeded on their tour of investigation. A few days later the partner, who was a British subject, killed a man in a quarrel and was sentenced to the penitentiary. Thus Mac was left to play a lone hand.

One day he followed a missionary who was reported to be growing wealthy on loot. Mac saw him enter an immense house and thought he would call on him. He opened a side-door leading into a garden. A Chinaman was waiting for him. It was a fifty-fifty affair. Mac shot the Chinaman

and the Chinaman split his head open with a sword.

The little Scotchman lay unconscious in the street until discovered by a patrol of Japanese soldiers. He was removed to a hospital and later was sent to Nagasaki, Japan, for an operation. After a few weeks he regained his strength, but he still carried an ugly scar across his forehead.

His one thought now was to return to Tientsin and recover the silver treasure. The port had been opened, and it would be possible to ship it to some other city to be sold. When he arrived in Tientsin, he hastened out to the plain where he had buried the loot. Much to his disgust, he found a camp of German soldiers on the spot. After making careful inquiries, he learned that the Germans had discovered his silver one day while they were digging a sink. Naturally they had confiscated the treasure.

“And that’s why I always punch a German when I get a chance,” Mac concluded.

All the nations who coöperated in the advance on Peking were guilty of looting in the Chinese capital. The Germans were the most flagrant offenders, however, as their officers permitted looting and participated in it.

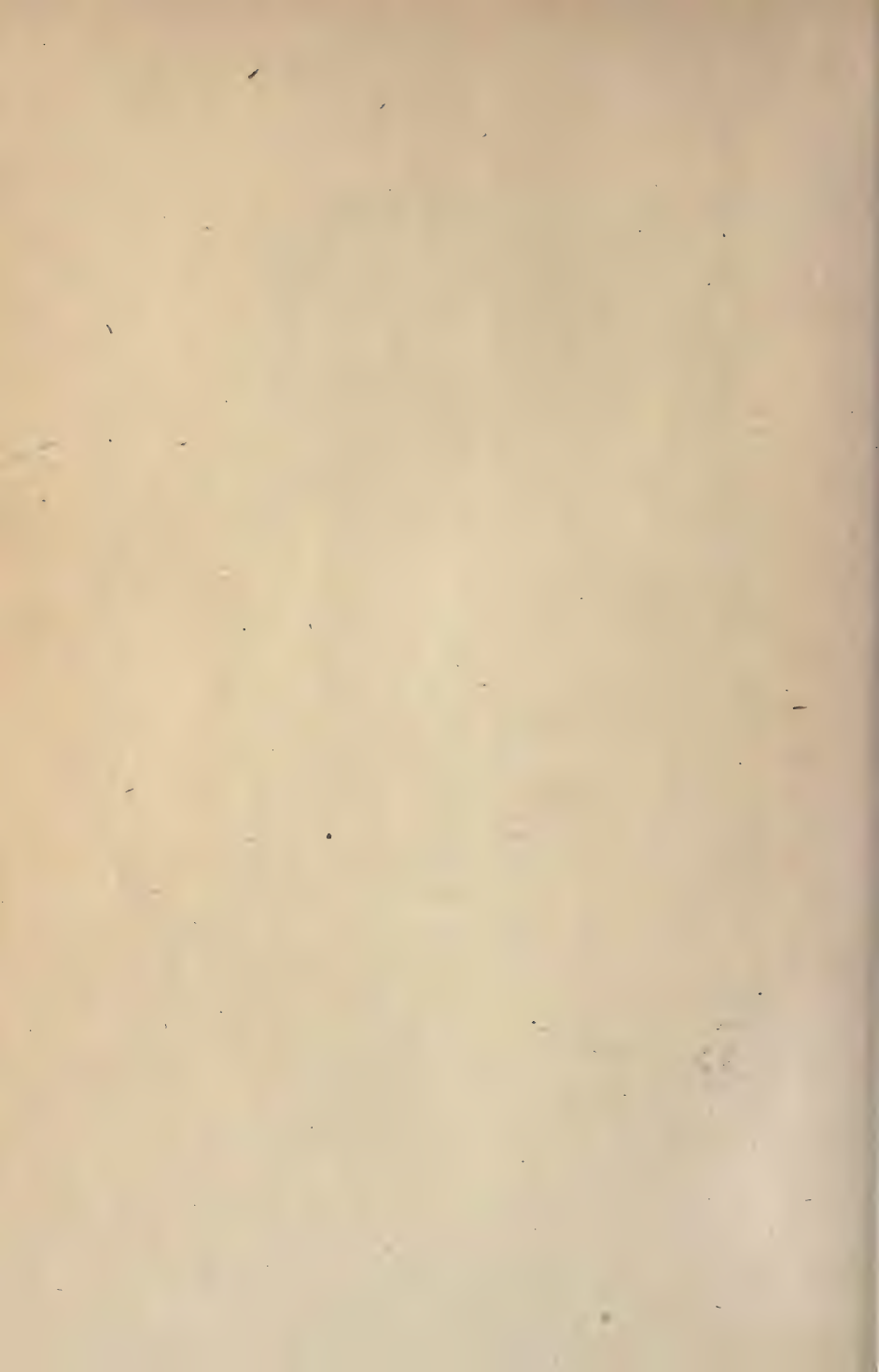
Ancient objects of art, old paintings and statues antedating the Christian Era, were carried away, to be hawked about through the bazaars of the East for a few dollars. Even the great seals of China were stolen. They were returned later, after a reward of half a million dollars was paid.



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FOREIGN-DRILLED CHINESE SOLDIERS

Mr. O'Reilly organized and trained a company of these soldiers



It was an American soldier, I am sorry to confess, who committed the worst theft. In the Forbidden City was kept the ancient "Book of the Dynasties." This is probably the oldest book in the world, containing an authentic history of over two thousand years. Each page bore the record of the reign of an emperor. Although the capital of China has often been changed, Peking having been swept by revolutions and the Forbidden City captured many times by rebels, this book had never been disturbed. It was considered one of the sacred objects of China.

When the foreign soldiers captured Peking, the book disappeared. Immense rewards were offered for it, and it was made the subject of an international conference. Then, one day, a letter arrived from an American soldier. He stated that he and several of his friends had taken the book, not realizing its value. They had torn out many of the parchment leaves in which to wrap up cheap little jade ornaments they had found. He returned the covers of the book and a few of the pages. The letter was not signed. Thus one of the treasures of the human race was lost forever.

Many of these adventurers were in Shanghai during my stay there. Some of them were still "in funds" as a result of their loot, but many were "broke" and looking for work.

It was my misfortune to be a policeman in Shanghai when the so-called "Penny War" occurred.

In Shanghai the work of cart-horses is done by the wheelbarrow coolies. At that time there were over seven thousand of them working in the foreign concession.

The wheelbarrows have an immense wheel about three feet in diameter, and the load is balanced on a framework straddling the hub. These coolies toil like mules for a wage of a few cents a day. Most of them cannot afford to own their own wheelbarrow, but rent their cart from some more opulent Chinaman.

They are licensed by the municipal council of Shanghai, made up exclusively of foreigners. For years the city council had charged these coolies a license tax of four cents a day. But one day, for some unknown reason, this tax was increased to five cents.

A penny may seem a small thing to fight about, but that extra penny meant starvation to many of the coolies.

The night-shift of policemen were seated at breakfast after coming off duty, when the first reports of the riots came. An excited sergeant rushed into the mess hall of the Central Station on Foochow Road, shouting:

“Fall in, quick, men! The wheelbarrow men are rioting down Nanking Road, and they have beaten up several of our men!”

We rushed into the court-yard, fell into line, and went through the gateway at the double quick. Seven thousand fighting Chinamen is a great many Chinamen. We were lined up across Nan-

king Road, the main business street of the city, facing the hysterical, screaming mob.

Down the street they came, waving clubs and bamboos. The mob filled the street from curb to curb. The police were armed only with the regulation baton.

Whenever anybody tells me about all Chinamen being pacifists, I think of that riot. For two days we fought that crazy mob of coolies back and forth through the streets. They came down as if without fear. Although scores of them were knocked down by the policemen's clubs, they continued to charge straight at the line. They had gone on strike, and were willing to die for that penny a day. Time after time we cleared the streets, only to turn and face another mob charging down from a side-street.

I was doing the best I could in the *mêlée*, according to the methods laid down in the book of rules, when something sailed through the air and struck me on the head. For a time I took a rest in the gutter, while a kind friend bandaged my head and told me that my wound could n't possibly be as bad as it looked.

It seemed as if the hordes of coolies would never get tired. Of course, we whipped them; in fact, we whipped them fourteen times in one day, but they always kept coming back for more.

Finally some one in authority had a brilliant idea. The extra penny tax was revoked. Within an hour the trouble was over, and the coolies,—those who were able, at least,—were back at work.

During the two days' fight I developed a sneaking admiration for these untutored coolies. Naturally, I could hardly be expected to cheer for a man who was poking me in the ribs with a six-foot pole, but I could understand his viewpoint.

The poverty in these great Chinese cities is appalling. Millions are literally hungry from the day they are born until they die—usually of starvation. People who are nervous about the Yellow Peril are always wondering what would happen if China realized her own strength. *China will awaken when she is fed.*

After the riots a kindly intentioned person wrote to the daily paper, objecting to the rough tactics used by the police in clearing the streets. He declared that we should have used moral suasion, and been more gentle to the mob. It was a fine idea. I wish he had mentioned it to the fellow who hit me with the brass band.

The most interesting work of this police department was the warfare against the Chinese criminals. For uncanny cunning and devious ways the Chinese "crook" holds the world's record. Shanghai was infested by numerous gangs of organized criminals, known in the local slang as "loafers." These gangs of loafers changed as their leaders rose or fell, but they were always active.

On one occasion I was walking a beat in the native business district. Suddenly a man darted out of a store, a flock of screaming clerks at his heels. It was a sneak-thief who had been detected

palming some cheap jewelery. Down the street he went, with me in hot pursuit. Now I rather prided myself on my running ability in those days. I had won several trophies in athletic meets as a foot-racer. Yet, try as I would, I could not gain on that light-footed loafer.

For several blocks we continued the race. Making a last desperate effort, I gained a few feet. His pigtail was snapping in the breeze straight out behind him. Finally I drew near enough to seize it. Settling back, I gave a mighty tug. It seemed as if the whole top of that Chinaman's head was jerked off, but he continued on down the street. It was a false pigtail I held in my hand! His real queue was wound in a tight coil about his head.

A policeman in Shanghai was required to be an international lawyer. All foreigners were brought for trial before the consular court of their own country. Thus an American would be tried before the American consul, a Russian before the Russian consul, and so on. In one week I have appeared as a witness in cases before ten different consuls. As the legal systems and method of taking evidence varies with each country, it is naturally confusing to the officer.

Natives were tried before the Mixed Court. A Chinese judge and a white judge sat together on cases in the Mixed Court. The Chinese law is usually followed. For petty offenses it was customary to prescribe the "bamboo." This meant that the offender was beaten with a bamboo stick

before the judges. I have seen Chinese criminals, covered with blood, writhing on the floor of the court-room after an unusually severe dose of the bamboo.

In the native city, however, punishments were much more horrible, including torture and beheading. While I was in Shanghai, a notorious criminal leader was captured by the Yamen runners of the native city. He was accused of many murders. One of the frightful crimes charged against him was that of gouging out the eyes of little children. The eyes were used as an ingredient of a medicine, sold to the superstitious wives of rich men at an immense price.

This fiend was sentenced to death by exhaustion. With his hands tied, he was placed in a wooden framework, his head protruding through a hole in the top. Beneath his feet was a platform of thin tiles. Each day one of these bricks would be removed. There was no way he could rest. His neck and his toes were the only places on which he could rest his weight. Guards watched him day and night to prevent him from sleeping. At the end of the eleventh day he became a raving maniac. He lived under this torment for nineteen days before he died.

The place of punishment was adjacent to a public street, and morbid crowds gathered daily to watch this wretch's suffering. Many foreigners visited the spot with their cameras. One of the victim's wives stood beside the pillory. When a foreigner approached with a camera, she would

tilt a straw hat over the face of her dying husband. Twenty cents was the price she charged for a picture. When the fee was paid, she would raise the hat. Why anyone should want a photograph of that screaming, tortured murderer was more than I could understand.

One of the questions I am frequently asked concerns the missionaries in foreign lands. To speak frankly, I am not an admirer of the usual type of missionary or his work, but there are remarkable exceptions. One of these exceptions I met in Shanghai.

I have met some brave men in my time,—men who have died gloriously,—but that little missionary was the greatest hero I have ever known.

It was early morning and I was walking my beat along the Bund from the French Concession to the Public Gardens, when I saw what I took to be a Chinaman sitting on a bench. Now in this little spot in China the Chinese are not allowed to enter.

Walking up to the supposed Chinaman, I tapped him on the shoulder, and in my best pidgin-English told him to move on. When he looked at me, I saw that I had made a mistake. He was a missionary in Chinese clothes, a "pigtail missionary."

"Pardon me, I did not know it was forbidden," he said. "I was just watching the boat."

"My mistake," I answered. "You may stay as long as you care to. But you get up early to watch the boats."

"They have a phonograph aboard. I heard it

last night. So I came this morning, thinking they might play it again.”

Sitting down beside him, I learned something of his story. For twenty years that little man had labored at his mission work back in the far hinterland. Three times his little school and chapel had been burned, and on one occasion he had been tortured.

Yet each time he had gone back to his task and had built again on the blackened ruins. Recently he had again been driven out by the Boxer Rebellion, and had come to Shanghai. For the first time in ten years he was mingling with folk of his own blood.

“It has been a wonderful trip to me,” he said in his shy, timid manner. “A few days ago a man took me through the cotton mills in Woosung, across the river. It was wonderful to see the machinery.

“Then, think of it, last week I actually saw a moving-picture! It seemed like black magic. And last night I walked along here and heard a phonograph playing on that P. & O. boat. They played ‘Annie Laurie’; it ’s been many years since I heard it.”

He talked of these commonplace inventions in an awed whisper, as if he was speaking of great wonders. For years he had talked only Chinese, and he spoke English now with a queer, precise dialect.

“Now that you have come back, you will see

many things that are old to us, but will be of interest to you," I told him.

"But the time is so short," he replied. "You see, I go back to my station in a few days. The trouble is over and there is much work to do. I fear my people are scattered."

"Why do you exile yourself, give up your life, when everything you build is torn down?" I asked.

His face lighted; his head lifted. Within a few yards of us was the rice jetty where daily thousands of sacks of rice were landed and carried away on the backs of coolies. Even at that early hour the approach to the jetty was crowded. Gaunt, haggard, old women and men went stooping over the planks, sweeping up the few grains of rice that fell from the sacks. Tiny children ran about with weeds in their hands, fighting back the clouds of sparrows who tried to glean the rice.

"See that?" said the little missionary. "There are millions here fighting the sparrows for a handful of rice. Think of the great tides of suffering humanity that ebb and flow through China. Perhaps I have done a little to make it better for them."

It was time for the day-watch to relieve me from duty. I asked my little missionary to wait, while I hastened to the Central Station of Foochow Road and changed into civilian clothes.

Then up the Nanking Road I guided him to a little shop where phonographs were sold. Tears came into his eyes when I asked the manager to

play "Annie Laurie." For an hour he sat huddled in his chair, listening, with a twenty-year look of longing in his eyes.

Well, it was a long way until pay-day, but I borrowed the price. When the pigtail missionary left a few days later on the up-river boat, he carried with him a little phonograph and seven records. One of them was "Annie Laurie."

I left him seated on the deck of the boat, the precious phonograph in his lap. As I went down the gang-plank, I knew that it had been my privilege to meet for a few days one of the world's great men.

CHAPTER XXII

FOR ten months I had been swinging a baton on the police force. Then came an opportunity to enter the Chinese Imperial Army. The *Toatai*, or governor of the province, had frequently reviewed the foreign soldiers who drilled daily on the Bund. He declared that the American Marines were the best drilled and finest appearing body of soldiers in the city. In this he showed his good judgment, for there is no better trained military organization in the world than our marines.

The chief of police was an intimate friend of the *Toatai* and had been frequently entertained at his house. One morning I was called to the chief's office. "Constable O'Reilly, you served an enlistment in the American army, did you not?" he said. "If you have your discharge-papers with you, I have a splendid position open for you."

In a few minutes I had brought my discharge and other papers from my room.

"The *Toatai* has decided that he wants a foreign-drilled body-guard," continued the captain. "The American soldiers are his favorites. He has asked me to find an American ex-soldier whom I can recommend for the position of drill instructor to train this company. The position will carry the rank and pay of a captain, and you will

be allowed quarters and housekeeping allowances. If you care for the place, I will recommend you."

Naturally, I accepted. The next day I was presented to the *Toatai*, a dignified mandarin wearing the mustache of a grandfather. With the aid of an interpreter we planned the proposed company. I was to select one hundred and twenty-eight men from over a thousand native soldiers. Three interpreters were detailed to assist me in this work. A few days later another white man, Sergeant Ross, who had seen service in the police department and in the British army, was also detailed as my assistant.

We were stationed in barracks near the Chinese arsenal, four miles up the river from the walled city. Ross and I were quartered in a well-built native house, with three servants to look after our comfort.

We quickly found that we had a hard task on our hands. For a time we depended on interpreters to transmit our orders. I designed a uniform and soon had the company looking like soldiers, if they did not drill like soldiers. The Chinese language is not adapted for military orders, where speed and brevity are essential. It seemed to require twenty words to give the command "Halt"!

"Ross, we 'll never get anywhere with this language," I declared one day. "We can't talk Chinese, so let 's teach them to talk English."

We then simplified the drill as much as possible, and taught our recruits the English words of com-

mand. They quickly learned the commands, and the drill proceeded more satisfactorily. Within two months the company had mastered the close-order drill and the manual of arms. In time we taught them open-order work and at length had them going through the skirmish drill by whistle signals, without a spoken word of command. The *Toatai* was well pleased with our progress and frequently reviewed the company.

It has been my experience that the Chinaman makes a good soldier when properly trained. Our little company was the foundation of the great central army which in later years won the revolution against the Manchus.

Americans are fond of calling China a nation of pacifists. I have read many articles about the cowardly Chinese, written by people who have never studied Chinese history. Some of the world's greatest wars have been waged in China. During the Tai Ping Rebellion about eighty years ago, more men were killed than in any other war in the world's history, with the exception of the conflict now devastating Europe.

China's history reveals a succession of terrible wars. The hordes of Genghis Khan, which swept over Asia and part of Europe, were Mongolians. China's great drawback has been her lack of national spirit. A Cantonese differs in language, customs, and ideals from a Pekinese. A Shanghai man cannot understand a Soo Chow man, although their districts adjoin. There are said to be thirty-two distinct dialects spoken in China. The offi-

cial and educated classes use the mandarin dialect in their intercourse.

My experience in China taught me to respect the Chinese. As business men, they are honest in their dealings; as soldiers, they are good fighting men. When she shakes off the yoke of grafting politicians, China will play a leading rôle in the world's history.

While I was in the Chinese Army it was my good fortune to meet General Homer Lea, one of the most extraordinary characters I have ever known. At that time he had just returned from a tour through the hinterland of China. Lord Roberts has declared that Homer Lea was the greatest military genius of the nineteenth century, although he never commanded troops in actual warfare. As a student, he was a marvel. After a few months' stay in China he could speak fluently a dozen different dialects, and he became an authority on Chinese history and literary classics. Military history was his hobby, and he could talk authoritatively on every campaign since ancient days.

General Lea was in sympathy with the revolutionary movement in China, and later he played a leading part in the organization of the army. As he was much interested in my work, he visited me several times at the arsenal. Upon his return to the United States he published a book, "The Valor of Ignorance," which is used as a textbook of military strategy at West Point.

At the time that we were working with our com-

pany, many efforts were being made to organize foreign-drilled troops. The Pau Ting Fau military police, organized about this time, was the beginning of the Northern Army. Other troops were also being trained at Hankow. Granting myself a furlough during the summer after I was commissioned in the army, I took a trip to Hankow to inspect these troops, in the hope of learning something that might help me in my work. Hankow is an immense city about seven hundred miles up the Yang-tze-kiang River. It has a large foreign colony and a modern business district.

It was in Hankow that I discovered Cook. At least he told me his name was Cook the first time I found him, sitting drunk in a *samshu* shop in a narrow street of the native city. Afterward, in his delirium, he declared that his name was Ryan. But "maskee his name," as they say on the China Coast, it was his astounding experience that interested me.

One afternoon I took a walk through the native city, with its hordes of starving, suffering humanity. Passing a *samshu* shop, I heard a maudlin voice chanting the "Gra Machree ma Kruskeen Lawn," an old drinking-song.

Now a white man who drinks *samshu* is bound to be in trouble, and the old song sounded strangely out of place in that swarming, filthy slum. Therefore I stepped in and investigated.

Sitting at a table was the sorry figure of what had once been a white man. His clothing consisted of a pair of ragged overalls, a cotton singlet,

and a pair of Chinese slippers. His arms and bared breast were covered with tattooed designs.

Hailing me with a profane greeting, he waved me to a seat in a lordly manner. One look convinced me that here was a man in the last stages of alcoholism. His skin was mottled, his face-muscles twitching, and his mind wandering.

Little by little I obtained bits of his story. It was one of the most amazing tales I have ever heard.

The Boxer uprising, when missionaries were murdered by the fanatical reactionaries throughout the hinterland of China, was just ended. Szechuen province was probably the most dangerous region in China at the time. Not a white man was left in the province, and thousands of native Christians had been slaughtered.

During this reign of terror, Cook—or Ryan—in his drink-crazed condition, had wandered up and down in Szechuen, begging his drinks and his food, and at times living with the very Boxer mobs who were guilty of the massacres.

At first I doubted his story, but he produced a bundle of torn and dirty passports, signed by a dozen officials in different towns, granting him protection. Afterward I had these slips translated, and there was no doubt that they were genuine. One of them gave the clue to his immunity.

“Harm not this man,” it read, “because his mind is with the gods.”

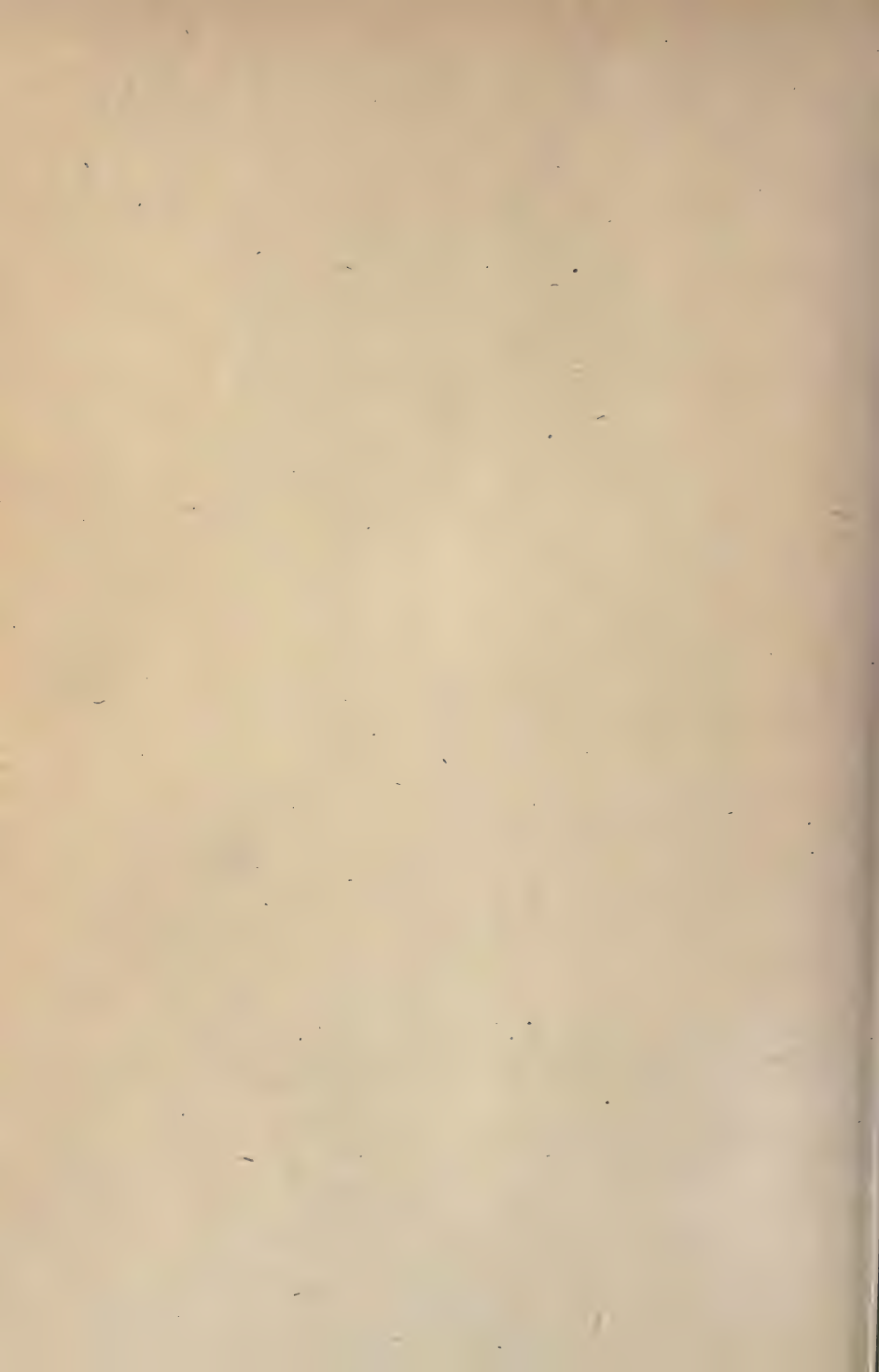
It is a well-known fact that the Chinese have a superstitious awe of an insane person. Although



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CHINESE "COOLIE" WOMAN SELLING CHILDREN

It was the duty of the International Force to prevent this traffic in the foreign concession, though it was permitted in the native city



They laugh at him, they will always treat him with kindness. Evidently this wandering white hobo in benighted China had escaped the fate of other white men because the Chinese believed him to be an idiot.

After some argument, I persuaded Cook to come with me to the river-boat for some clothes and something to eat. On board, I hunted up an English doctor and had my patient examined. He announced that the wanderer had at most only a few weeks to live. Dissipation and a steady diet of fiery Chinese intoxicants had sapped his vitality.

The next day we left for Shanghai, and I took the outcast with me. Finally I made him understand that he was going to die. He pondered the matter all day, and that night said:

“Do you know, lad, I believe I ’d like to talk to a preacher, if I ’m going to bump off?”

“What kind of preacher do you want?” I asked. “I will send for one when we get to Shanghai.”

“Oh, any kind at all, as long as he is a good one. A pigtail missionary, if there is any choice.”

Two weeks later the outcast died in a hospital at Shanghai. Although he had his wish and talked with several ministers, his mind was never clear. He could only babble feebly of incidents of his boyhood.

The real story of his wanderings would have made a remarkable tale, but I gleaned only a few half-finished yarns. But the bundle of passports from Boxer leaders showed that he had passed through an inferno.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN I first took command of the *Toatai's* body-guard, I was ambitious to make it the foundation of a larger military organization. I had planned to increase the company to a battalion, and then to a regiment. The *Toatai* also had a similar plan, yet I found myself working against some powerful influence which was opposed to a foreign-drilled army. I now know that the Japanese authorities were trying to block my work.

At last I grew disgusted. I also had become homesick for a sight of the United States and a visit with the folks back home. My life had settled down to a monotonous routine of drill. There was a sameness about each day. Oriental sights and scenes had become commonplace and uninteresting. It was the old home-town that now held the lure of distance.

This restlessness comes to every wanderer I have ever known. It is a real affliction. Try as you may to banish the idea from your mind, the thought of exploring a new trail is ever present. It was a letter from home that settled the question for me. That very day I handed in my resignation and prepared to travel the back road to Chicago.

As usual, I was letting myself in for a season of

trouble. After a farewell celebration with friends in Shanghai, I discovered one morning that I was possessed of two trunks full of clothes, a ticket on the *Toyo Yusen Kaisha* to Nagasaki, Japan, and about ten dollars in money. The steamer was due to sail that night.

At last I had burned my bridges behind me and, having started, I intended to go on. I still had a Government pass, good for transportation on a transport back to San Francisco.

On the boat to Nagasaki I met two wayfarers like myself. One was an Englishman, named Griffin, who had been in the customs department of Hong Kong. The other was a little American, named Plant, who had fought with the Twentieth Kansas in the Philippines. Both were bankrupt.

It was after dark when we landed on the *hatoba* in Nagasaki. To my delight, I discovered that the old transport *Logan*, on which I had made a round trip across the Pacific, was in the harbor. She was scheduled to sail at daylight.

That evening I visited the American quartermaster stationed at Nagasaki. I exhibited my papers, and told him that I must catch that transport.

"Well, it is against orders for any one to go aboard after dark," said the captain. "But yours is an unusual case, and I will give an order for your transportation. I cannot guarantee that the captain will accept it, however. It will rest with him."

Putting the order in my pocket, I hastened back to my two friends, Plant and Griffin. I was as-

sured of a passage, but they must be taken care of. After a council of war, we evolved a scheme. Loading our baggage into a *sampan*, we were sculled out to the *Logan*. A sailor stood on guard at the gangway.

Leaving Plant and Griffin hid in the tiny cabin of the *sampan*, I stalked up the gangway.

"Where is the captain of this vessel?" I demanded. "I have a message of great importance for him."

"The captain is ashore, sir," replied the sailor, touching his cap.

"Very well; where is the captain quartermaster? He will do," I queried.

The sailor began to direct me to the quartermaster's cabin.

"Never mind, I can't wander all over the ship. Come and point it out to me," I ordered.

"It 's against orders to leave the gangway, sir," replied the sailor.

"That 's all right; you won't be gone a minute," I argued, at the same time slipping the sailor one of my last dollars.

That convinced him, and he walked aft to show me to the cabin. As he did so, Plant and Griffin scurried up the gangway and made their way forward, where they mingled with the crowd of discharged soldiers. The sailor pointed out the door of the cabin and ran back to his post.

Now I had no desire to present my order for transportation unless compelled to do so. I had been out of the army for more than a year and,

according to the ruling of the quartermaster department at that time, would have been obliged to pay for my meals during the voyage. My pocket would not have stood this strain, especially as I had to care for two hungry friends.

Therefore I loitered on the after-deck for a few minutes, and then strolled back to the gangway.

“Have that baggage placed on deck,” I commanded. “Orders of the quartermaster.”

My friend, the sailor, permitted the *sampan* coolies to bring my stuff aboard. While I was debating my next step, I received a slap on the shoulder. It was one of the men of the Fourth Infantry returning to the United States.

“Grab some of that stuff and get it forward!” I whispered. “I ’ll explain later.”

In a few minutes I had confiscated an empty bunk, stored my baggage away, and donned an old army uniform. We were safely aboard and homeward bound. During that entire voyage we lived with the discharged soldiers, several hundred of whom were aboard. Our presence was never discovered by the officers.

Our voyage across the Pacific was uneventful. Eagerly I counted the days until we should sight the Golden Gate. Five years before I had left home as a boy of seventeen. During those five years I had fought in two wars, served under two flags, and journeyed around the world. I had had enough of wandering, I declared. There was no place like home.

Little did I realize the strength of the call of

distant lands. Paddy Walsh called it "the curse of the meandering foot," and I was strangely afflicted with the disease. It was to lead me to hardship, suffering, and strange corners of the world in the years to come.

One misty evening the Light of the Farallones Islands came winking over the horizon, and we knew that our voyage was almost over. The next morning the *Logan* steamed through the Golden Gate and anchored at quarantine. For some reason the panorama of San Francisco Bay looked different from what it had on my first visit. This time it was a home-coming.

That afternoon the transport tied up at the Folsom Street dock, and we went ashore. Griffin, who was a sailor, presented his credentials at the Seaman's Home, and was promptly granted the privilege of boarding there until he could ship for England. That left Plant and myself to wrestle with the problem of living without funds.

Fortunately, I had plenty of clothes. Hunting up a second-hand shop, I sold one of my suits, and we had our first dinner ashore. It is a long distance from San Francisco to Chicago when you are broke. Before I could finish the last lap of my journey, I must earn the railroad fare.

For days I searched for a job, always meeting with failure. Gradually my stock of clothes diminished, as Plant and myself kept dancing on the ragged edge of misfortune. San Francisco was filled with discharged soldiers looking for work.

Finally I abandoned hope of earning a road-stake in that city, and decided to take to the road without the stake. An employment agency was shipping men for railroad work on the Union Pacific, near the Lucene cut-off in Utah. That night I paid my last dollar as a registration fee and was herded with a bunch of laborers who were being forwarded to the job. I had signed up for a job as teamster.

The second night the train halted in the darkness, and we were driven from the cars. We learned that the camp was two miles down the track. Most of my fellow-hobos started off to the camp in the darkness, but I made camp in the sand of the desert. Rolling up in an army blanket, I slept until daylight.

Walking to the bunk-house, I hunted up the boss and informed him that I wanted my job as teamster.

"We don't need any teamsters now," he said. "You 'll have to go into the tunnel as a 'mucker.'"

Now the duty of a "mucker" is to swing a pick and shovel for nine hours a day, at a wage of two dollars per day. It was transportation, not hard work, that I was looking for. But I was hungry, and so decided to use strategy.

"All right," I replied. "When is breakfast served?"

"Oh, don't worry about breakfast," answered the boss. "You don't eat until you have done a day's work."

With this pleasant bit of information, I re-

turned to the railroad track and sat down to cogitate. As fortune would have it, a freight train drew up and stopped opposite me. It was east bound, and I decided to ride it. At that moment the fireman stepped down from the cab and, approaching me, said:

“Do you want to work your passage? I’ve hurt my hand, and if you pass coal, we’ll take you into Elko.”

You can imagine how I jumped at this opportunity. All that day I cracked coal and fed it into the fire-box. That night we drew into Elko, the end of the division. The fireman gave me a dollar for my day’s work.

After calling upon a Chinese restaurant, I shouldered my suit-case and walked back to the railroad yards to wait for another east-bound freight. One soon came rolling into the yards. Hunting up one of the brakemen, I offered him my army blanket for a ride to Ogden, Utah. He agreed, and stored me away in the empty ice-box of a refrigerator car.

A few minutes later he opened the trap-door to admit another passenger who had paid for his passage with a box of cigars. This man was a young Mormon who was returning to Salt Lake City. Our train did not leave until about daylight. All day we rode, huddled in that zinc-lined box, and at night we arrived at Ogden. Our friend, the grafting brakeman, put us off the train in the outskirts of the city. Lugging my suit-case, I accompanied my Mormon friend to the depot.

Fortunately, I had packed a new suit of clothes in my bag. In the depot I changed my clothes, donned clean linen, and prepared to face the world without a cent in my pocket. We loitered around the depot until daylight. It was early winter and snow lay in the streets.

My Mormon road-friend was possessed of the princely sum of one dollar and a half—the exact fare to Salt Lake City. He was going down on the first train. As his family lived there, he would be cared for. I planned to ride a freight train down that night, a distance of forty miles. As I could not beat my way with a heavy suitcase, the Mormon volunteered to take it with him and to leave it at a certain cigar store, where I could get it in the morning. I agreed, and he departed, taking my baggage.

That morning I wandered the streets of Ogden, trying to forget that I was hungry. Standing near the depot, I chanced to glance down at the edge of the sidewalk. On the apex of a little heap of snow lay a bright, new, shiny dime. It looked as big as a cartwheel to me. After I had seized it, I began to plan a method of investing it. How was I to obtain the maximum quantity of food for that dime? At last I purchased a dozen pneumatic doughnuts of great size and resilience.

I breakfasted on half a dozen doughnuts and a glass of water. At noon I lunched on two doughnuts and a glass of water. That evening I dined on one doughnut and a glass of water. The remaining doughnuts I concealed behind the radia-

tor in the depot. For all I know they may be there to this day. They were durable enough to stand the wear and tear of time.

That evening I boarded a freight train and rode to Salt Lake City. In the cold morning light I strolled down to the business section. Here occurred one of those coincidences which the fiction writer dare not tell because they seem so utterly impossible.

While walking down the street, I met a man named Smith. Many months before, Smith and I had been friends in Shanghai, China. He was employed in the Imperial Customs Department, while I was an officer in the army. He had left Shanghai before I resigned, with the intention of returning to the United States by the western route, through the Suez Canal and via England.

We had started from the same spot, gone in opposite directions around the world, and now met face to face on a street in Salt Lake City. We had both been in town less than an hour! There was another strange feature to this meeting—Smith had the price of a meal. Together we had a hearty breakfast and talked over old times.

Smith left that night, and I started a canvass for a job. Jobs were as scarce in Salt Lake City as they had been in San Francisco. To make matters worse, my Mormon traveling-companion had stolen my suit-case. I never saw him or my baggage from the moment he stepped on the train at Ogden.

Conditions were very grave. For two days I

had neglected to eat, not because I did not want to, but because the restaurant owners had an old-fashioned idea about payment. One morning I entered a restaurant and applied for a job.

"Are you a waiter?" asked the proprietor.

"That is the best thing I do," I assured him.

He ordered me to report to the head-waiter, an important Swede who evidently was extremely proud of his rank. Before starting to work, I had breakfast. It is a glorious feeling to put your legs under the table when you are really hungry.

This restaurant advertised, "Full meal for 20 cents, including one eighth pie." During the breakfast-hour I learned the rudiments of the art of waiting. Within a few hours I grew skilled in juggling the numerous little concrete boats that held the dabs of food. Lunch time presented a more serious problem. The place was packed with a hurrying, impatient crowd of get-lunch-quick fans, all of whom were eating with one eye on the clock.

I was walking down the aisle with an arm-load of dishes. On the crest of the pile was a dish of stewed tomatoes. Suddenly I realized that those tomatoes had lost their balance. I tried to wriggle under them, but it was a futile effort. With my right hand I made a desperate grab for the falling dish, only to scatter that mess of tomatoes over the heads of several patrons and upon the white wall.

With a roar, the proprietor deserted his desk and came running toward me. Laying my arm-

load of dishes on a table, I yelled, "I quit!" just one half a second before he shouted, "You're fired!" But I had beat him to it, and thus my dignity was preserved.

The next day I received a letter from my brother in Chicago. In some way he had learned of my arrival in San Francisco, traced my trail, and at last located me in Salt Lake City. In that letter was a money-order for fifty dollars. That night I was on an east-bound train.

Two days later I stepped from the train into the same depot from which I had departed five years before, bound east to the Orient. In that time I had circled the world. Taking stock of my finances, I found that I was possessed of the sum of twenty-five cents. Five years before I had left Chicago with fifteen cents in my pocket. Therefore I had journeyed around the world and earned ten cents on the trip.

I lost no time in taking a car to my mother's home near Humboldt Park. I found her sitting in the window, watching for her wandering son. That day was one of the happiest of my life. It seemed as if the people at home would never weary of listening to the tales of my travels. Life holds many wonderful experiences, hours that are well worth the months of hardship they cost, but nothing can equal the joy of home-coming.

Many changes had taken place since I went away to foreign wars. My eldest sister was teaching school, my brother was married, and there were two little tots in his home who called me

“Uncle.” My baby sister and childhood playmate was now a young lady, proudly exhibiting a high-school diploma. It was like the return of *Rip Van Winkle*.



CHAPTER XXIV

AS usual, my first problem was to find a job. The life of a soldier is full of experiences, but it is not the kind to fit a man for desk or industrial competition. For years I had worn a uniform and lived by the rules and regulations of military discipline. Now there was no one to give me orders, and I felt strangely uncomfortable in loose-fitting civilian clothes.

One day I chanced to meet Richard Henry Little, an old-time war-correspondent, who had been with the army in Cuba and the Philippines. He had reported the Battle of Das Marinas, where Pete Goorski had been killed. He greeted me with hilarious joy and insisted on taking me to the offices of the "Chicago Tribune." We talked over old times, and he asked me what I was doing.

"Looking for a job," I replied.

"You were a good scout, so you ought to make a good reporter," he declared. "That's all reporting is, anyway, scouting for news. Come on in and see the city-editor."

Fortune was with me. That afternoon I was assigned to detective headquarters as night police-reporter. At last I had found work that was congenial, where my experiences were of some value.

Unlike the young journalist of the story-books,

I did not bloom into a star reporter overnight. Like every other profession, newspaper work must be learned in the hard school of experience. I am sorry to say that I lost several perfectly good jobs before I mastered the rudiments of my profession. But I persisted, for I liked the work and was anxious to make good.

A year thus passed in Chicago, and then came a severe attack of "road fever." It was as Paddy Walsh had prophesied—the "curse of the meandering foot" was upon me. This time it was complicated by the fact that I was out of work.

At this opportune moment a firm of book-sellers offered me a position with a book-auctioneer, working through the Southern States. Why I should imagine that I could sell books, I do not know, but the job meant wandering, and I had to wander. A few nights later I took the south-bound train with my auctioneer friend.

Our first stop was at St. Louis, where we visited the Exposition. During the afternoon I called on some old friends at the camp of Native Scouts in the Philippine Village. Several of the natives whom I had drilled in the early days of the organization were in this camp. That night I chanced to meet Harry MacDonald, who had soldiered with me on the North Line.

"Tex, you 're the very man I want to see!" he declared. "There is a revolution on in South America, and they want machine-gun men."

We talked it over. It seemed that an expedition was being organized in New Orleans for a rebel-

lion in Venezuela against the dictator, President Castro. General Matos was to head the revolution, and many Americans were going. I was told many harrowing tales of the cruelty of the Castro government.

The same night I journeyed on with my book-selling friend. We worked through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Arkansas. I am afraid that as a book-seller I left much to be desired. The thought of that campaign in South America haunted me. One day I made up my mind to go, and the next morning I was in New Orleans.

I reported to the address given me by MacDonald. It was a firm of Americans doing a brokerage business in South American goods. After standing a rigid cross-examination, I was accepted. Presently I found myself one of a group of filibusters bound south on a tramp steamer. We landed at Colon and trans-shipped to a sailing vessel bound for Venezuela.

Following directions, I reported at a drug-store in Caracas, the national capital, where the secret junta of the revolution held their meetings. I had been instructed in an elaborate system of passwords. Calling for the proprietor, I said:

“Have you any medicine which is good for the fever?”

“When does the fever come on?” he queried.

“At five o’clock in the morning,” I replied, according to instructions.

“What effect does it have on you?” was his next query.

"It closes my mouth and opens my ears and eyes," was my reply.

"Good; come with me," he whispered.

I was escorted into a back room and introduced to several Venezuelan conspirators. It was all most dramatic and mysterious. We talked over plans for the campaign. Much to my disgust, I found that I was the only American who had reported, although several more were expected. Giuseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the Italian Liberator, was already in the field with the insurgents.

The next day I accompanied two guides who escorted me out of the city. We passed many soldiers of the government, and in the outskirts of the city an officer demanded my credentials. This danger had been foreseen, and I was supplied with papers showing that I was a buyer of green hides on a trip to the inland ranches.

Two days later we entered the camp of the insurgents. They were scattered among several little villages hidden in the mountain valleys.

My sense of military order was shocked by the lack of discipline and organization in this bare-footed "Army of Liberty." The size of the companies depended upon the popularity of the leader. There was no attempt at camp sanitation, and few of the commanders made any effort to drill their troops. The camp was infested with volunteer orators who saved the country and blasted Castro at all hours of the day.

For prudence sake, I will not mention the names of the revolutionary leaders. Many of them are

now living in Venezuela, and it might do them an injury to rake up their turbulent past at this late date.

Upon my arrival at headquarters I was received with an enthusiastic welcome. Evidently some busy little press-agent had preceded me with an exaggerated account of my military exploits. I was handed a major's commission and appointed "Chief of Artillery." That title had a high-sounding ring that flattered me. In imagination I could see myself working my batteries and winning fame and fortune in the war against the tyrant.

An officer of the staff escorted me to the section of the camp where our artillery was stationed. Alas, for my dreams of the pomp and pageantry of high command! The "artillery" consisted of one old smooth-bore cannon and two machine-guns. One of the machine-guns had no breech mechanism, and thus proved useless. As ammunition for the cannon, I found a supply of blasting-powder and solid iron shot, but the shot were too large for the bore of the gun. This reduced our artillery to one Colt machine-gun in good order.

When I ordered out my battery for inspection, I found that the troops under my command consisted of ten sandal-shod native soldiers and one extremely drunken little Scotch sailor. This was the outfit I was expected to lead into battle.

The next few days I devoted to cleaning the machine-gun and tuning it up for action. Two of the least stupid of the natives I selected as non-

commissioned officers, and I made a desperate attempt to train them in passing ammunition and filling the belts. After a few attempts I abandoned all hope of getting any service out of the sailor. I have seen some good two-handed drinkers in my time, but that man was the world's champion drunkard.

A few days after my arrival we received marching orders. I was called to headquarters and the campaign was explained to me. It seemed that the revolutionary army had been organized in three columns, of which ours was the largest, numbering about fourteen hundred men. All three columns were to march to the town of Victoria and there unite under the command of General Matos, the leader of the revolution. From Victoria we were to advance on Caracas, the national capital.

It was a motley army that came trailing out of the mountains. Ragged and barefoot, with uniforms of every shade of color and degree of raggedness, our Venezuelans did not look like soldiers on the march. My one machine-gun was packed upon a little pony, with two other ponies to carry the ammunition.

I was glad to be on the move, for there was much sickness in the camp and my old enemy, malarial fever, was again a regular visitor. Four days later we were approaching Victoria. Citizens of the town came out and met our column, assuring us that all was well. One detachment of our forces had already reached the *pueblo*, while the other was expected soon.

As a matter of fact, we were walking straight into a government trap. Both of the columns which were supposed to support us had sold out to the enemy. One of these commands fired into our ranks when the fight began, and the other never appeared on the scene.

Without any semblance of an advance guard or ordinary precaution, our troops came marching down a long lane into Victoria. On either side the muddy road was lined with thatched houses and bamboo fences. It was much like a Filipino town.

Suddenly the government troops and our late allies opened fire on the marching column from both sides of the road. In an instant that road was the scene of a wild panic. Men ran back and forth, seeking cover; officers galloped up and down, shouting contradictory orders. A few of the companies got into action and returned the fire, but the majority of our men stampeded like a bunch of frightened cattle, or hid in the ditches by the roadside.

When the first volley came, I got my gun dismounted and set up at the side of the road. As our men withdrew, the federal soldiers advanced and came into sight down the road. When I opened fire with my gun, the advance halted and the federals again took cover in the jungle. We were fighting an invisible enemy.

Three times I was forced to move the gun, as our men retreated and the federals closed in upon the flanks. Our ammunition was running low, and

I saw there was no chance to bring order to that mob and turn defeat into victory. Several of my men fought well and stayed with me to the finish. Even the drunken little sailor seemed to enjoy the fight.

We were moving the gun for the fourth time, when the two men I had detailed to carry the tripod, concluded to resign their job. I don't know what they did with that tripod, but I believe they threw it into the muddy ditch and departed for the rear.

My gun was now useless. I had been carrying it on my back, and it is no joke to pack a heavy machine-gun through a hot, steaming jungle with bullets splashing mud about you. Finally I decided to join the majority and depart from that spot. Taking the breech mechanism from the gun, I thrust it inside my shirt and threw the useless gun into the ditch.

If the government troops had been trained soldiers, there would have been a wholesale massacre on that road. Our column was a disorganized mob, without semblance of formation. In a few minutes the command had scattered into small bands, fleeing in every direction except toward the enemy. About three hundred of our men were killed. If the federals had followed us up at once, probably the entire force would have been killed or captured.

My friend Garibaldi happened to be with a group of officers who were surrounded and captured. Several of the officers were executed, but

he was saved by the timely intervention of the Italian consul-general.

For many days we hid in the jungle, while companies of federals searched the villages and roads. I had been identified, and a price had been set on my head. The night after the battle I found myself with a squad of about ten men under Lieutenant Contreras, a young Venezuelan who had been educated at Notre Dame University.

The great majority of the poor people sympathized with our cause. They sheltered us in the villages, brought us food, and warned us of the approach of the federals. We were forced to move our camping-ground almost daily. Gradually our little squad scattered, until only Contreras and my sergeant remained with me. I learned later that the little Scotch sailor, with the proverbial luck of a drunken man, had escaped to British Guiana.

My condition was desperate. At any time I was liable to be betrayed for the reward. A lone white man in the Venezuelan hinterland is as noticeable as a Zulu war-chief on Broadway. The revolution had been abandoned and the leaders had left the country.

Deciding that the boldest course was the best, I announced my intention of going to Caracas, the national capital, and there seeking assistance in making my escape from the country. After a long discussion, Contreras decided that this would be the best plan. My sergeant, however, flatly refused to set foot within the enemy's lines.

Contreras seemed to have friends in every village. After several days' hiking we approached the city. Sentries were stationed on every road, but we were told that since the battle of Victoria the guard had been very lax. We slipped into the city under guidance of a friendly native, and mingled with a throng of countrymen bringing their produce to market.

By this time I might have passed for a native, if it had not been for my unusual size. I have often had occasion to regret those long legs of mine. After we had safely arrived within the city, we decided to separate. Contreras had friends living in Caracas who would care for him. I proposed to hunt up the drug-store where the insurrecto junta had held their secret meetings. We parted, agreeing to meet at the drug-store the next day.

Having received careful directions from Contreras, I soon found the drug-store. Entering, I approached the proprietor and said:

"Have you any medicine that is good for a fever? And this time it is no pass-word I am giving you. It is medicine I want."

"Name of God!" he whispered. "Why do you come here? Don't you know that you put my life in danger? They will shoot me, if you are found here. Go quickly, before you are recognized!"

"Did you ever stop to consider that my life is also in danger?" I queried. "They will also shoot me, if they find me here or any other place. You were one of the patriots who got me into this; now

you must get me out. I want something to eat, a bath, and about eight hours' sleep. You and your friends may settle the details of my escape while I slumber. Get busy now, and take good care of me, or we will go to the adobe wall together."

Never was any one more solicitous about my health than that druggist. He concealed me in a little room opening off the *patio* back of the drugstore. For three days I lived in lonely state, while he arranged to smuggle me out of the country. At length he announced that he had secured passage for me on a British tramp-steamer sailing from Porto Cabello.

The details of my trip from Caracas to Porto Cabello and thence to Kingston, Jamaica, must remain untold. Several Americans assisted me, and these men are still doing business in Venezuela. My friend, the druggist, was plainly overjoyed when he turned me over to the Americans who staged the last act of my escape. He certainly believed in speeding the parting guest.

At Kingston I secured passage on an American boat to Galveston, Texas. It was exactly six weeks from the day when I had departed from New Orleans with high hopes of leading a conquering host through the streets of Caracas. As a war, it was a failure. All that I had gained from the expedition was a little more experience and a beautiful engraved commission as major in the revolutionary army.

As it was necessary to at once take up the bur-

den of earning a living, I got into communication with my friend, the book-auctioneer. I located him at Mt. Pleasant, Texas, and again took to the road. After a tour of northern Texas, I decided to quit the book business and secured a position as reporter on the "San Antonio Gazette." While in San Antonio an event occurred which has had a tendency to check my wanderings. I decided to marry and settle down. My wife was a playmate of my childhood, from San Saba, Texas.

During the next few years of my career I worked in various newspaper offices in Chicago, St. Louis, and San Antonio. In that time I held every position in the editorial department of a newspaper, from cub reporter to managing-editor. There is little to tell of that period, except that I was very happy and that for a time the old love of wandering seemed to have deserted me.

While managing-editor of the "San Antonio Light," however, I had one little experience which came as a welcome vacation. At that time San Antonio was obsessed by the "town boosting" idea. Some publicity-man conceived the idea of sending a cowboy courier on horseback across country, carrying a message from the governor of Texas to President Taft. It was necessary to find a newspaper man who could also ride a horse. I was offered the job.

It was originally planned that I should ride from San Antonio to Washington, and there deliver my message at the White House. Two

weeks after I started, the President announced that he would make a tour of the country extending to the Pacific Coast. It would be impossible for me to reach Washington before his departure. The plans for my ride were therefore changed, and the President agreed to give me an audience upon his arrival in Chicago. The time was short, and it was necessary for me to stay on the road almost day and night.

The day before the President's arrival found me in Joliet, Ill., forty miles from Chicago. I rode all night, and the next morning arrived at the Annex Hotel at the same hour as the President's train drew into the depot. That afternoon I delivered the message—an invitation to visit Texas—at the West Side baseball park, where the "Cubs" were playing the New York "Giants" in the critical game of the world-championship series.

President Taft gave me a cordial reception and insisted that I be given a seat with the presidential party. Later I was told that it was a wonderful game. I am sorry that I did not see more of it. Wearied by my night ride and the many night rides that had gone before, I sat behind the President and fell sound asleep, with my head on the shoulder of Joe Murphy, a Secret Service man who was acting as President Taft's body-guard.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER the comic opera revolution in Venezuela, I had thought that my days as a soldier were over. Destiny, however, had willed that I should again take the field with a foreign army.

In 1910 I was living on a ranch near Sanderson, in West Texas. My health had not been of the best, and I had gone back to the range to recuperate. I had many acquaintances among the Mexicans along the border, and I heard much talk of an impending revolution against President Porfirio Diaz.

As it happened, I chanced to be in San Antonio when the news of the first fighting in the state of Chihuahua was received. The superintendent of the southern division of the Associated Press was in the city, and I was offered a position as correspondent on the border.

Through my Mexican friends I soon got in touch with the insurrectos. The day after Christmas I left Sanderson and took the train for Comstock, Texas, where a party of insurgents were gathering. A few days later I crossed the Rio Grande with a party of eighteen Mexicans.

For a few days we rode through the ranches of northern Coahuila, collecting horses and enlist-

ing recruits. We then returned to our starting-point on the Rio Grande south of Comstock, expecting to meet a party of recruits. Our company now numbered forty men. The morning after our arrival twenty of the party were sent to a neighboring ranch for horses.

We were lying about the camp, resting after our days of hard riding, when a scout rode in with the information that the *federales* were approaching. The federal soldiers numbered one hundred and fifty, consisting of a detachment of *rurales* and a company of cavalry.

Our men took up their position along a little *arroyo*. Our position was on high ground, looking down upon a barren plain across which the soldiers must approach. One of the Mexican cowboys was sent to overtake the detachment of twenty men who had left that morning. Our leader, who carried the funds for our expenses, decided that this was an opportune moment to disappear. This left us with only eighteen men to face one hundred and fifty.

About an hour after the time the alarm was given, we saw the *rurales* approaching. They were on foot, scattered across the plain, and were following our trail. Lying concealed in the *arroyo*, we waited until they drew near. That little bunch of Mexicans were good fighting men. They were all cowboys who had been recruited from ranches on the American side of the border.

The *rurales* were within two hundred yards before the first shot was fired. Then the fight be-



PART OF THE FOREIGN COMPANY COMMANDED BY MAJOR O'REILLY IN MEXICO

This picture shows the machine-gun used in the Battle of Santa Rosalia

gan in lively fashion. The *federales* were in the open, and we had cover, so that we had the best of the argument, despite our inferiority in numbers.

I was squatting on the edge of a sand-bank, shooting from behind the cover of a scrub *mesquite* bush. Twice the federals charged, and twice we drove them back. We held tight, hoping that our reinforcements would arrive in time.

I was reloading my Winchester, when suddenly I felt myself falling. A slice of the sand-bank had caved in, dropping me about fifteen feet to the river-bank below. For a moment I was stunned by the fall; then I realized that I was lying in plain view of the *rurales*. Their bullets were kicking up the sand around me, and one bullet dashed the sand into my eyes and mouth.

At the time I firmly believed that I was wounded. My left arm hung helpless, and I had a pain in my head. About fifty yards from where I lay, a cow-trail cut into the bank. It led to the *mesa* above. Seizing my rifle, I ran for that trail. When I had gone into the fight, I had hooked my quirt on a cartridge in my belt. As I ran for the protection of this trail, the quirt wrapped itself around my legs and I sprawled in the sand.

"Hit again!" I said to myself, but I scrambled to my feet and ran on. Panting, I dropped behind the bank of the trail and lay for a few seconds gasping for breath. I then proceeded to look for wounds. A trickle of blood was dripping down the back of my neck. Investigating, I found only a slight abrasion of the scalp. In falling, the

sight of my rifle had struck me on the head, cutting the scalp. The pain in my shoulder was due to a sprain. After a careful search I was pleasantly surprised to discover that I was not wounded.

After a few minutes' rest I climbed the trail and again took my position in the line. Five minutes later I was wounded in the left leg by a Mauser bullet. It was a flesh wound just above the knee, and did not put me out of action.

For four hours that little bunch of cowboys held back the federal soldiers. As darkness came on the federals retreated and went into camp three miles back. We had won the fight, but at a heavy cost. Of the eighteen men who fought that day, three were killed and seven were wounded.

We knew that reinforcements for the federals would probably arrive that night, so that it was necessary for us to seek a healthier location. The other half of our troop came up after dark, but they were too late to take part in the fight.

We worked late that night, transferring our wounded to the American bank of the Rio Grande and burying our dead. One man, named Manuel Martinez, had been shot through the body and had crawled into a cave before he died. We missed him in the darkness. The next morning the federals discovered his body and cremated it at the ford.

From official reports we later learned that the federals had suffered a loss of twenty-two killed, seven who died later from their wounds, and

thirty-one wounded. That little squad of eighteen men certainly gave a good account of themselves.

That night I walked thirteen miles across the range to Comstock, arriving at dawn. The same morning I put my story to the Associated Press on the telegraph wire, had my leg bandaged, and then treated myself to a needed sleep.

After a few days' rest I was ordered to Ojinaga on the Chihuahua border, where the insurrectos were developing a strong movement. Upon my arrival in Presidio, on the Texas side, I secured a Mexican guide. Riding across the river, we joined the forces of Colonels José de la Cruz Sanchez and Toribio Ortega, which were camped in the village of San Juan.

Some days later we moved to the town of Mulato on the Rio Grande, twenty miles below Ojinaga. General Luque, the federal commander at Ojinaga, made an attack on Mulato, but after a two days' fight he was routed by the insurrectos.

For several months the insurgents campaigned around Ojinaga, and finally they laid siege to the town. The trenches were drawn in a semicircle about the *pueblo*, an effort being made to starve out the garrison. The great handicap of the insurgents was lack of ammunition. They would stage an attack for a few hours, and then be forced to withdraw for lack of ammunition. American gun-runners and smugglers kept the insurgents supplied with munitions. Many agents of the big American ammunition factories violated the neutrality law by smuggling these munitions.

After a two months' siege of Ojinaga we learned that another force of federals, under General Gordillo Esquedero, was approaching from the city of Chihuahua. Three hundred and fifty men, commanded by Colonel Sanchez, went out into the desert to meet them. I accompanied this column.

At Cuesta la Gato, a place where the trail winds into the mountains, we halted and awaited the coming of the federals. Our position was ideal. Before us stretched a flat plain, while on our right rose a steep cliff.

The federals arrived on the second day after our arrival. Included in the federal force were about eighty Pima Indians, accustomed to mountain fighting. After a long-distance artillery bombardment, which did no damage, the federals charged. They came on to the foot of the hill, but the steady fire of the concealed insurrectos was too much for them. They retreated, but their officers kept the troops in good order.

We were just congratulating ourselves on a victory when something unexpected happened. Those Pima Indians had climbed the cliff on our right, the cliff we had believed unclimbable. They opened fire on our flank. It was the enemy who now held the high ground, and our position was exposed.

I had just looked down the line along the hill-crest, and every man was crouched in his place. My next glance showed me that the insurrecto army had decided to leave that spot without ceremony. They were scrambling down the hillside



ABRAM GONZALES, GOVERNOR OF CHIHUAHUA

Major O'Reilly was an officer on his staff. Later Governor Gonzales was killed by order of General Huerta. His hands and feet were tied and he was thrown under the wheels of a moving train

for their horses, which were tied in the *canoncita* below.

I never liked to be with the minority, so I decided to run with the army. Upon reaching the ravine, I found that my saddle-mule, my favorite mount in the mountains, had been killed. Stopping only to remove the canteen and extra cartridge-belt from the saddle, I started out across that plain on foot. On all sides I could see my late companions whipping their horses, headed due north.

Now, as I have stated in a previous chapter, I prided myself on being a foot-racer. On that little jaunt across the prairie, with the bullets of the federals whining above my head, I am convinced that I broke all existing records. I ran so fast that I outran my breath.

"I am going to take a minute's rest, if I have to fight the whole Mexican army," I thought, and seated myself on a mound of earth.

By this time the federals had mounted one of their machine-guns on the crest of the hill. Perhaps I was the nearest or most conspicuous object in the landscape. At any rate, they trained that gun on me. A storm of bullets kicked up the dust about six feet from where I was sitting. I must admit that I got up and ran another mile before I knew I had started.

For three days I wandered on foot through the mountains, trying to reach the Rio Grande. During that time I subsisted on one lean old jack-rabbit which I shot with my pistol. When I ar-

rived at Mulato, I found the greater part of the insurgent forces gathered there. The siege of Ojinaga had been lifted.

Our next move was an advance on Santa Rosalia, on the railroad south of Chihuahua. A number of American filibusters had joined our outfit by this time, and we had one machine-gun. They were a wild, undisciplined crowd, who objected to obeying orders. Finally General Antonio Villaréal, who was now in command, told the so-called "Foreign Legion" that they might elect their own officers, who would be held accountable for their conduct. When the votes were counted, I had been elected captain of the outfit, and "Death Valley Slim," an old-time Western character, had been selected as lieutenant.

The federals were well intrenched in Santa Rosalia. Our forces made a daylight attack, blazing the way with hand-grenades made of old tin cans filled with dynamite and scrap-iron. For two days we fought from house to house, burrowing through adobe walls and driving the enemy toward the plaza. They were fortified on the church roof and on roofs of high buildings around the plaza which commanded the streets.

On the morning of the third day we captured a building which had a high cupola. Hoisting the machine-gun to the cupola, we prepared to dispute the plaza. One of our best men, Jerry Riggs, was killed in getting this gun mounted. James Bulger, who operated the gun, was wounded in the leg before the gun was well in action.

It was then my turn to try my hand. Twenty minutes after I got the gun in working order the federals were driven from their vantage points on the roofs and our men closed in on the plaza. An hour later the town surrendered.

There was a wild scene in Santa Rosalia that night. The peons plundered the municipal offices, piling cart-loads of old land-records in the plaza and touching a match to the pile. While the records were burning the peons danced about, shouting, "They can never take our homes away from us again!"

They believed that by burning these records they had destroyed the government claim on their land. This land question is at the bottom of all the recent revolutionary troubles in Mexico.

The day after the surrender of Santa Rosalia we learned of the capture of Juarez and the flight of President Diaz from Mexico. The revolution had won.

The next week I entered the state capital as the body-guard of Abram Gonzales, provisional governor. Governor Gonzales was one of the finest men I have known in Mexico. He was educated in St. Louis, and was Americanized in thought and view-point. Two years later he was killed by orders of General Huerta, the dictator. His captors tied his hands and feet and threw him under the wheels of a moving train.

Upon our arrival in the city I was appointed a captain on the governor's staff. Everything seemed rosy. We were the visitors, and looked

forward to a period of peace and prosperity. We little thought that this was only the beginning of the fighting.

My part in the drama was just beginning. For five years I was to hike and fight over the mountains and *llanos* of Mexico. Other leaders were to rise and fall. Pancho Villa, General Obregon, Zapata, and Carranza were to hold the national capital, and it was to be my fate to accompany them all.

As these leaders have captured the public imagination, I propose to tell of my experiences with each separately.

CHAPTER XXVI

PANCHO VILLA, as much a Man of Destiny as Napoleon, recently graduated from a hunted fugitive to the command of an army of 40,000 men, was seated on the velvet cushions of his private car holding his daily court. Grouped about him were members of his famous body-guard, cronies of his bandit days, newspapermen, a special agent of the United States Government, a Yankee "drummer" with a carload of cheap shoes to sell, and the generals of his staff.

He had that day arrived at Aguascalientes, and trainload after trainload of his soldiers were bumping down the main track, southward bound for the campaign against Carranza. He was talking of President Wilson, for whom, at that time, he professed a great admiration.

"Tell me," he asked in the *pelado* (Spanish-Indian) dialect which is his only language, "how is it that President Wilson can understand the sorrows of the people when he has never even been in jail?"

His queries were interrupted by an officer of his staff, saluting timidly from the car door. Behind the officer stood two frightened soldiers, their hands bound behind their backs.

"Mi general," reported the officer, "here are

the two men who broke into the milk-seller's *casa* and attacked his daughter."

Villa sat silent a moment, crouched in his seat. As he gazed at the trembling prisoners, his expression changed from smiling good-nature to savage ferocity. His eyes opened wide and seemed literally about to pop from his head.

Jumping to his feet with a characteristic cat-like quickness, he drew his pistol and for a second seemed intent on killing the accused men in the doorway. Suddenly thrusting the pistol back into its holster, he leaped forward and struck one of the soldiers a blow with his open hand.

"You dogs! You wear the uniform of the Army of Liberty and you make war on the helpless people! You are no better than the soldiers of the Federales. Take them out and give them a volley."

Hastily the officer hustled the prisoners down the car steps. Villa stood for a moment as if drunk with fury, shouting profanity hysterically at the offending soldiers; then, turning back to his seat, his face was again transformed by the good-natured smile.

"Tell me more about your president. I like him very much. Is it true that he has never had a fight? How can a man lead men if he has never won fights?"

Even as he talked we heard a volley from the nearby roundhouse, and glancing out of the window could see the two soldiers fall dead before the rifles of the firing squad. General Villa never

wavered an instant in his conversation, asking question after question.

The incident gave a picture of General Francisco Villa—his endless questioning, his championship of the peons, his ruthless brutality to all who opposed him.

Three years before I had first met Pancho Villa, when he rode into the camp of Francisco I. Madero at the head of his picturesque troop of bandits and cowboys. A few weeks after the incident above recorded I saw him ride into Mexico City at the head of an army of 45,000 soldiers, master of Mexico.

American people make the error of judging Villa by American standards. He is the last of the great Indian chieftains. His ideals are the semi-barbarous ideals of the Indian. All his life he has been fighting against oppression, which in Mexico meant fighting against the law.

Whatever we may think of the character of the man, it must be conceded that he is the idol of the peon class, the *pelados*, and the *pelado* is armed and in the saddle for the first time in his history. As long as Villa lives, with the recently born hatred of the "gringo" in his heart, he will be a menace to the peace of our country.

By the sheer force of his personality he rose in a few years from a mountain outlaw with a price on his head to the conqueror of Mexico. For a time he was the favorite of our administration. The ports he controlled were kept open for the importation of munitions of war. A special rep-

representative of the United States Government traveled constantly with him, and a swarm of flattering concession-seekers flocked around him. Now he is again the proscribed outlaw, and he blames his downfall on the United States.

For over six years he has been the most spectacular figure in the public eye. Swashbuckling into the daily news at the beginning of the Madero rebellion against Diaz in 1911, he has held the center of the stage in the popular imagination.

We see him leading his ragged followers to victory against trained soldiers. Again, he is arrested by General Huerta, stood before a firing squad and condemned to death. Saved by a seeming miracle, he is imprisoned in Mexico City. Escaping from prison, he becomes a fugitive along the American border. Crossing the Rio Grande with nine followers, he organized an army of peons and crushed Huerta, the dictator. His career would supply material for a hundred lurid romances.

General Villa had promised to give me the story of his life for publication. Frequently we started the task, but his talk would be the same old tirade against the cruelty of the landowners and very little about himself. However, I succeeded in gathering a few stories of his early life. One will illustrate the cause of his popularity with the peons.

Squatting on his heels by the campfire, a gaudy Indian blanket draped around his shoulders, he was engaged in his favorite recreation, profanely



PRESIDENT MADERO AND HIS STAFF, TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF JUAREZ

Three of the men in the picture later became presidents of Mexico, and two became vice-presidents. General Orozco, with his hand on Madero's chair, led a counter-revolution against the government a few months later.

abusing General Luis Terrazas, former governor of Chihuahua, and Villa's most hated enemy.

"Did I tell you, Tejano [Texan], of the time I got the silver of the old gray fox, and the joke I played on myself?"

Gesticulating, scowling, and laughing by turns, his voice pitched in the high falsetto which was his usual tone when excited, he told the tale. His sentences were short and jerky.

"My friends of the ranchitos had told me about the silver. It was going to one of the Terrazas haciendas. That's why I waited in the hills. The driver of the wagon shot at me, but I got the silver. It was about six thousand pesos, too heavy for my horse.

"That night I must ride many leagues. There were many who would make dried meat of Pancho Villa. So I hid half of the pesos under a rock.

"Then I saw another wagon coming. There were two women and a driver. I said, 'These people are poor. Like all in Chihuahua, they, too, have suffered from this villain of a governor I have taxed. Perhaps I may never see the silver I have hidden under the rock. So I will give it to these poor people. It may make many families happy, and feed the little muchachos.'

"So I ran my horse in front of the coach. And I told them this that I have said. Then I gave them the pesos. I said, 'Use this to get out of the clutches of old Terrazas.' They thanked me, but they were very much afraid, because I was Pancho Villa. Then I rode to the Sierras."

Slapping his leg and roaring with laughter, Villa continued:

“Do you know, Tejano, what I found days after? I had given the silver to a daughter of Terrazas! My friends laughed at me for a fool.”

Many of these stories of Villa's liberality to the peons are true. He robbed from the rich and gave to the poor. This has been the custom of many of the great leaders of revolutions.

It was in the early days of the Madero revolution, January, 1911, that Villa first rode into the headlines of Mexican history. He had gathered several hundred mountaineers and *vaqueros* and offered his services to Madero. Always impatient of restraint, he had operated alone, moving like a phantom about the state of Chihuahua, attacking small garrisons of federals and raiding ranches.

It was after the capture of Juarez, opposite El Paso, Texas, by the Maderista forces, that I first met him. We were introduced by General Toribio Ortega, afterward one of his most trusted generals. The ex-bandit leader was an eye-filling picture. He wore the immense gold-braided sombrero of the Mexican *vaquero*, tight-fitting leather leggings, two revolvers, and cross-belts of rifle cartridges.

After the victory at Juarez, Villa proved that it was impossible for him to take orders. He quarreled with General Orozco, because Orozco had been given superior rank. Colonel Giuseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the Italian liberator, who

has since laid down his life in the trenches in France, also aroused his enmity.

During the battle Villa had sworn that he would kill General Navarro, the federal commander, with his own pistol. President Madero liberated Navarro after the surrender and sent him to safety on the American side of the Rio Grande. Villa flew into one of his unreasoning passions and vowed vengeance on Garibaldi, who had personally accepted General Navarro's surrender. In his blind rage Villa followed Garibaldi over the river to El Paso, vowing to kill him on sight. He found the young Italian standing unarmed in the lobby of the Hotel Sheldon. Walking cat-like, with hand opened stiffly by his pistol holster, Villa advanced toward his intended victim.

At that moment a little blue-eyed American stepped before him and held up his hand. It was Mayor Kelly of El Paso, a noted border character.

"Villa, you're in the wrong town. Give me your pistol."

"No man but myself has ever touched that pistol," shouted Villa.

"Get back through that door," calmly answered Mayor Kelly, pointing toward the entrance to a haberdasher's shop which opened into the lobby.

"There are women and children here."

Villa stepped backward into the shop.

"Give me that gun and get out of town! Do you think you can raid El Paso?" quietly demanded the mayor.

Villa glared about him. He saw several big-hatted Texas cowboys posed in the doorway. Seeming to realize that his foot was off his native desert, he handed his gun to the valiant little official, strode from the shop and, jumping into a carriage, drove back to Juarez.

A few days later we entered the state capital, Chihuahua. President Diaz had fled the country. Madero was on his triumphal journey to Mexico City. Abram Gonzales had been appointed provisional governor of Chihuahua and had commissioned me a captain on his staff. It was during the peace celebration that I again saw Villa. No longer the leather-clad cowboy, he was dressed in American clothes, carefully barbered and pomaded, his Mongolian mustache close clipped.

One of his sweethearts, Luz Corral, had befriended him in one of his numerous escapades. He had come to lead her to the altar in the ancient cathedral.

Sixteen years before Villa had fled from Chihuahua a hunted outlaw. Now a throng of high officials gathered in the cathedral and attended his wedding feast.

He was a bandit no more. Pardoned by Madero for his offense against the law, Villa was now a colonel in the army, a man of position. Also he had been rewarded for his work in the rebellion by a gift of the *rastro* or slaughter-house concession, in Chihuahua.

This period of peace was short-lived. Madero had hardly taken his seat as the elected president

of Mexico when a counter-insurrection was started. Emilio Campa and Inez Salazar led a revolt in western Chihuahua and marched on the state capital. General Orozco, the state commander, deserted Madero and joined the new movement.

Villa fled from Chihuahua back to his native mountains and in a few weeks was again at the head of a band of his old-time followers. Then followed the campaign against the Orozco forces, or "red flaggers," as they were called.

President Madero appointed General Salas to command the army moving from Torreon to recapture Chihuahua. Salas was defeated at the battle of Rellano, and committed suicide that night.

In this battle the insurrectos used a spectacular trick to block the federal troop-trains. An old switch engine was made into a flying land-torpedo. Boxes of dynamite were piled on the cowcatcher. The lever of the whistle was tied down, and, screaming like a maddened animal, the wild engine was started on the down grade toward the advancing troop-trains. There was a collision, a terrific explosion; scores of soldiers were killed and the railroad was blocked by the wreckage.

To succeed General Salas, President Madero selected an old retired general who had not been in active service for several years. Some malignant fate seemed to prompt the choice, for the man placed at the head of the armies was General Victoriano Huerta, who was afterward to

turn on his benefactor and make himself dictator of Mexico.

Pancho Villa at this time was following his usual tactics. He was constantly on the move, striking the rebels again and again and escaping when the odds were against him. Finally he circled the right wing of Orozco's army and captured Parral, an important mining town.

Generals Campa and Salazar at once moved to recapture the town. Although hopelessly outnumbered, Villa defended the place for three days and then escaped with his band.

It was at this fight that my friend Tom Fountain, of New Mexico, was murdered. Tom had been fighting with Villa, operating a machine-gun. He tarried too long in the retreat and was captured by the Orozco forces. The next morning Tom was taken from the adobe house where he was imprisoned and led into the street. An officer handed him a silver dollar, saying:

"See that Chino restaurant down the street? Go buy your breakfast and return."

Tom walked down the street toward the restaurant. A dozen grinning officers were lined up on the sidewalks. At a signal they drew their revolvers and began shooting. Poor Tom Fountain, an unarmed prisoner of war in uniform, was shot down like a rabbit, to give sport to a group of drink-crazed Mexican officers. This is common custom among the Mexicans. It is known as the *ley de fuga*, or fugitive law.

Pancho Villa was a thorn in the side of General Huerta. The ex-bandit was hated by the officers of the old Diaz army, because he had killed several of their companions in private war. Also Villa was ignoring Huerta's commands and conducting his campaign according to his own ideas. Finally Villa condescended to report to Huerta's headquarters at Jiménez. It came near costing him his life.

Huerta immediately put Villa under arrest and condemned him to death. Although there was no trial, a list of charges was made public. Villa was accused of looting the stores of Parral, of robbing non-combatants and refusing to obey the orders of his superior officers. Many of these charges were probably true, as Villa was ever a law unto himself.

As it happened, I was in Jiménez at the time, although I did not actually witness the attempted execution of Villa. According to eye-witnesses, Villa had confronted General Huerta and denounced him. It was a dramatic meeting between the old army officer, who was soon to seize the government and set himself up as dictator, and the unlettered cowboy who was to break the backbone of his power and drive him into exile.

After the interview Villa was marched to a nearby adobe corral by a firing squad. Villa took his stand against the adobe wall and the soldiers of the squad loaded their rifles. The boy lieutenant in charge drew his sword and was about to

give the command to fire, which would have ended the career of Pancho Villa and changed the history of Mexico.

At that moment Villa took a step forward, saluted the lieutenant, and said:

“Two minutes will not make much difference. May I speak to General Emilio Madero? I saw him just outside the corral.”

The lieutenant hesitated a moment, then ordered his soldiers to lower their rifles, and granted the request. Emilio Madero was summoned, and to him Villa made an appeal for his life.

The Maderos were always friendly to Villa. The ex-bandit's love of President Francisco Madero was one of the moving motives of his life. Emilio Madero ordered the officer of the firing squad to delay the execution fifteen minutes. Calling his friend, General Trucey Aubert, the two hurried to Huerta's office and argued against the killing of Villa.

Finally Huerta grudgingly consented, and ordered Villa sent to Belen Prison in Mexico City, a prisoner in irons. Later, when Villa was sweeping the armies of Huerta like stampeded cattle before him, the old general made the remark:

“The greatest mistake a soldier can make is to show mercy to his enemies.”

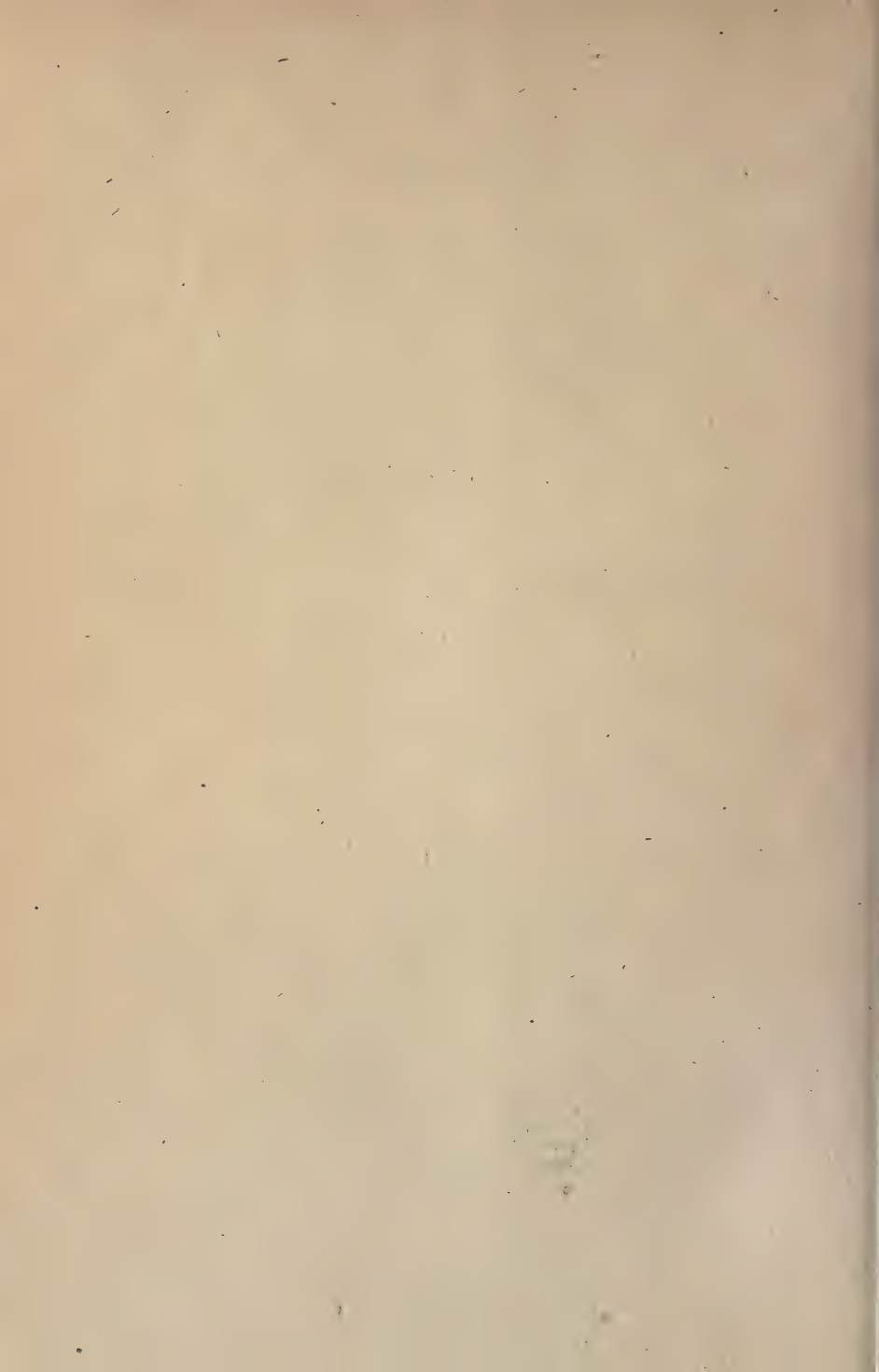
For months Villa suffered the torments of Belen, one of the worst infernos of punishment in the world. It was during his imprisonment that



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GENERAL VILLA BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD, SENTENCED TO DEATH

The picture was taken at the moment when he was asking the young lieutenant for permission to say farewell to Emilio Madero. Madero saved Villa's life. Later he defected Huerta, who sentenced him and drove him into exile



he learned to write his name, laboriously practicing it letter by letter on the walls of his cell.

Orozco was defeated, and his forces scattered like quail in the mountains of Chihuahua and Sonora. Huerta returned to Mexico City and was placed at the head of Madero's armies, as a reward for his success.

Villa had many friends among the government officials at the national capital. They remembered his efficient work for the revolution. His escape was arranged, and he was smuggled out of Mexico, in the garments of a laborer, to Havana, Cuba. From there his passage was paid to Galveston, Texas, and then to El Paso.

These were dark days for the former war chief. An exile from his native mountains, penniless, he was forced to live on the charity of poor laborers who befriended him. The city police discovered that he was in the city and warned him that he would be arrested if he appeared on the streets. By day he would hide in a dark room back of a little shop in the Mexican quarter. At night he would take long walks along the country roads of the valley.

Then came the *Decina Trajica* in Mexico City. Felix Diaz, a nephew of the old dictator, aided by General Bernardo Reyes, escaped from prison and led a revolt in the streets against President Madero. Madero put his faith in General Huerta. After desperate fighting in the streets of the capital, Huerta betrayed his benefactor and joined

forces with the insurgents. Madero was murdered, and public announcement was made that he had resigned before his death. Felix Diaz, the leader of the revolt, was ignored, and the army proclaimed Huerta provisional president.

For a few days the country seemed stunned by the tragedy. The army and reactionary element seized the power in most of the states. Abram Gonzales, governor of Chihuahua, and my best friend in Mexico, was arrested and placed on a train bound for Mexico City. A few miles out from the state capital, his hands and feet were tied with ropes and he was thrown under the wheels of the moving train. Abram Gonzales was a true patriot and a friend of the people. He was a graduate of the Christian Brothers College in St. Louis, and had practiced law in the United States.

Then came news of a counter-revolt against Huerta the usurper. Venustiano Carranza, governor of Coahuila, had taken the field against him. In Sonora Lieutenant-Colonel Alvaro Obregon had revolted with the garrison of Agua Prieta. Other leaders also took the field in many states. In Morelos Emiliano Zapata was already fighting the soldiers of Huerta.

Pancho Villa saw that there was work to do. He had no money to buy guns or horses, but an Italian who knew him came to the rescue with a loan of \$500. Villa gathered together some of his former followers, most of them men who had been his comrades in his freebooter days, and rode

across the Rio Grande near the El Paso smelter. In this little expedition were nine men, eight horses, ten rifles and a pack mule. The commissary consisted of two sacks of flour, three kilos of beans, and a ten-pound can of lard.

For a time Villa disappeared into the desert, sending out runners to his former captains. His mountaineer friends flocked to him, and soon he was again on the warpath. Moving like a whirlwind through the western and southern districts of Chihuahua, he captured town after town, only to abandon them as soon as he had confiscated supplies and money from the wealthy inhabitants. This is another secret of Villa's popularity. He forced the rich to pay, but lifted the burden of taxation from the poor in the districts he controlled.

At this time I was with the Yaqui Indians under General Obregon, in Sonora, and did not see Villa again until he was master of the state of Chihuahua. Finally he captured the mining town of Parral, where he found rich pickings, and a short time later staggered the federals by capturing Torreon, the most important railroad center of northern Mexico.

After replenishing his treasury he again disappeared in the desert without attempting to combat the Huerta troops which were hurrying to attack him. It is a fact that at this stage of the insurrection Villa armed and equipped his soldiers almost exclusively with munitions captured from the enemy.

For weeks Villa disappeared and no news was received of his movements. This was one of the reasons for his success—his driving energy and the remarkable mobility of his forces.

CHAPTER XXVII

SUDDENLY, after the disappearance of Villa, who was not heard of for weeks, the whole country was electrified by one of the most spectacular strategic feats of modern warfare. While Villa was lost, he had been making a great circling movement through the desert from the south to the north of Chihuahua. His object was to capture Juarez and secure an entry port from the United States.

One day, half a dozen cowboys rode up to the little railroad station of Moctezuma and dragged the telegraph operator from his desk before he had time to flash a warning. A few minutes later Villa and his band appeared. A number of telegraph operators had enlisted under him, and one of these was placed at the key. Almost without interruption the routine work of the office continued.

Villa learned that the regular daily train was due to arrive at Moctezuma in a few minutes. When it rolled into the station, his soldiers took possession without a shot being fired. The passengers were ordered to leave the coaches and Villa filled the cars with his men. A group of trusted men were stationed on the engine, and the train proceeded on its regular schedule. At every

station the men on the engine, supposed to be the regular guards, would stroll into the operator's room and pull him from the key. He would be replaced by a Villa operator, and the train would proceed.

So complete was the success of the scheme that the federal garrisons at Chihuahua or Juarez never suspected the ruse. The regular train was proceeding toward the border in regular fashion, its arrival and departure being properly reported at every station. Villa even succeeded in turning back a troop train from Chihuahua by reporting a burned bridge.

That evening the train drew into the station at Juarez. The federal garrison was scattered about the town, many of them enjoying themselves at the bull-fight, when the harmless-appearing train disgorged a thousand shooting, yelling soldiers, who swept through the streets, killing every man in uniform. In twenty minutes Villa was master of the town. This victory gave new life to the rebellion. Recruits flocked to the standard of Pancho Villa. General Toribio Ortega rode into Juarez and offered his service with fifteen hundred men from eastern Chihuahua.

An incident which occurred at Jiménez shows the Indian stoicism of Villa. For weeks he had been troubled by an ingrowing toe-nail, which caused him intense pain. Dr. Rusk, an American physician in whom Villa had great confidence, happened to be in Jiménez, waiting for a train; and the general sent for him. Dr. Rusk informed

him that it would be necessary to jerk the nail out with forceps, by the roots, as a tooth is drawn.

"It is one of the most painful operations known," said the doctor. "You must wait until to-morrow night, when I will have some cocaine from Chihuahua."

"Never mind the medicine. Do it now," ordered Villa.

Dr. Rusk split the nail down the middle and pulled each half from the flesh. It must have caused the most excruciating agony. During the operation I watched Villa's face, and he did not betray the slightest emotion but continued talking to one of his secretaries.

Villa knew that he must soon fight a more important battle. As long as they held Juarez, the federal garrisons at Chihuahua and the greater part of north Mexico drew their supplies from the United States through Juarez. Villa had closed the door.

It was a time of harvest for the ammunition-runners. The embargo on munitions of war was being enforced, and ammunition was contraband. As border sentiment favored Villa, however, it was easy to get ammunition as long as the smugglers received the extortionate prices they demanded. It came in piano cases, buried in cars of coal and packed in cases of canned goods. The army was soon ready.

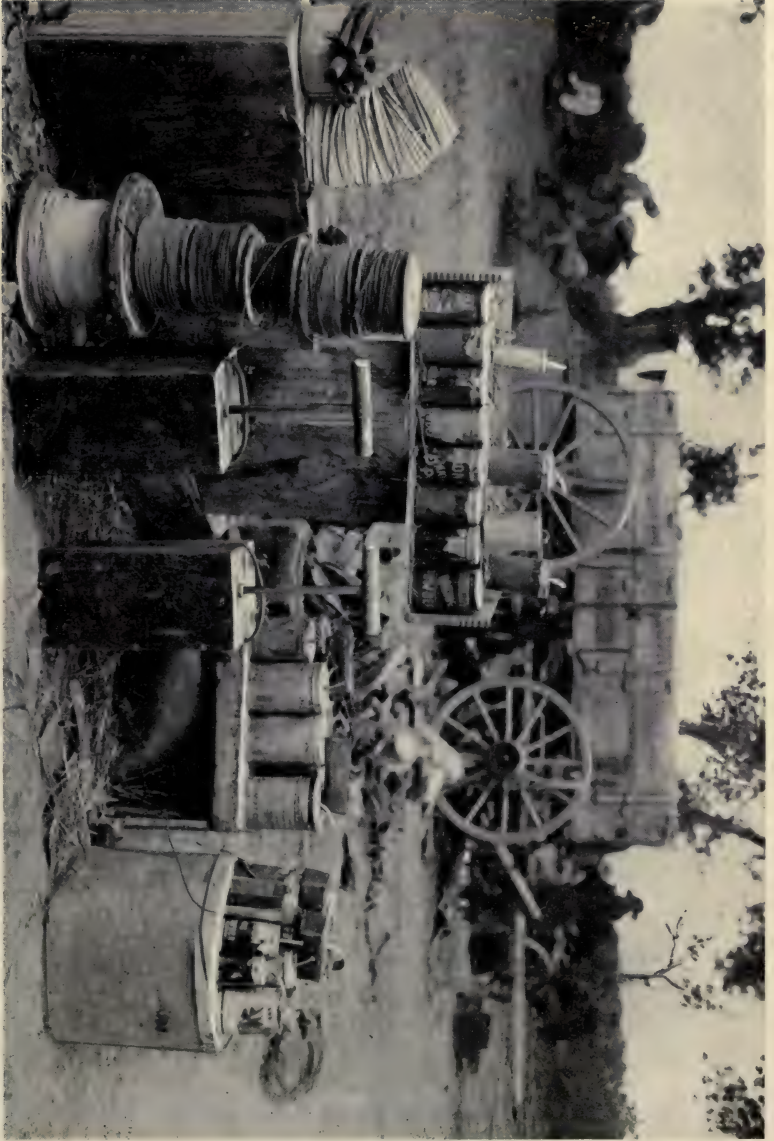
Under orders from Huerta to drive Villa out of Juarez at all costs, the federal army marched northward to the attack. It was commanded by

Generals Mercado and Orozco, who had joined forces with the Huertistas. The federal forces there slightly outnumbered Villa. The army of General Mercado, as shown by the official reports, was about eight thousand men. Villa's army numbered little more than seven thousand.

Villa marched his army out into the sand dunes at Tierra Blanca, nine miles south of Juarez, and prepared to meet the federals. His forces were outnumbered and the federals were well supplied with modern artillery.

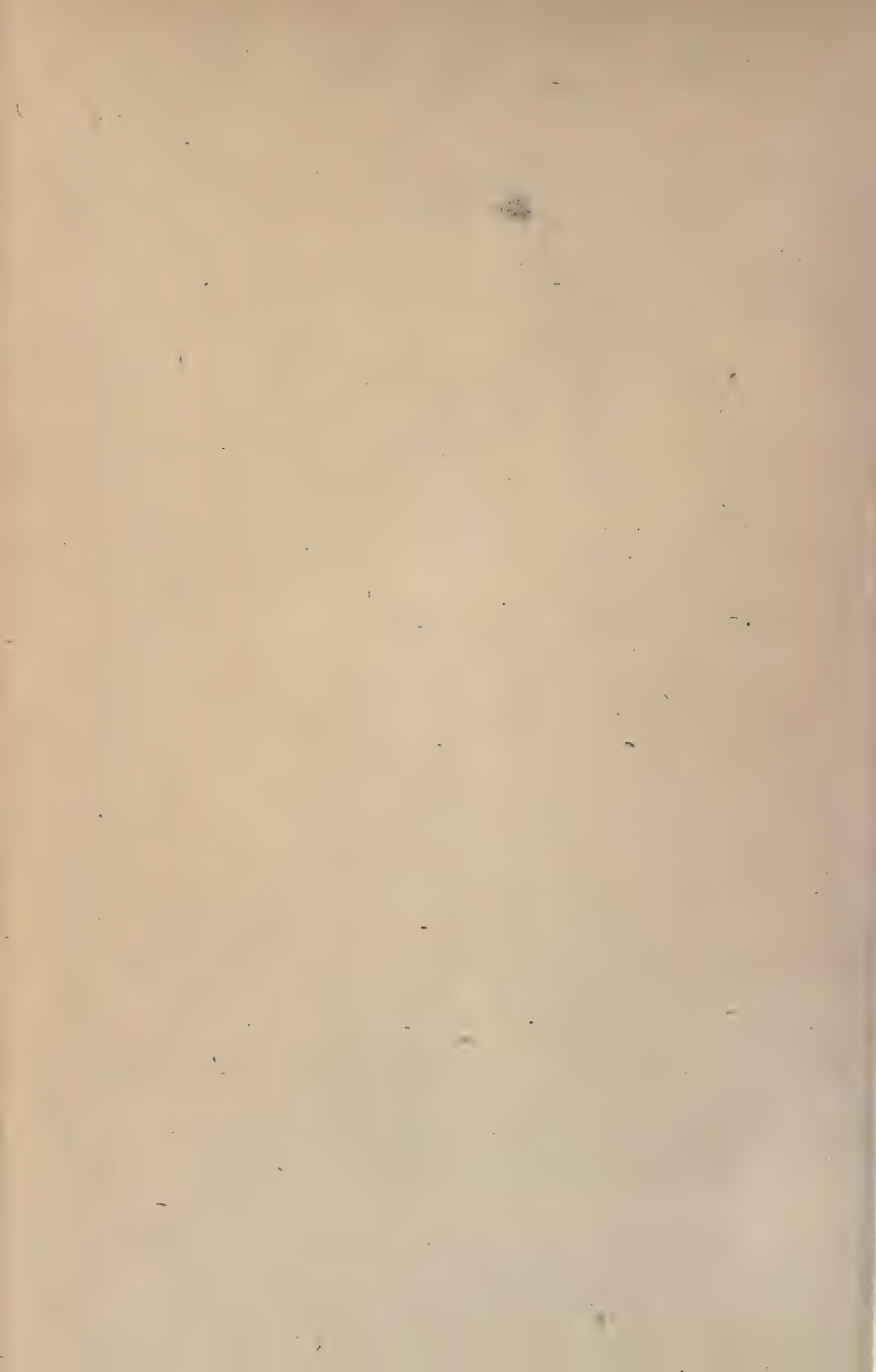
Mercado and Orozco made a direct frontal attack along the railroad. Stubbornly contesting every foot of the way, the Villista troops slowly withdrew for several miles. At the right moment Villa gave the signal, and like a cloud of hawks his cavalry swept out of the sand dunes upon the unprotected flanks of the extended federal army. The battle was won, and the broken and disorganized federal force withdrew to Chihuahua.

Villa halted only long enough to secure a fresh supply of ammunition, and followed. The federals were in no condition to make a stand, and evacuated Chihuahua. They made a desperate march of 180 miles across the desert to Ojinaga, a small town on the Rio Grande, Villa's forces following at their heels and killing the stragglers day by day. Here the federals stood at bay. Villa immediately attacked. After a desperate battle of five days, the federals broke, and, plunging into the Rio Grande, crossed to the American



TIN-CAN GRENADES USED AT SANTA ROSALIA IN 1911

They are loaded with dynamite and scrap-iron



bank and surrendered to Major McNamara of the United States army.

Villa was now undisputed master of Chihuahua. In the three battles he had captured thousands of Mauser rifles, sixteen cannon and many prisoners. Rushing back to the state capital, he prepared for the advance southward on Torreon, where Huerta had gathered his main army of the north.

The battle of Torreon was the greatest success of Villa's military career. It was really a series of battles, lasting several days. I will not attempt to describe it. One incident, however, I will tell, as it throws a light on Villa as a man and military leader. Guarding the pass between Gomez Palacio and Torreon is a sugar-loaf hill, which had been strongly fortified by the federals. This hill must be taken before Villa could enter the city. For two days his soldiers had charged up the hill, only to be beaten back from the crest by the storm from the machines and rifles of the defenders. At night I have watched the Villistas start up this hill, seen the trenches at the top light up in a circle of fire, and traced the position of the attacking party by the answering flashes. Gradually the wavering pin-points of flame would creep up the slope, and break before the deadly hail and sweep downward, like a wave receding from the shore.

Villa was desperate, and at last he improvised a new plan of attack. Selecting two hundred picked men, he made them lay down their rifles and armed each man with half a dozen hand grenades.

These grenades were crude affairs, made of tin cans, loaded with dynamite and nails, with a short fuse sticking from the top. Each man was ordered to light a cigarette and keep it burning to light the fuse. When all was in readiness, Villa took his place at the head of the column and gave the order to advance quietly. With burning cigarettes shielded in cupped hands, the line silently crawled up the hill. Not a shot was fired until they were near the top, when the guns of the defenders again began blazing. The attacking party could not halt and shoot back. Their only weapons were the bombs, and to use them they must get in close.

Suddenly the federal trenches lit up with scores of flashes like lightning. For a few minutes that hill-top resembled a volcano, belching fire and roaring with a tattoo of explosions. The nails and slugs of the grenades screamed through the air with unearthly pandemonium. Then came silence, punctuated only by a few pistol shots that showed the hill was captured. The next day Villa entered Torreon.

At this period I was almost constantly with him as a newspaper correspondent, journeyed on his private train and accompanied him in the field. One picture of his army will always stick in my mind. Villa was standing by his camp-fire, talking to his officers. It was the night before the battle of Zacatecas. Down the road which ran near by poured a seemingly endless procession of horsemen. Company after company of the big-

hatted soldiers rode out of the night, passed as if in review before the fire and disappeared. As they rode they sang in the barbaric falsetto of the Northern Indian :

“La Cucaracha, la Cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar,
Porque no puede, porque no tiene
Marihuana que fumar,”

the marching song of the Villa army.

Walking back from the road about a hundred yards, I sat down on a little hill and watched the passing legions. For miles down the road I could see a winding procession of tiny fireflies glowing and wavering in the dark. These were the lighted cigarettes of the troopers. Hour after hour they passed, chanting in falsetto refrain the inspiring “Song of the Cockroach,” with its thousand verses. The next day several thousand of these men died.

Since my return to the United States, there are three questions I am always being asked. They have come with such unfailing regularity I will attempt to answer them here.

First: How many wives has Villa?

Second: Where did he get the money to carry on his campaigns? Were Americans backing him?

Third: Why don't somebody kill him in retaliation for his many executions and cruelties?

It is true that Villa has three wives. The first two he married in Chihuahua and the third in

Torreon; but it was his first wife, Luz, who was his companion in most of his campaigns. He was in Mexico City when he received the announcement of the birth of his only son. His Torreon wife was the mother. Villa announced the event with great glee to his staff.

"Now I will never get married again," he exclaimed with pride. "I have a son."

The boy is now living with his mother at San Antonio, Texas.

The source of Villa's financial backing requires some explanation. It must be remembered that Mexico was a country of great natural wealth, concentrated in the hands of a few wealthy men. Most of these men fled from the country, but the immense properties remained in Villa's hands, and he took every dollar the "Cientificos" could be forced to pay.

The case of Luis Terrazas, Jr., son of the former governor, is a good example. Luis "Chico" was captured by Villa and incarcerated in the Chihuahua penitentiary. For nearly a year the younger Terrazas was kept in prison and forced to pay over \$500,000 gold to save his life. Time and again he was stood up before a firing squad and compelled to buy temporary immunity.

Another great source of wealth was the immense herds of cattle which ranged the haciendas of northern Mexico. Villa would confiscate thousands of these cattle, ship them to Texas and sell them for gold. When this was, in a measure, stopped by the cattlemen's associations, Villa built

a slaughter-house in Juarez, shipped the packed meat and sold the hides. Only one company was permitted to deal in hides, and that was an American concern.

Probably the greatest income came from the "bilimbiques," a fiat currency issued by the revolutionary government. This was simply a printed promise to pay when the revolution was successful. Merchants were forced to accept this money in Mexico at the rifle. Its current value, however, was a fictitious gambling value, due to the operations of the money brokers on the border. When Villa was winning victories, the rate of exchange went up; when he suffered reverses, the price went down. In time the country was flooded by this fiat money. Printing presses were kept busy night and day turning it out. Many millions of dollars were issued, until finally its value was less than the cost of printing.

Although Villa sucked in money from a thousand sources, he was compelled to pay it out almost as fast as it came in. His army was better armed and clothed than any insurrecto faction in the field. He was robbed right and left by a swarm of gun-runners, speculators and concession-seekers who followed his trail. There are many men on the border to-day who made fortunes through their dealings with Villa. You may have read how an Italian gave Villa \$500 to start the expedition against Huerta. This man was rewarded by a present of one of the gambling privileges in Juarez. He made a fortune from his

operations. Later, when Villa was in need, he called on this Italian for a small percentage of his winnings. The Italian packed his money and silently flitted to the American bank of the Rio Grande. Villa flew into one of his blind rages.

"I cannot understand these foreigners!" he declared. "This man gave me his last dollar when I was in need. Then I present him with a fortune. When I ask him for a small part, he runs away."

The stories of great hordes of money concealed by Villa are pure fiction. Although he handled millions, his government always led a hand-to-mouth existence. It is true, however, that some of his former confederates escaped to the United States with large sums.

Villa's apparent immunity from assassination is easily told. He has seemed to lead a charmed life, and he has the cunning of a wolf of his own desert. He once told me that he had been wounded eleven times. He has the instinctive caution of a fox. At night, when not sleeping on his guarded train, he would throw a blanket over his shoulders and disappear in the darkness, to sleep in some arroyo, concealed from his own soldiers.

His main protection was the famous Escolta Eldorado, or Guard of Gold. This was a picked company, which was the choicest collection of gunmen and killers ever gathered together. It was headed by the notorious Colonel Fierro, the "Butcher." This Fierro was the official lord high executioner of Villa's army, and has literally

killed hundreds of men with his own hand. After the battle of Paredon, forty-four officers were captured. Following the custom of both armies, these federal officers were sentenced to death. They were stood up in a line on the battlefield, their hands tied behind them. Fierro walked down the line and killed every man with his pistol; shooting six times and standing and reloading.

When we entered the city of Guadalajara, Fierro discovered an old enemy living in the city. This man had quit the insurrection and was working as a carpenter. In an accident his leg had been broken, and when discovered by Fierro, he was lying helpless in bed. The "Butcher" had the injured man brought to the depot and placed on his private car. Next day I chanced to be on Fierro's car when we left the city. The "Butcher" was playing cards with a group of Villa officers as the train started its journey. About nine miles from the city he told the conductor to stop the train. Grasping the injured man by the collar he dragged him down the car steps, feebly moaning from the agony of pain. Dropping him like a sack of meal by the side of the track, Fierro shot him through the head, signaled the train, and then, stepping aboard, picked up his cards and resumed the game. It was the most cold-blooded, dastardly act I have ever seen.

These men of the Guard of Gold guarded Villa day and night. No suspicious-appearing person was permitted to come near their general without being disarmed. Colonel Pani, of the Carran-

cista faction, had been an outspoken enemy of Villa's during the Aguascalientes convention. He was an enormous man, with deep, rumbling voice, and had won wide reputation as a brave fighter. When Villa occupied Mexico City, Colonel Pani refused to flee, and remained at the house of a friend. Villa learned of his presence and had him arrested and brought before him. The giant Pani was brought before Villa surrounded by a guard. The grim-faced Fierro, the "Butcher," stood beside him.

"Pani," Villa began, "you have denounced me and called me a bandit. Is there any reason why you should not die?"

"You *are* a bandit. You can kill me if you want to. Killing men who have fought for Mexico is your trade."

Villa poured out a volley of profanity at the tall prisoner, striding back and forth across the room. His eyes protruded and seemed to revolve like those of a madman. Then, his expression changing, he turned and said:

"Pani, you are the first man who ever looked in my eyes and defied me. You have been a brave man. Join my army and I will give you five hundred men to command. Your right place is in the army of Pancho Villa."

"I do not fight with bandits and robbers," rumbled the giant, staring unafraid at the Terror of the North.

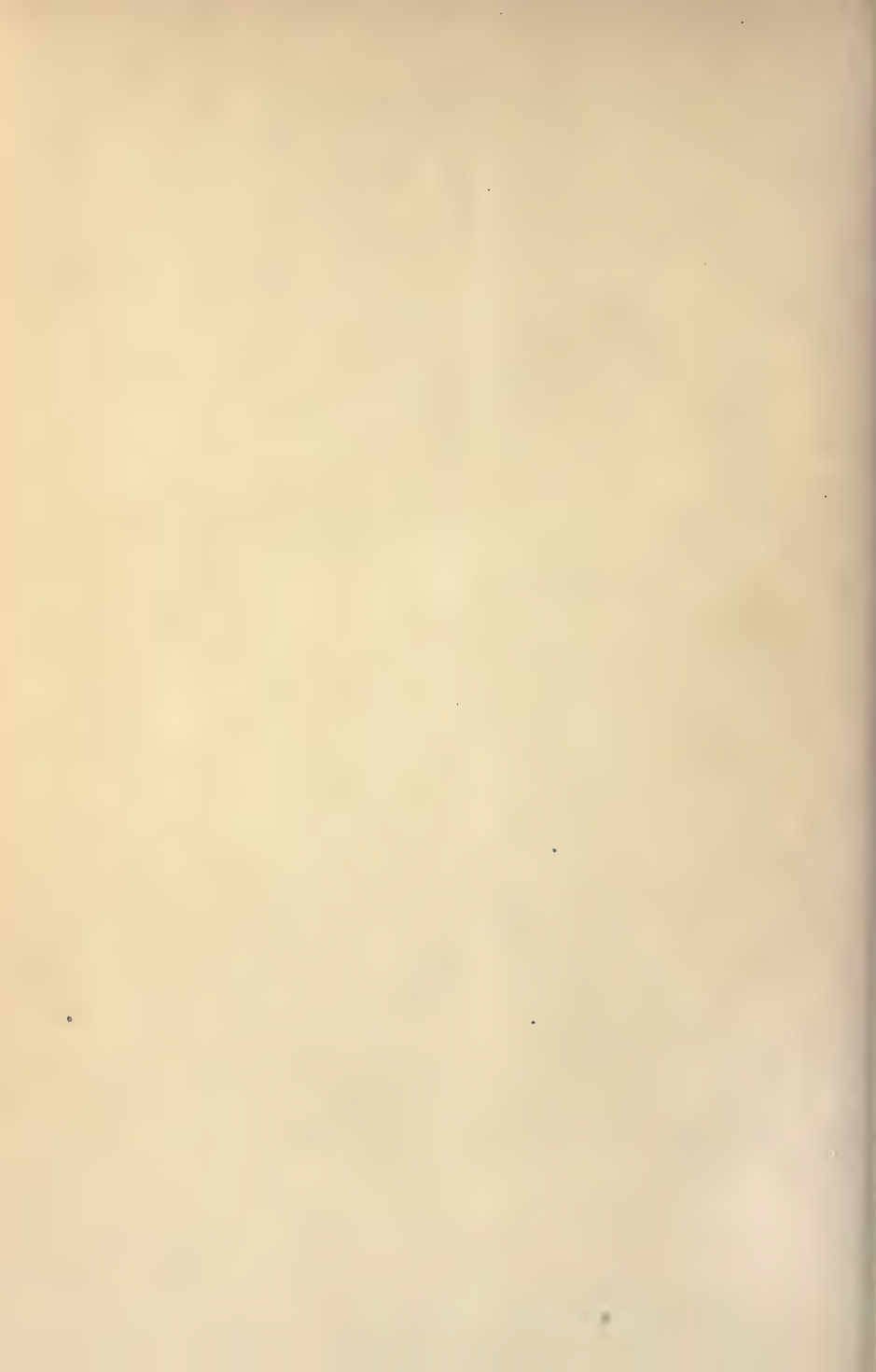
"Fierro, take him out and shoot him!" screamed Villa in a blaze of passion.



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VILLA'S FAMOUS ESCOLTA EL DORADO, "THE GUARD OF GOLD,"

These men were selected for their fighting records and for their loyalty to their chief



The "Butcher" escorted the great Pani out of the house. After pacing excitedly about the room for a moment, Villa called one of his secretaries. In a few minutes Fierro stalked back into the room. Pulling his pistol from its holster, he flipped an empty cartridge out.

"Mi general, one shot killed him," he calmly remarked.

"*Está bueno,*" replied Villa, and returned to his conversation.

On one occasion, after the battle of Zacatecas, thirty-one officers were condemned to death. A firing squad of Yaqui Indians were doing the shooting and the prisoners were being placed against the wall, two or three at a time. Several bottles of cognac were brought out by the executioners and drinks were passed to the men about to die. One young officer, a boy of twenty, was busily engaged in writing in a notebook. When the time came for him to die, the Indian sergeant gruffly ordered him to step into place. Turning to the higher officers, he said:

"I was just writing a letter to my brother. Will you let me finish it before the *fusilada?*"

Sternly the sergeant shook his head and motioned him to take his place against the wall.

"Three thousand pardons, *señores,*" exclaimed a dapper little major. "May I take his place?"

The sergeant nodded; the little major jauntily stepped before the firing squad, and smilingly met his death. The young lieutenant finished his letter before he, too, was killed.

These executions were the horrible feature of the Mexican war. It is my belief that more men have been executed by the firing squad in Mexico, the last seven years, than have died in battle. All factions were equally guilty.

After his spectacular victory at Torreon, Villa found himself hailed as the conqueror of north Mexico. His military exploits far excelled those of any other revolutionary general, and in his usual fashion he proved headstrong and hard to control. General Carranza, who had been accepted by all factions as the "First Chief in charge of executive power," grew fearful of Villa's growing strength and appointed General Panfilo Natera to command the expedition against Zacatecas, where Huerta's forces were preparing to make their last stand. Natera was defeated, and Villa rushed his forces to the front, contrary to orders. After a two days' desperate battle, in which several thousand men were killed, he captured the city, and drove the federals in disorder back toward Mexico City. General Obregon, who had carried on a successful campaign down the west coast of Mexico, shortly afterward captured Guadalajara, the second city in Mexico, and marched on the capital. General Zapata with his southern Indian forces had captured several of the suburbs to Mexico City. Huerta, realizing that his cause was lost, fled from Mexico to Havana, Cuba, and Obregon took possession of the national capital.

The revolution had accomplished its purpose.

Madero had been avenged and Huerta the dictator driven into exile. Yet the war had only started.

General Villa felt that he had been ignored and insulted by Carranza, and he sulkily withdrew to Chihuahua, refusing to obey the orders of the First Chief.

General Obregon made a trip to Chihuahua in an effort to placate Villa, and narrowly escaped execution. A national convention of all insurgent leaders had been called in Mexico City to draft a constitution and form a provisional government. Villa refused to participate in this conference unless it was held on neutral ground, and Aguascalientes was selected as the place of meeting. After a farcical session, lasting two months, the convention elected Eulalio Gutierrez, a middle-of-the-road candidate, as provisional president of Mexico. Carranza refused to ratify the choice, and Villa dropped all pretense and declared war on the faction headed by the First Chief.

His army was moved southward in forty-five troop trains, with cavalry in advance guard and flankers. Carranza's troops withdrew before the advancing division of the north, and in November, 1914, Villa and Zapata were in joint control of Mexico City. It was at this time the United States withdrew its soldiers from Vera Cruz after occupying that seaport for seven months. Carranza moved into that city in the wake of the returning Americans, and established his headquarters there.

Villa was now at the apex of his career. He

made a grand entry into the capital with Zapata riding by his side. In the line of march were forty-five thousand soldiers and eighty-one modern cannon, captured from the federals.

Villa and Zapata entered the national palace and posed for their photographs, sitting in the gilded reception room where President Porfirio Diaz formerly held his receptions. After the photograph was taken a bystander called Villa's attention to the fact that he was sitting in the chair of Benito Juarez, the Liberator of Mexico. Jumping to his feet he exclaimed:

"Who am I that I should sit in the seat of the great Juarez? I will never be President of Mexico."

About this time I severed my connection with the Associated Press and prepared to return to the United States. I was disgusted. Twice had the revolution been won; still there was no end of the fighting in sight.

The day before I expected to leave I called on Villa to say good-by.

"No, no, *Tejano*," he said. "You must not leave us now. I will make you a major on my *estado mayor*."

Calling one of his secretaries, he ordered the commission made out. I still keep it as a memento of the Mexican revolution.

Villa's high-handed methods soon began to weaken his power. Provisional President Gutierrez was practically his prisoner, and on one occasion Villa slapped the president's face. He was

proving that, although he could conquer, he could not rule. Many of his generals felt that they were entitled to a share of the credit for his campaigns, and he treated them as if they were unruly school-boys.

Finally he left Mexico City for a tour of the northern districts controlled by his troops. Hardly had he left the capital when a number of his followers revolted. President Gutierrez, urged by this faction, fled to Toluca; and Villa thus had his president stolen over night.

Then followed the campaign of the Carrancistas, led by General Obregon, which is recent history. Deserted by many of his best leaders, he came storming down from the north to meet this new coalition. At the battles of Silao and Celaya he first knew the bitterness of defeat. His star was waning and day after day came reports of new desertions.

Then came the hardest blow of all, which turned him against the United States. Up until this time he had apparently been a favorite of the American Government. A special agent of the State Department accompanied him on all his journeys. His principal port of entry at Juarez had been kept open for the importation of munitions of war.

Suddenly the policy at Washington was changed. A strict embargo was enforced on the border, and his supply of ammunition was cut off. Then came the announcement from Washington that Carranza had been recognized as the head of the de facto government.

Of Villa's movements since that time I know only what friends from Mexico have told me. He felt that the Americans had turned against him in his hour of greatest need, and in his usual fashion he retaliated by attacking the Americans.

Of the raid into American territory at Columbus, New Mexico, I know nothing. He may or may not have been present in person. It is characteristic of what he might be expected to do when in one of his blind unreasoning rages.

Villa is still in the saddle.

As long as he rides the desert *Uanos*, with his "Guard of Gold" at his back, he looms as a storm-cloud on the border, threatening the peace of our country. There is only one way he will ever quit the fight: that is when death comes to him. He is the Mexican problem.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MEXICO CITY, usually gay and colorful despite continuous revolutions, was like a graveyard. The streets were deserted and the silence of terror stilled the accustomed clamor of the markets. General Zapata and his horde of sandal-shod soldiers were coming into the city.

For years the Mexican capital had been fed with stories of Zapata's savagery and ruthlessness. It was the general belief that the "mountain men" from Morelos would loot the city and inaugurate a reign of terror.

By thousands the Zapatistas marched through the streets and deployed into the plaza before the national palace. That morning Zapata issued two proclamations. One was a prohibition edict closing the saloons; the other, a command for the bankers of the city to assemble for a conference.

The bankers attended the meeting. They went in fear, dreading confiscation of their deposits. Only a few days before, the armies of General Carranza had collected a "forced loan" of ten million pesos from the banks. What mercy could be expected of the bandit leader? Zapata's speech was short and to the point.

"*Caballeros,*" he said, "my men are hungry. I want fifty thousand pesos to feed them for a few days. You will pay this. I promise you protec-

tion. You may carry on your business without molestation as long as you do not aid the enemy. You may go when you sign the order for the money."

Thankful to escape with such a modest demand, the bankers did as they were ordered. Zapata kept his part of the bargain and for months the city was better policed than it has ever been since Porfirio Diaz was driven from Mexico. But this is the strange part of the story—strange to one who knows the system of confiscation which has bled the business men of the country: ten days later Zapata paid back the fifty thousand pesos, and from that time on never took a dollar from the commercial houses of the capital.

Because Zapata has operated far south of our border, and has had no seaport, he is the least known of all Mexican revolutionary leaders of the American people. It was my fortune to be with him for several months, accompanying his army on several campaigns. As far as I have knowledge, I was the only American with the Zapata forces.

Who is this half-breed Indian who for six years has ruled a territory larger than the state of Illinois? Pancho Villa is well known to American newspaper readers. Carranza holds daily audiences with foreign correspondents. Zapata alone has held himself aloof and mysterious.

To understand the Zapata movement one must first know something of the state of Morelos,

where he rules. Morelos is a mountainous country crisscrossed by valleys of great fertility. It is an agricultural state. The population is nine-tenths full-blood Indian. One statement will show the reason for a rebellion.

The entire state was owned, every acre of it, by eleven families. The natives were peon laborers on the farms of the landlords.

Emiliano Zapata was an outlaw before the outbreak of the Madero insurrection, six years ago. The Mexican peons love an outlaw. A man who lives in defiance of the law which enslaves them is always a hero in their eyes.

When the news swept through Mexico that Francisco Madero had taken the field against Diaz, Zapata saw his opportunity. Recruiting a small company, he moved back and forth across Morelos and into the state of Guerrero, calling upon the people to revolt. As in the north, his plan was for free land and schools.

His army grew rapidly and three months after the outbreak of the revolt he captured Cuernavaca, the capital of Morelos. He seized the immense estates of the hacendados, the absentee landlords, and parceled the land out among the peons. As the law of the conquered territory he proclaimed the "Plan of Ayala," a program which dealt mainly with the communistic ownership of the soil.

When Madero was made president, he called upon Zapata to "come in and be good." Zapata

demanded that his "Plan of Ayala" first be accepted. Madero replied that that was a question for the national congress to settle.

The Zapatistas refused to trust the assembly. They were not interested in the affairs of other sections of Mexico, but they had freed themselves from bondage and would continue to manage their own state.

That was the beginning. For six years Zapata and his peons have controlled Morelos. They have whipped every army that has been sent against them. At times they have swept out into other states; but outside of Morelos, they have always met with defeat. They have captured Mexico City three times, and at the present time their camp-fires may be seen on the hills surrounding the national capital.

My first experience with the Zapatista leaders was in Aguascalientes. Delegates from all factions gathered there in convention after the defeat of General Huerta. The Zapata representatives came by roundabout trails from their mountain strongholds.

That day a delegate of the Villa faction came to me and said: "We want to meet the Zapatistas but do not want to make the first advances. They feel the same. You are a neutral and a foreigner. If you will invite some of their leaders to a dinner, and also invite our friends, I will pay for the dinner."

I assented to this peculiar proposition and be-

came the host at a most interesting feast. At that dinner the foundation for the future alliance of Villa and Zapata was laid. An introduction to some of the leaders will show that there are brains as well as bullets behind the Zapata movement.

Antonio Soto Y Game was the leader of the delegation. He is one of the best known Spanish writers, and at one time was a teacher in the University of Barcelona, Spain. He is a Socialist and has worked for that cause in many South American countries.

General Alfredo Serratos was a former lawyer, who had made a good record as a soldier. It will surprise Americans to learn that he was at one time a servant of Mark Hanna, the noted politician of Ohio. His history is a romantic one. As a homeless waif he was taken to the United States by an American, who promised to give him an education. In Cleveland, Ohio, the American died and young Serratos was left stranded. For three years he worked at the home of Senator Hanna, mowing lawns and caring for horses. Later the young Mexican returned to Mexico and studied law. He speaks three languages fluently. In the convention cabinet he was elected Secretary of War. These were some of the men who were Zapata's lieutenants and advisers.

When the convention disbanded and Villa's soldiers marched on Mexico City, I had an opportunity to visit General Zapata himself in Cuerna-

vaca. As we journeyed up the canyons and mountain trails, I had my first contact with the Army of the South. It was night and every foot of the road was guarded. As we proceeded, I could hear cow-horns echoing back and forth in the mountains, signaling our arrival. This cow-horn system of wireless is in common use among the Indians.

We met Zapata in the old palace which had been built as a summer home by Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico. I found him a slight, wiry little man, half extinguished by an enormous sombrero. I was impressed by the penetrating gaze of his eyes and his impatient gestures. He seemed to throw his open hand in the face of his listener as he talked.

“You Americans have liberty, I am told,” he said. “You can vote. You can own land. You can send your children to school. We cannot. Where few people own the land and many must work for them, there is no freedom. First the land must go back to the people. Other things will follow. You cannot talk laws to a man who has been hungry every day since he was a little boy.

“Our soldiers fight for liberty. They do not fight for money. My men are the only soldiers in Mexico who fight without pay. When I was a boy, I went into debt at the hacienda store for my first pair of overalls. For ten years I worked to pay for those overalls, but always I was in debt.

For ten years I did not see one centavo of wages. So I ran away and they called me a bandit! They sent soldiers to kill me. But we have driven them away, the rurales, the soldiers, the *jefes politicos* who made us slaves to the land. We will all die before we will let them come back."

His boast that his army fought without pay was true. They are the only soldiers in Mexico who receive no pay.

During my short stay in Cuernavaca I learned other things that surprised me. The army is a democracy. Its officers are elected by the private soldiers, and may be recalled by a vote from the ranks. Zapata himself remains the master because he has the absolute confidence and loyalty of his followers.

One of Zapata's chief lieutenants is General Genevevo de la O. He bore a sinister reputation and was accused of having instigated several massacres. On my second day in Cuernavaca I met him. He was a short, dark, pock-marked man of pure Indian blood. His face had an expression of savage ferocity, and I could well believe the tales that had been told about him. When I met him he was dressed only in the cotton shirt and drawers of the peon and his feet were bound with rawhide sandals. I was told that he refused to wear any other uniform.

For a time we talked of the insurrection as I had seen it in other states. He told me that he was a Socialist. His ideas of Socialism seemed to be a

general destruction of the ruling class and the unrestrained liberty of the workers. I told him that the Socialist movement was strong in other countries.

“Yes, I know,” he growled. “Every man who has a good heart believes in giving justice to the poor. But what do they know? They must learn to hate, not to talk. Do you know how they must learn? As *I* have learned.”

As he spoke he leaped excitedly to his feet and tore open his shirt. His back was a network of welts and scars.

“Three times I have been tied to a post and beaten because I would not work. When you have felt the lash on your back, you will know that there is but one meeting-place for master and slave. That is the battlefield.”

The delegates who had accompanied me to Cuernavaca arranged for a joint occupation of Mexico City with the Villa forces. Every one who witnessed the entry of Zapata's troops was astonished at the discipline shown by the mountain Indians. Within an hour order had been restored and business was resumed. The great city was a place of wonders to the ignorant peons and several amusing incidents occurred.

The afternoon of the occupation, a fire broke out on Calle San Francisco. A hose-cart came dashing down the street, crowded with brass-helmeted firemen. Seeing this strange outfit bearing down upon them, a company of Zapata soldiers lay down

in a line across the street and opened fire. Twelve of the firemen were killed before an officer explained to the Zapatistas that the fire apparatus was not some new device for their destruction.

When the Zapatistas took possession, the city was lawless. Murders and robberies occurred on every street. Zapata proceeded to restore order by executing the criminals.

One day I chanced to pass the Fourth Comisario, or police station. Three bodies were exposed for public view. Written signs above the bodies announced the reasons for the executions. One sign read, "This man was killed for being a thief." Another read, "This man was killed for printing counterfeit money." The third stated, "This man was killed by mistake!"

Like all Mexicans, Zapata has a love for the dramatic. In dealing out punishment to his men he always made the punishment fit the crime. While stationed in the town of Cuatla, a soldier killed another in a drunken brawl and was sentenced to die before a firing squad.

"My chief, it is just that I should die for what I have done when the mescal made me mad," said the soldier; "but I do not like to die like a calf before the guns of my friends. You know that I have fought many times against the mochos of Huerta. Let me die killing soldiers."

"It shall be done as you wish," replied Zapata.

The prisoner was ordered removed to Xochimilco, near Mexico City, where the soldiers of Hu-

erta were entrenched. He was led opposite one of the trenches and given a *machete*—a long-bladed knife used in cutting sugar-cane. Pointing to the barricades of the government soldiers, the condemned man was ordered to charge.

Singing a wordless chant the prisoner trotted forward into the open. Immediately he drew the fire from a score of guns.

He stumbled and fell to his knees, but again he staggered to his feet and went on. A hundred soldiers were shooting at him now, and it seemed a miracle that he was not riddled by bullets. At last he fell and lay still in the dust of the field. He had had his wish and died facing the enemy.

It is often asked where Zapata gets the guns and ammunition to carry on his campaigns. He has no outlet to the American border, where the foreign munition brokers keep the other insurgent factions supplied. A great part of his supplies have been captured from the enemy. He has also bought much ammunition from the enemy. This may seem unbelievable to Americans; but it is a fact that large quantities of munitions of war have been sold to the Zapatistas by the officers of both Huerta's and Carranza's armies.

Zapata is the only revolutionary leader who has refused the fiat money—the *bilimbiques* which have ruined the credit of the country. He has many ways of raising money. One instance will show one of his methods:

A French company owns large sugar planta-



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GENERAL EMILIANO ZAPATA AND HIS STAFF

This picture was taken after the capture of Cuernavaca

tions in Morelos and conducts a sugar mill. Zapata sent for the manager.

"You now pay no taxes to the federal government," he said. "So you will pay me one thousand pesos a month. You can still make a profit."

For four years that sugar company has continued operations, and according to the manager himself, has made a fair profit. Each month he has paid his tax and been given protection.

Zapata has confiscated several gold and silver mines. These are operated for the benefit of the cause.

Charges have been made that Zapata is savagely cruel in warfare and executes all prisoners. This is true. It is also true of the Carranzistas, the Villistas, and every other faction, federal or revolutionary, in Mexico. Killing prisoners is a time-honored custom.

Some months after the outbreak of the European war, Zapata said:

"They say that I do not make civilized warfare. I can take some lessons from the German and English. How can war be civilized? War and injustice go together. Only with peace and justice is there civilization."

Zapata's remarkable control over his men astonishes every one who is familiar with the mob spirit which dominates most of the revolutionary factions. His Indians obey the word of "Don Emiliano" with a reverence almost amounting to worship.

On one occasion an officer stole a sack of silver pesos. He fled into the state of Guerrero. Zapata sent for a young officer of his staff and said:

“You will follow this traitor night and day, and never rest until you find him. You must not kill him, but bring him back to me alive. I will hang him in the plaza before all the people, as one who has been false to his trust.”

Without remark, the young officer left the headquarters and started the pursuit. For weeks he trailed the fugitive back and forth through hostile country. At last he captured him and brought him, hand and foot, into a room where Zapata was holding a conference.

“Mi general, I obeyed your orders,” reported the young officer. “Here is the man you sent me to catch.”

Zapata’s face turned ashen in anger. Jumping to his feet, and speaking in the low, hissing tone he used when excited, he said:

“So, the dog thought that he could be an eagle! You are worse than a *pelon*. You are a traitor! You were trusted and you stole the money which was to buy food and ammunition for your comrades. Because of this you must die like a dog and a traitor!”

White-faced and trembling, the young officer who had captured the fugitive and obeyed orders so well, stepped up to the table and touched his hat:

“Mi general,” he said huskily, “you told me to

capture him without injury and bring him before you. I have done so. Now I want to ask one favor. Let me die in his place and set him free."

"What fool is this?" cried Zapata in amazement. "Why do you, an honorable soldier, want to die to set free this traitor?"

"He is my youngest brother," replied the officer. "I obeyed your order because you are my chief, but if my brother dies because of me, I would not want to live."

For a moment Zapata gazed from the cringing prisoner to the pale-faced officer standing rigidly at attention.

"Listen to me!" he finally exclaimed, pointing his finger in the prisoner's face. "Your brother has proved that he is a man! So I will grant his request. This is my sentence: you will be stripped of your rank and you will work as your brother's *mozo*. You will do woman's work and cook for him, and serve him as a slave. Nevermore will you carry a gun in the company of free men. Go!"

When it is considered that Zapata is a half-breed Indian, scarcely able to read and write, it must be admitted that he is somewhat of a philosopher. I believe that this peon chieftain is the one leader in Mexico who has no ambitions to be a dictator of his country. As long as he can rule his native state and keep the landlords out, he is content. He sees only one thing—the land question; but he sees that very clearly. His "Plan

of Ayala," as far as it applies to the common ownership of land has worked. At least it has worked to the satisfaction of the poor laborers.

Carranza is still carrying on war against him, but Zapata is holding his own. His army is an elastic one. At times it shrinks to a few thousand men, when the peons go back to till their fields. When a campaign is begun, his forces swell to many thousands.

One thing is sure. He can get as many recruits as he has guns.

Whatever the solution of the Mexican problem may be, Zapata and his half-million loyal followers must be considered. He will quit fighting only when his "Plan of Ayala" is made part of the law of the nation.

Of all the insurgent leaders who have battled for supremacy the last seven years in Mexico, he is the one chief who has remained true to his followers. His peons know what they are fighting for. They are battling for land and Don Emiliano Zapata.

CHAPTER XXIX

GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON, the Irish-Indian Secretary of War of Mexico, and backbone of the Carranza movement, granted an interview one day to three men of international reputation as diplomats and financiers. He received them in his offices in the national palace of Mexico City.

Dressed in his neat uniform of olive drab, he might have been an American army officer at his desk. For some minutes he sat and listened to the proposition presented by the three visitors.

“This is a great opportunity that comes to few men,” pleaded the spokesman of the party. “You have complete control of the army. What you command is the law. Carranza is an obstinate old fool who will not listen to reason. He is unpopular with the people, while you are the hero of the hour. You have the army in your hand; we have the money. We can put many millions behind you, the influence of foreign banks, the loyal support of the business element of Mexico. We ask you to repudiate Carranza. We will declare you president, and you will rule Mexico. It is you alone who have held Carranza in power. Withdraw that support, and you will be another Diaz. The prize is too great; you cannot refuse.”

For a moment Obregon sat, twisting his mustache, gazing at the representatives of the great money-powers. Then, lifting his hand, he touched a push-button on the desk.

"Before I answer your question," he replied smiling, "I want to introduce you to a gentleman who is going to be closely associated with you for some time."

"This meeting was to be confidential," protested one of the committee. "Who is this man?"

"He is your jailer," replied Obregon, waving his hand toward the officer of the guard who entered the room.

In true story-book fashion the three arch-plotters were hustled out of the office, clutching their high silk hats and muttering maledictions.

The incident illustrated why Carranza, a civilian who never took part in a battle, and who is cordially disliked by the revolutionary element in Mexico, has managed to seat himself in the presidential chair. He has had Obregon, and Obregon has remained loyal.

Since the decline of Pancho Villa, General Obregon is the strongest man in public life in Mexico. He is the man who captured Mexico City from Huerta the dictator, the first leader to defeat Villa in battle, the soldier who defeated Zapata and drove him back to his Morelos mountains, and the one man who has held the Carranza faction together.

Obregon stands out in pleasant relief from the crowd of swashbuckling, spectacular rebel leaders of Mexico. He is a quiet, well-educated man, a successful military leader, and a natural politician. Not that he lacks the fighting spirit. In the second battle of Celaya, where he defeated Villa and broke his power, Obregon was shot in the arm. Improvising a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood, he sat in a carriage and drove back and forth behind the battle-line, giving his orders, until victory was assured. As a result of his delay he lost his arm.

Personally Obregon does not like Carranza, and has so expressed himself in public. On one occasion, when angered at some blunder of the provisional president, he said: "If we had woman suffrage in Mexico, Carranza would be the logical candidate for the woman's party."

"Then why do you support him?" was asked.

"Because we selected him as the First Chief of the Constitutional movement," he replied. "When we started this revolution we launched an organized movement, elected Carranza and signed the Plan of Guadalupe as our program. We must carry that plan through to success, and no personal likes or dislikes must interfere."

This Mexican Warwick has had a remarkable history for a man only thirty-five years old. As he proudly boasts, he is an Indian from the state of Sonora. He is equally proud of his Irish

grandfather, whose name was O'Brien, one of those Celtic political exiles who settled on the west coast of Mexico.

Obregon grew up among these Indians, speaks their language, and takes part in their tribal ceremonies. From these west-coast tribes he drew most of his recruits when he started his career as a rebel chief. After graduating from the schools of the national capital, he studied for two years in Paris. His early ambition was to shine upon the operatic stage, and he is an accomplished musician.

It was my fortune to be with Obregon in his first fight at Ojitos, during the Orozco rebellion in 1912. He had distinguished himself in that fight, leading a cavalry charge and capturing four cannon. The Ojitos ranch was owned by a brother of Lord Charles Beresford, the British admiral, and was one of the noted show places in Chihuahua. That night a group of officers gathered on the veranda, celebrating their victory and boasting of the parts they had played in the fight.

Obregon slipped away from the crowd to the parlor, where he had discovered a piano. Sitting in the darkness, he played and sang airs from Italian and French operas. The talk of the officers on the veranda halted. Squads of big-hatted Indians gathered around the building, silently listening. It was a strange audience for "Celeste Aida" and "Donna Mobile." I little thought that night that the singer would, three years later, be



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GENERAL VILLA, SITING IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR IN THE
NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO CITY

On his left is General Zapata, on his right General Tomas Urbina, the comrade of his bandit
days whom he later killed

the chief military leader of Mexico, with power to make or break presidents.

At the end of that campaign Obregon was a colonel of volunteers. He marched his Indians back to Sonora and prepared to muster them out of service. On the day President Madero was murdered and General Huerta enthroned himself in the national palace, Obregon's resignation was in the mail. He announced his intention of retiring to his farm. That night he marched his troops out of Agua Prieta and proclaimed a new revolution against the usurper. Friends of Obregon claim that he was the first officer to take the field against Huerta.

His army grew like a herd of cattle in a roundup. During the following year he swept through Sonora like a whirlwind, never losing a battle. Carranza was the only legally elected governor in Mexico who repudiated Huerta. The revolutionary leaders selected him as their first chief, and Obregon signed the pledge to support him. He is one of the few who signed that pledge who never violated it.

His campaign down the west coast was one of the most spectacular in Mexican history. Hermosillo, Guaymas, Mazatlan, Manzanillo, and finally Gaudalajara, the second city of the republic, were all scenes of hard-fought victories. When Huerta fled from the country, Obregon was at the gates of Mexico City, and received the surrender of the remnant of the federal army.

Meanwhile the split between Pancho Villa, leader of the victorious army of the north, and Carranza, the nominal Chief of the revolution, had occurred. Obregon stepped in as a peace-maker and addressed a round robin to the leaders of the jealous factions. "The people won this revolution," he declared. "No one man or set of men can claim all the credit. No man must stand in the way of peace. Every general is entitled to a voice in the construction of the new government. We must arbitrate our personal differences."

In pursuance of this plan, he attempted to adjust the differences between Carranza and the headstrong Villa. As a result, he nearly lost his life before a firing squad. It was again my good fortune to be with him at this critical period of his career.

In an effort to patch up a working agreement he had come to Villa's headquarters in Chihuahua, accompanied only by three members of his staff. The meeting took place in a private house in the city. Villa was surrounded by his heavily armed staff, a revolver hanging at his thigh. Obregon was unarmed.

"You are working with Old Whiskers to betray the people," shouted Villa, giving way to one of his insane passions. "You will never go back to plot against me. I will have you shot like a dog."

Obregon stood twirling his watch-chain in his

fingers, smiling in tantalizing calmness at the infuriated peon chieftain.

“If I were afraid to die, I would not be a soldier,” he replied. “I came here to plead for the peace of Mexico, not for myself. If you think my death will benefit Mexico, kill me. There are many more men as good as I am who are ready to take my place. When you are ready to listen to my message, I will return.”

Turning his back on Villa he walked from the room. The guard at the door stepped back and let him pass. They were awed by the quiet determination of this man who fought without a gun.

Villa refused to grant another interview, and that night Obregon left Chihuahua on the return trip to Mexico City. On his invitation I accompanied him as his guest in his private car. It was the general belief that he would never leave the Villa territory alive.

The next morning our train was stopped at Jimenez and ordered back to Chihuahua. Again Villa commanded the execution of Obregon. His generals pleaded with him to countermand the order and at last grudgingly consented.

Once more we started on the southward trip, the train guarded by a company of Villa's soldiers. At Gomez Palacio, four miles from Torreon, Obregon was handed a telegram, which warned him that he would be shot in that city. As our train rolled across the bridge into Torreon, we could

see a company of cavalry lined up before the depot. Obregon called me into the drawing-room of the Pullman.

"I believe that it is Villa's intention to kill me here," he said calmly. "If I am not killed I certainly will be imprisoned. Now, you are an American and a neutral. You will not be harmed, while the men of my staff will suffer my fate. I want you to get out and send word to my friends, who may aid me. Take this money and go to the border. Buy an automobile or anything you need."

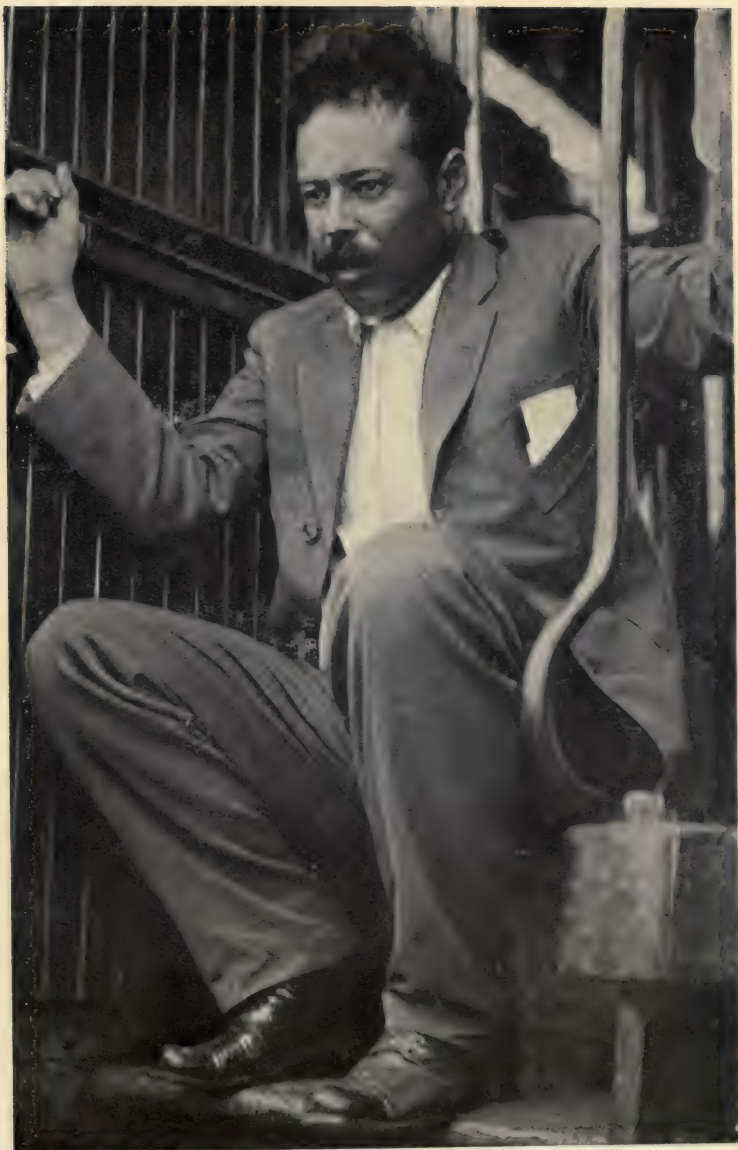
Opening an iron box under the seat he handed me a roll of American banknotes as round as my thigh. I have never known how much money was in that roll. There must have been many thousands of dollars.

Our train rolled into the station and the car was immediately surrounded by the soldiers. Guards were posted at both entrances and Obregon was informed that he was a prisoner. Twice I tried to escape but was driven back.

Generals Isabel Robles and Tomas Urbina boarded the train and informed Obregon that Villa had again ordered his execution. They were opposed to the killing and were in telegraphic conference with the big chief of the north.

For over an hour, our train lay beside the depot with a guard at every door and window. A dozen telegrams were exchanged. At last General Robles handed a dispatch to Obregon, saying,

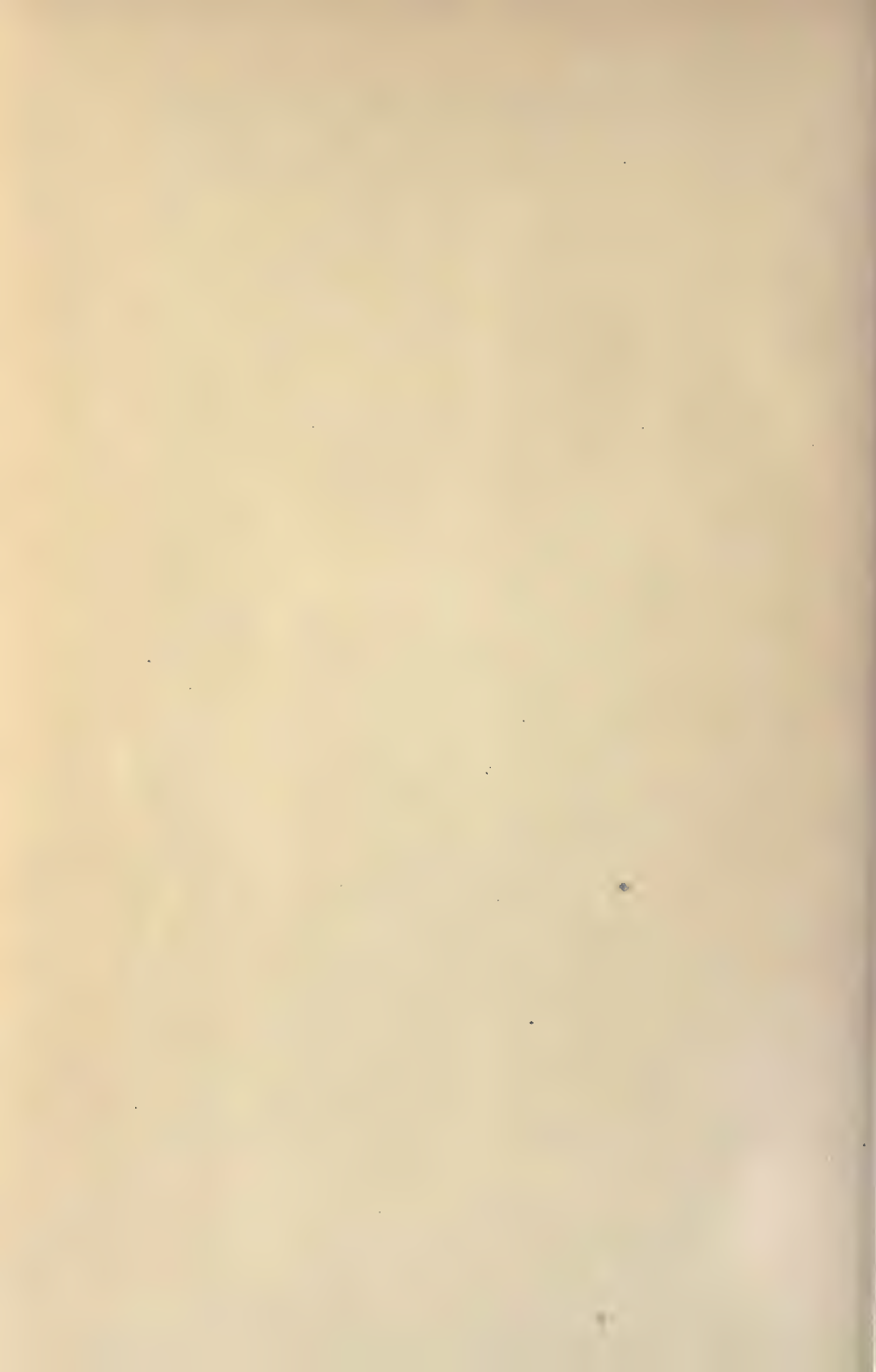
"This is good news."



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GENERAL FRANCISCO VILLA IN AN ANGRY MOOD

He is abusing a railroad conductor who was responsible for an accident. A few minutes after this picture was taken Villa sentenced the conductor to death



The message read:

"Let him go quickly. We shall live to see the day when we are sorry."

"It is my advice that you leave immediately," said General Robles. "He might change his mind again."

The guard was withdrawn and we proceeded on our way. As we left the city Obregon walked down the car aisle and grasped my hand.

"It was worse than a battle, was n't it, *Tejano?*" he said laughing. "Three times in two days have I been sentenced to death. It grows tiresome. By the way, you may return that money. Your trip will not be necessary."

Not daunted by this experience, Obregon returned a few days later into Villa territory and held a conference with the Villa generals. At this conference it was agreed to hold a peace convention on neutral ground at Aguascalientes.

At this convention, which lasted two months, Obregon made a proposition which would have prevented the last two years' war in Mexico if it had been accepted. Mounting the stage of the hall where the meeting was held, he announced:

"They say that three men are blocking a peaceful settlement of our disputes. These three men are Villa, Carranza, and myself. I suggest that we all three resign and let the delegates here form a provisional government. On my part, my resignation is in your hands, and I pledge myself to retire to my home and abide by the majority vote

of this convention, if Villa and Carranza also resign.”

Strange to say, General Villa promptly agreed to the plan and sent in his resignation. Carranza refused, and precipitated war by declaring that he would no longer heed the actions of the delegates, unless they met in Mexico City, which he controlled. Villa promptly declared war and moved on the capital. Many followers of Carranza deserted his banners and joined forces with his enemies. Villa and Zapata entered Mexico City in triumph. It seemed that the Carranzista cause was lost, but again Obregon turned the tide. He declared that although he disagreed with Carranza's policy, he would remain loyal to the Constitutional pledge.

Gathering his demoralized forces, he fell back before the superior armies of Villa. An amusing incident occurred at that time. A general, who had commanded a brigade of two thousand Yaqui Indians, rushed to Villa's headquarters one morning.

“That scoundrel Obregon has stolen my army!” he wailed.

While the general was absent from his troops, the suave Obregon had appeared before the Indians and made a speech in their own language. As a result, the entire brigade followed him to his camp in the hills, while their general officers were roistering at a ball.

For several months Obregon was inactive. He

was organizing his forces for a new blow. Suddenly he swept up from the east and fell upon the Zapata army at Puebla. In a house-to-house battle lasting two days, he drove the Zapatistas back to their hills.

Villa retreated north and made his stand at Celaya. In two desperate fights, in which several thousand men were killed, Obregon won the advantage and hurled the army of the north back to the border. It was the beginning of Villa's downfall. Day by day since that time his power has waned.

Obregon was now the popular idol of the Carranza faction. He was the winner in the Mexican cockpit. His empty sleeve was an eloquent appeal to the imagination. At that time he could have been president, but still he remained loyal to Carranza.

Through his turbulent career is woven the thread of romance. At the beginning of the war he was engaged to marry Miss Maria Tapi of Nogales, Arizona, a graduate of Leland Stanford University. Twice the wedding day was set, and twice postponed, because duty called him to the firing line.

When he was wounded at Celaya, and his arm amputated, Miss Tapi refused to consent to further delay. They were married on the day Obregon was able to leave the hospital.

When Carranza was elected president of Mexico, Obregon again tendered his resignation, say-

ing that his task was finished. Mexican politicians cannot understand why a man who holds the supreme power in the country should want to quit his job. They look for the ulterior motive. Many declare that Obregon is shrewd enough to let Carranza do the work of reconstruction, knowing that the time will come when a new national leader will be demanded by the people. Then Obregon's hour may strike. Villa has eliminated himself by his bandit tactics. Zapata is only a local force in southern Mexico.

Perhaps the politicians may be wrong. In Obregon the revolution may have developed one man who has no ambition to be a dictator. One thing is certain: the shrewd, courteous Irish-Indian can make or break any government that is set up in Mexico.

CHAPTER XXX

AFTER five years' fighting in Mexico, I saw that the country was no nearer a peaceful settlement than it had been on the first day of the Madero rebellion. I was disgusted with the outlook. Three times the insurrectos had won their revolution, only to lose the rewards through the personal ambition of the leaders.

At that time I was a major on the staff of General Pancho Villa. We were quartered at Zacatecas. One day I decided that, win or lose, the time had gone by when an American could conscientiously fight in the personal quarrels between Villa and Carranza.

That afternoon I handed my resignation to General Villa. He urged me to stay, but when he saw that I was determined to go, presented me with a pass to the border and a letter stating my services in the "Army of the North." He also presented me with a handsome Mexican blanket, woven by the Indians of Zacatecas.

I had planned to return to Chicago, but on my arrival in El Paso I found a new adventure awaiting me. At that time the Yaqui Indians were committing depredations in southern Sonora, in western Mexico. Several thousand of the so-called "tame" Yaquis were in the army of Governor

Maytorena, but the "broncho," or hostile, Yaquis still held their ancient hunting-grounds in the mountains.

Many of the American mines in Sonora had been forced to close, because these raiding war-parties prevented the operation of pack-trains. I was offered the job of organizing a company of guards to protect these pack-trains, guarding the provision trains into the mountains and bringing the gold and silver bullion out to the railroad. As the salary was tempting, I accepted.

At Nogales and Hermosillo, the state capital, I organized my company. It consisted of eighty-five Papago Indians and seven white men. We were well armed and mounted. Twice we had small skirmishes with Yaqui bands, but no serious engagements. The Yaquis, however, objected to our parading through their territory, and their chiefs in the service of the governor lodged a protest. Governor Maytorena decided that we were an irresponsible body of armed men, without legal authority to carry arms in the state. As practically every man in the state, native and foreign, was carrying arms at that time, his excuse was far-fetched.

I was notified that if I would accept a commission in the state forces, we would be permitted to continue our work. Much against my will, I accepted the commission. A short time later I was ordered to report with my men to General Torres, in the southern part of the state. This automatically ended my job.

There is a lifelong feud between the Yaqui and Papago Indians. I knew that if I took my little company down among the Yaqui soldiers,—there were over two thousand with General Torres,—they would probably be massacred. Therefore, I refused to obey the orders of the governor.

He ordered our party disarmed, but the Mexican soldiers at La Colorada, where we were at the time, decided that the job was more than they cared to undertake. I wired Governor Maytorena that I was going to the border with my men under arms. We were not looking for a fight, but if any attempt was made to stop us, we would have no other choice. Although we passed several parties of state troops on our trip out, we were not molested.

After this disappointing experience, I decided to quit Mexico and try civilization for a change. Going to Chicago, I secured a position with the Associated Press. After several months' work there, I was employed as managing-editor of the "Herald-News," of Joliet, Ill.

During my stay in Mexico and on the border I had come in contact with many well-known writers and war-correspondents. They had often urged me to try magazine work. Rex Beach, the novelist, had visited me on the border, and in his letters he suggested that I try my hand at writing fiction based on my experiences.

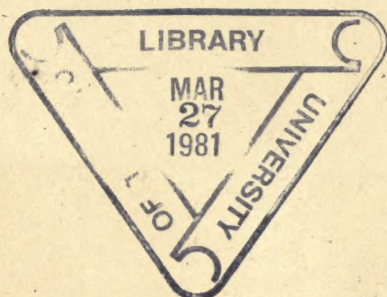
I now decided to follow his advice. My first story was purchased by the "Pictorial Review."

Since that time I have abandoned newspaper work and have concentrated on a direct drive at the magazines. The predictions of my friends have come true. During the last year I have succeeded in making a fair living by my stories. For the time being the long trail has ended at a desk in New York.

In writing this sketchy account of my twenty years of roving and fighting, I have had to grope back in my memory for incidents which might be of interest. Many memories of those by-gone days, forgotten for years, have come to me as I reviewed the past. These memories are all that I have inherited from my twenty years as a nomad in the odd corners of the world—these, and the loyal friends I have met on the road!

My wandering may be over. Who knows? Perhaps, some restless night, the "curse of the meandering foot," may again fall upon me, and send me plodding down the long trail which has no end.

THE END



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Roving and fighting

